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RECIPROCITY OR THE ALTERNATIVE.

Each year society inclines to accept more unreservedly the theory that war is only an extreme phase of economic competition; and if this postulate be correct, it follows that international competition, if carried far enough, must end in war. An examination of history tends to confirm this view; and, thus stated, the doctrine concerns Americans, as the present policy of the United States is to force a struggle for subsistence, of singular intensity, upon Europe.

If a stable economic equilibrium could be maintained, so that not only nations, but individuals, should preserve a fixed relation to each other, war might cease. War persists because civilization is always in movement, the energy and direction of the movement depending largely on the exhaustion of old, and the discovery of new mines.

In the last century, the iron and coal of Europe not only sufficed for domestic needs, but formed the basis of her wealth by enabling the continent to build up a manufacturing supremacy. That supremacy is already passing away, and in this century European iron and coal seem likely to be largely superseded by American, since the latter are even now sold at a lower price. Clearly, no such fundamental shifting of values as this change would cause could take place without profound social and political disturbances. Before, however, attempting to deal with the future it is always safer to turn to the past; and especially so in this instance, since the phenomena developed in the last great fermentation which precipitated the long wars of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries closely resemble those occurring now. Far off as the reign of Louis XIV. may seem, France then trod the pathway which the whole continent of Europe is to-day treading, and the United States must be prepared to reckon with all the difficulties and dangers which beset that pathway's end.

In the sixteenth century the world's manufactures and commerce centred in Flanders, and the financial capital of Flanders was Antwerp. At Antwerp the famous house of the Fuggers reached its zenith between 1525 and 1560, and the chief business of the Fuggers was to finance the Spanish Empire. Unfortunately for Antwerp and the Fuggers, the Spaniards broke down under the weight they bore, exchange went against the peninsula, and in 1557 the kingdom became insolvent. Funds had to be obtained, and finally his poverty drove Philip into that radical policy which ended in the revolt of the Netherlands, the sack of Antwerp, and the migration of the seat of international exchanges to Amsterdam. From 1610 onward Amsterdam rose steadily in opulence, while France almost contemporaneously, under Richelieu, entered upon a period of centralization, which ended in 1653, with the collapse of the Fronde. Mazarin died in 1661. Louis XIV. then began his active life, and France soon saw her greatest epoch. Never before or since

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has France so nearly succeeded in establishing a complete ascendency over the world as in the third quarter of the seventeenth century. Louis XIV. was, without comparison, the first potentate of the age; his army was the largest and the best organized, his generals were the most renowned; his navy, though perhaps not the most numerous, yielded to none in quality; his court was the most magnificent, and his capital the most materially and intellectually brilliant. All the world admired and imitated Paris. On the one hand, Molière, Racine, La Fontaine, Bossuet, Fénelon, and many others raised letters and science to an eminence elsewhere sought in vain; on the other, France ruled in fashion even more absolutely than in literature or in arms. As Macaulay has observed: "Her authority was supreme in all matters of good breeding, from a duel to a minuet. She determined how a gentleman's coat must be cut, how long his peruke must be; whether his heels must be high or low, and whether the lace on his hat must be broad or narrow. In literature she gave law to the world. The fame of her great writers filled Europe."

Nevertheless, brilliant as had been her success elsewhere, in one department France betrayed weakness. Her administrative system had been constructed rather on a military than on an economic basis, and though consolidated in the sense that in war the nation obeyed a single will, in commerce she remained almost mediæval. The king occasionally exercised an arbitrary power over his subjects, but on many matters vital to their interests he was, in practice, helpless. The French have been called volatile, but the foundation of their character is a conservatism which has hampered them throughout their history; and long after the great fiefs had been welded into a martial mass called a monarchy, they remained, for fiscal purposes, foreign communities. In 1664 Colbert proposed to abolish all internal tariffs, and Pierre Clément, Colbert's biographer, has thus described the customs which then prevailed: —

"The provinces called the 'five great farms' assented. Others who refused, because of their persistence in isolating themselves, were designated under the name of 'foreign provinces.' Lastly, they gave the name of 'provinces reputed foreign' to a final category. The districts comprised in this category were, in reality, completely assimilated to foreign countries, with which they traded freely without paying any duties. For the same reason, the merchandise they sent into other portions of the kingdom was considered as coming from abroad, and that which they bought paid, on entering their territory, the same duty as if brought from abroad." [1]

Trade languished, for the tariff of Languedoc had no more relation to that of Provence than either had to that of Spain; and even the provincial tariffs were trifling beside the rates and tolls of towns and baronies. Thirty dues were collected between Lyons and Arles, and Lyons herself taxed a bale of silk three times before it could be used. Merchants complained that the city closed the river. Nevertheless, in spite of conservatism, no people has ever loved lucre better than the French, and this yearning for wealth became incarnate in the great minister of finance of Louis XIV.

Jean Baptiste Colbert, the son of a draper of Rheims, was born in 1619, in humble circumstances. Little is known of his youth, but at twenty he took service as a clerk in the War Department, and in 1651 he passed into the employment of Mazarin. There he prospered, and soon after 1657 had risen high enough to dream of destroying Fouquet.

The farming of the direct taxes formed, perhaps, the most noxious part of a decaying system, and it was in the collection and disbursement of taxes

[1] Histoire de Colbert, i. 291, 292.

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that Fouquet ran riot. Louis himself afterward averred that the "way in which receipts and expenses were handled passed belief." Subject to little or no supervision, Fouquet appropriated vast sums. His famous palace of Vaux is said to have cost 9,000,000 livres, and all agreed that it outshone St. Germain or Fontainebleau. France dreamed of becoming the centre of European industries, and Colbert conceived his mission to be the realization of this dream. To attain his end, he proposed to build up manufactures by bounties and grants of privileges; but he also comprehended that to make industries really profitable he must reduce waste. Under Louis XIV. Fouquet embodied the principle of waste: therefore Colbert attacked Fouquet, and rose upon his ruin. When, however, Colbert had attained to power he paused. He improved methods of accounting, but he abstained from cutting out the sore. He did so because, when on an eminence, he saw that existing customs went to the root of contemporary life, and that the reorganization of the administration meant the reorganization of society, or, in other words, a revolution. Hence he paused, yet he could not stand still and maintain himself.

International competition cannot be permanently carried on on a great scale by bounties; for bounties mean producing at a loss. Bounties may be useful as a weapon of attack, but they cannot, in the long run, bring in money from abroad; for they simply transfer the property of one citizen to another by means of a tax. One nation can gain from another only by cheaper production. If a certain process costs more than another, the assumption of a portion of the cost by the state cannot make the transaction profitable to the community at large, though it may be to the recipient of the grant. The Continental sugar bounties, for example, have doubtless been successful in enfeebling England by ruining her colonies, and they have also enriched the makers of beet sugar, but they have never, probably, been lucrative to France or Germany.

Like any other corporation, a nation can run at a loss as long as its own savings last, or as long as it can borrow from others; and now accumulations are so large that a country like Russia can maintain itself long on loans. In the seventeenth century accumulations were comparatively slender, and Colbert came quickly to the parting of the ways. He understood that to simplify the internal organization of the kingdom sufficiently to put it upon a footing of competitive equality with Holland or England would involve the reconstruction of society; yet to continue manufacturing on the existing basis, which entailed a loss, could only be made possible by means of loans, for the people were sinking under taxation. Colbert judged that he could not borrow safely upon the necessary scale, and thus the minister, very early in his career, found himself forced to make the choice which, under such conditions, must always, sooner or later, be made, between insolvency, revolution, and war. If left undisturbed, the mechanism which operates cheapest will in the end supplant all others; and this fundamental truth Colbert learned to his cost. In three years after he had entered upon his task he had broken down. In 1664 he formulated a scheme, part of which was a liberal tariff, and part the simplification of internal fiscal usages. He dared not press his reform, and as waste continued, his whole policy fell, and with it fell his industrial system. The cost of production remained higher in France than in Holland, — therefore commercial exchanges went against the kingdom; and in 1667, to correct exchanges and prevent a drain of specie, Colbert resorted to a prohibitive tariff, or, in the words of his biographer, tried the experiment of "selling without buying."

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This course struck at the life of Holland. Holland being the distributing centre of Europe, her prosperity depended on keeping open the avenues of trade. If she allowed foreign countries to be closed against her, while her market remained free, she might be suffocated by the bounty-fed exports of France. Germany has recently suffocated the West Indies by identical methods. The Dutch understood the situation perfectly, and Van Beuningen thus explained his views in a letter to John de Witt: "Since the French exclude all the manufactures of the United Provinces, means must be found, as complaints are useless, to prevent them from filling the country with theirs, and thus draw from us our quick capital."

Colbert pondered the crisis long and anxiously, and deliberately decided that it would be cheapest to cut the knot by war. In his letters Colbert discussed the situation in all its bearings, and dilated upon his disappointments and mortifications. In 1669 he lamented the stagnation of French commerce. He estimated that out of the 20,000 ships doing the traffic of the world, the Dutch owned 15,000 or 16,000, and the French 500 or 600, at most. The final blow, which is said to have almost broken his heart, came in 1670, when, just as the French East India Company admitted itself to be practically insolvent, the Dutch Company divided forty per cent. From that moment Colbert recognized peaceful competition as impossible, and nerved himself for war. In May, 1672, Turenne crossed the frontier at the head of a great army, and the campaign opened which is the point of departure for all subsequent European history down to Waterloo.

Nor was the action of Colbert exceptional. On the contrary, he obeyed a natural law. Every animal when cornered will fight, and every nation always has fought and always will fight when sufficiently pressed, each choosing those weapons which it deems aptest. The French chose arms, and in this case they were justified by the apparent probabilities of a conflict.

If it be conceded that war is a form of economic competition, war must be regarded as a speculation; a hazardous one, it is true, but one deserving to be tried, where the chance of gain outweighs the risk of loss. To Colbert it seemed, in 1672, that he risked little, and might win much.

His deadliest enemy lay before him, rich and defenseless. There could be no doubt as to the value of the spoil, should Louis prevail. Amsterdam was opulent. As late as the time of Adam Smith, the Bank of Amsterdam held the position occupied by the Bank of England during the last century, while the commerce of the country exceeded that of all the other nations combined. Furthermore, if Holland was rich, she was peaceful. The navy still retained its energy, but the population had become urban, and not only was the army small, but of questionable courage. Lastly, the Dutch were divided among themselves, and torn between the Orange and the De Witt factions.

Conversely, Louis held France as a military unit. His will met with no opposition. His organization far surpassed any then existing. Turenne and Condé had no equals on the field of battle, and every peasant in the kingdom could be called into the ranks. The nobles served from choice. No error could be greater than to attribute the Dutch war to the ambition of Louvois or the arrogance of the king. The campaign was Colbert's campaign. He conducted it as a speculation to save the money already invested in trade, and to place France where she could profitably invest more. He calculated on operations lasting a few weeks or months; he doubted not of final success. Nor at first was resistance attempted. The Dutch troops fled or surrendered; the towns opened

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their gates. In June it seemed that Amsterdam must fall. Scandal even asserted that nothing saved Amsterdam but the jealousy of Louvois, who feared that an immediate peace might exalt Colbert too far. Colbert, on his side, felt the victory won, and in those days of triumph laid bare the recesses of his heart. In a memorandum submitted to the king he explained the use to be made of victory. The paper may be read in Colbert's Letters and Memoirs, but in substance he proposed to confiscate the best of the Dutch commerce, and to exclude the Dutch from the Mediterranean. Nevertheless, France did not triumph. In July William of Orange became stadtholder, opened the dikes and laid the country under water. Six years later Colbert purchased peace, not only by the surrender of the tariff on which he had staked his hopes, but by accepting a provision in the treaty of Nimeguen stipulating that in future freedom of commerce between the two countries should not be abridged.

Thus Colbert failed, and having failed he fell. Louvois succeeded him, as he had succeeded Mazarin and Fouquet; but the preponderance of Louvois meant that France must travel straight to her predestined goal. France failed in 1672, when relatively strongest, because she lacked the flexibility to enable her to shed an obsolete social system. She only succeeded in doing so, after a convulsion, a century later, when it was too late. Had she been able to accomplish in 1670 some portion of what she accomplished between 1789 and 1793, London might not have become the seat of empire during the nineteenth century. Under Louis XIV. French weakness lay in a defective organization which caused waste. That waste made the drain of war insupportable. Had France possessed an economic endurance relatively as great as the endurance of Holland, she would, presumably, in 1672, have absorbed the United Provinces. In that case, resistance by the rest of Europe to Louis would have been difficult. No Dutch stadtholder could have been crowned in England, and no coalition could have been formed such as that which William of Orange afterward devoted his life to cementing. William's league survived him, and lasted for twenty-five years. It proved profitable. It crushed France and humbled Louis, who, old and broken, sued for peace after the awful fields of Blenheim and Malplaquet. Two years subsequent to the treaty of Utrecht Louis died, and under his successor the monarchy plunged onward toward its doom. At last the monarchy fell, not because it was cruel or oppressive, but because it represented, in the main, a mass of mediæval usages which had hardened into a shell, incompatible with the exigencies of modern life. Under it, a social movement of equal velocity to that which prevailed elsewhere could not be maintained. What Frenchmen craved in 1789 was, not an ideal which we now call "liberty," and which consists in certain political conventions, but an administrative system which would put them on an economic equality with their neighbors. De Tocqueville dwelt on this phenomenon forty-five years ago: "Something worthy of remark is that, among all the ideas and sentiments which have prepared the Revolution, the idea and the taste for public liberty, properly so called, presented themselves the last, as they were the first to disappear."[1]

The foregoing history illustrates the cost at which a new equilibrium is reached, when an old equilibrium has been destroyed. From Colbert's tariff of 1667 to Waterloo is a period of nearly one hundred and fifty years, almost half of which was consumed in furious wars. The bane of France was the conservatism which caused her to act too late; for in 1790, when she readjusted her society, she profited comparatively

[1] L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution, 7th ed. p. 233.

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little thereby. Meanwhile, England had so developed her minerals that in 1800 she undersold France as easily as Holland had undersold her in 1672, and with the same result. Unable to compete by peaceful means, Napoleon resorted to arms, and, like Colbert, sought to starve his rival into submission by excluding her from his dominions, which then comprised most of Europe. He failed as Colbert had failed, and peace followed his fall; but the repose which succeeded Waterloo lasted less than sixty years.

In 1870 another era opened with the consolidation of Germany. The causes of disturbance then set in motion developed acute symptoms in 1890, and now, perhaps, no permanent tranquillity can be attained until the position which America shall henceforward occupy be determined.

Previous to 1890 America had remained chiefly agricultural, buying largely of European manufactures, and paying therefor, in part, in evidences of debt. Her own industries, like those of France under Louis XIV., were then organized on too costly a basis for international competition, and were mostly maintained by a system of bounties under the form of a tariff. After 1870, the economic disturbance in Europe, caused by the rise of Germany, gradually created a stringency in Great Britain; a liquidation of the English loans in America began, and in 1890 this liquidation assumed proportions which culminated in panic. One method of measuring the pressure to which the United States was subjected during a series of years, and to gauge the change of relations between the eastern and the western continent wrought thereby, is to compare the average yearly payments made on balance by America to foreigners from a date antecedent to the catastrophe of 1893 to the present time.

If three quinquennial periods be taken, beginning with 1887, the first will fall substantially before the crisis of the Baring failure. From 1887 to 1891 the average annual excess of exports over imports amounted to about $44,400,000, a sum certainly not more than sufficient to pay interest due abroad and other like charges. After the failure of the Barings creditors grew pressing, and the balance rose, between 1892 and 1896, to $185,400,000. In 1896 the United States reached the lowest point in her recent history. Her position then somewhat resembled that of France when Colbert adopted his policy of "selling without buying." The cost of production being too high, Americans could not export manufactures; agricultural supplies alone proved insufficient to yield the sum demanded of her; and the country, in that single year, had to part with $78,880,000 in gold. General insolvency seemed imminent. When confronted, in 1667, with stagnating commerce and failing industries, Colbert proclaimed his prohibitive tariff, and finding that this expedient did not correct exchanges, he invaded Holland; but he did not cut the evil he combated at the root, by reorganizing France. In 1897 the United States followed the precedent set by Colbert, so far as the tariff was concerned; but Americans, suppler than Frenchmen, did not go to war. They adopted a more effective method of routing the foe. They readjusted their entire system of industry and transportation, bringing the cost of production of the chief articles of modern commerce below the European level. No success has ever been more sudden or more startling. Between 1897 and 1901 the average excess of American exports over imports has risen to $510,000,000 yearly. The amount tends to increase, and it tends to increase for excellent reasons. Just now America can undersell Europe in agricultural products; she can likewise undersell Europe in minerals as raw material; she can also undersell Europe in most branches of manufactured iron

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and steel, beside many minor classes of wares. On the present basis, there seems no reason to doubt that, as time goes on, America will drive Europe more and more from neutral markets, and will, if she makes the effort, flood Europe herself with goods at prices with which Europeans cannot compete.

A moment's consideration will disclose the gravity of the situation. Whatever may have been, or may still be, the extent of America's foreign indebtedness, it is certain that, at the present rate of redemption, it must be soon extinguished. Then the time will come when the whole vast burden of payment for American exports will fall upon the annual earnings of foreign nations, at the moment when those earnings are cut down by the competition of the very goods for which they must pay.

The inversion of all that has heretofore existed has been so sudden and complete that society has somewhat lost its bearings; nevertheless, the feeling of Europe is apprehension, and that feeling is not without rational foundation. Should the movement of the next decade correspond to the movement of the last, Europe will, at its close, stand face to face with ruin. It is safe to assume, therefore, that Europe will not allow present conditions to remain unchanged, any more than France did in 1667, or than America did in 1896.

Three avenues seem open by which relief may be obtained. First, Europe may reorganize herself upon a scale to correspond with the organization of the United States; but this solution appears doubtful, in view of the decentralization of the continent. Second, the United States may be induced to abandon something of her advantages, and ameliorate the situation of Europe by commercial reciprocity. In other words, the United States may prefer to follow somewhat the same policy which Cobden advocated, as opposed to the policy of Colbert and Napoleon. Lastly, Europe may attack the United States, and attempt to break her down by arms.

In plain English, Europe finds herself in an *impasse*. She is pressed on every hand. Her soil, never rich, has been tilled until its culture costs more than that of newer land. Hence each country must choose between two alternatives: the farmers may be abandoned to their fate, as in the United Kingdom; or they may be protected, as in France and Germany. If the farmers should be abandoned, the military population will disappear, as it has disappeared in Great Britain, and food will have to be bought abroad. If the farmers should be protected, the rest of the country must pay higher for its bread and meat. In either case, the loss will correspond to the sum represented by the inferiority of the European soil, and the higher price it bears, as compared with the soil of Argentina or Nebraska.

Prior to 1897, while Europe still held a substantial monopoly in manufactures, this deterioration of agriculture, if not viewed with pleasure, might be contemplated with equanimity. Not so since 1897, when the industrial revolution in North America has brought European mines to a condition of relative exhaustion, and European workshops to a position of relative inferiority. Assuming that a satisfactory social readjustment offers, just now, insuperable difficulties, Europeans see but one method of obtaining relief, should America retain her tariff: that method is to develop regions abroad containing mines capable of vying with those of Alabama, Pennsylvania, and Lake Superior. And it is precisely here that Europe finds herself propelled toward a collision with the United States, because the United States, for her own protection, has devised a mechanism which holds her rival as in a vise.

America's attack is based not only on her superior resources and her more perfect administration, but on her tariff. To make their gigantic industrial sys-

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tem lucrative, Americans have comprehended that it must be worked at the highest velocity and at its full capacity, and they have taken their measures accordingly. To guard against a check they rely on a practically prohibitive tariff, by which they hope to maintain the home market at a reasonable level; and with the profit thus obtained they expect to make good any loss which may accrue from forcing their surplus upon foreigners at prices with which these cannot cope. No wonder the European regards America as a dangerous and relentless foe; and the fact that Europe has forced on America these measures as a means of self-defense signifies nothing. The European sees in America a competitor who, while refusing to buy, throws her wares on every market, and who, while she drives the peasant from his land, reduces the profits of industry which support the wage-earners of the town. Most ominous of all, he marks a rapidly growing power, which, while it undersells his mines, closes to him every region of the wide earth where he might find minerals adapted to his needs. Lying like a colossus across the western continent, with her ports on either ocean, with China opposite and South America at her feet, the United States bars European expansion. South America and China are held to be the only accessible regions which certainly contain the iron, coal, and copper which Europe seeks; and the United States is determined that, if she can prevent it, South America and China shall not be used as bases for hostile competition. Regarding South America her declarations are explicit, and during the last twelve months her actions in Asia have spoken more emphatically than words.

Moreover, the German considers the theory of the "open door" a mockery. The German avers that no man knows so well as the American that China can never be developed until it is administered by western methods, and that it is for this reason that America opposes partition. To make Asia pay, the country must be handled as a whole, — as America is handled, though not perhaps on so extensive a scale. At all events, in each province the mining, transportation, manufactures, police, and taxation must be controlled by Europeans. To attempt to turn Shansi into a Pennsylvania under Chinese rule would mean ruin.

Thus the continent of Europe finds itself pressed somewhat as Colbert found France pressed in 1667, and accordingly Europeans are restive. Evidently, unless all human experience is at fault, that restiveness will grow. Men cannot foresee the future, — they can only reason about it by reference to the past; and as they can never know all the forces in operation, their inferences must contain more or less of error. For example, this year competition appears to be approaching, in intensity, the point of danger; and yet next year an abundant supply of gold may raise prices, and thereby allay friction for an indefinite period. Yet, speaking generally and without limit of time, the great question of American economic supremacy remains to be settled; and as long as Europe continues armed, that question will not be settled peacefully upon America's own terms as America is now organized. There must be compromise or war, or else America must be so strong that war is deemed too hazardous to be attempted.

A compromise is a bargain, each side giving as little as it can; but doubtless the United States could make arrangements which would meet the emergency. The policy of England has always been to make such arrangements; and in this she has differed from France. Free trade as an economic dogma, applicable to all conditions of national life, has been exploded; but free trade as a form of insurance against hostile coalitions has worked well. England has found free trade cheaper than to arm; she

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would certainly find it more advantageous than to fight. No coalition has ever been formed against Great Britain since she became great; for evidently no one will plunge into hostilities, where little is to be made by war, and much by peace. Prussia has long maintained great armaments, and has sometimes made concessions, and sometimes used force. On the whole, Prussia has fared better than any other Continental state. Policy is a matter of judgment.

Americans are apt to reckon on their geographical position as in itself an insurance against war risks, on the principle that, like the tortoise, they are invulnerable if they withdraw within their shell. Such was the case formerly, but is not the case now. On the contrary, in European eyes, America offers the fairest prize to plunder that has been known since the sack of Rome, and, according to European standards, she is almost as unprotected as was Holland before Louis XIV.

First of all, America is valuable not only for what she has herself, but for what she keeps from others; for even without her islands the United States now closes South America and China. Were she defeated, these two vast territories would lie open to division. But more than this, Continental Europeans apprehend that were the United States crushed on the sea, were her islands taken from her, were she shut up within her own borders, all the rest of the world, save the British Empire, would fall to them, and that they might exclude American products at their will. They believe that American society would not stand the strain of the dislocation of the industrial system incident to the interruption of exports, and that disturbances would ensue which would remove all fear of American supremacy. Also, Continental statesmen are not lacking who conceive that England might see more profit in helping to divide the lion's skin than in binding up his wounds. Nor must it ever be forgotten that, with Great Britain, the success of the European or the American continent is only a choice of evils. America is her most dangerous competitor save Germany and Russia. Great Britain, therefore, at present, holds to America, as the lesser peril; but should, at a given moment, the weight in the other scale of the balance preponderate, England would shift to the side of our antagonist.

Assuming, for the moment, for the sake of argument, that the United States is determined to yield nothing, but is resolved to push all her advantages to the uttermost, it is clear that an attack upon her would be profitable, if it could be made with reasonable hope of success. Europe believes that it could be made with such hope, provided a coalition could be opportunely formed. In this Europeans may be wrong; but they judge after their own standards, and possibly they may be right.

America has an army of less than 100,000 men, with a short supply of officers, and no reserves either of soldiers or of material. At the mere rumor of war 100,000 men would have to leave the country to garrison Cuba, Porto Rico, the canal, the Philippines, and Hawaii. More ought to go, if more could be obtained. But to send 100,000 men abroad would strip the Union bare. Even the ports would be defended by militia, and no reinforcements would be at hand to supply the waste in the tropics. Such garrisons could hardly stand against the overwhelming mass of troops which could be concentrated against them.

The navy is even feebler, in proportion to the task which would be required of it. The United States has 520,000 tons of warships, built or building. France and Germany have 1,162,000, and France, Germany, and Russia have 1,731,000.

Americans, furthermore, are disposed to assume that no coalition could ever be formed against them. Judging by the past, nothing can be more certain

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than that coalitions both can and will be formed against them, if they so behave as to make such ventures worth the cost and risk. Combinations always have been made, under such conditions, and probably always will continue to be made. To be opulent, unarmed, and aggressive is to put a premium upon them. An arrangement of this character was, in fact, contemplated in 1898, and is generally believed to have been abandoned only through uncertainty as to the neutrality of England.

Suppose an alliance of two or more powers, of which France were to be one: they would possess an admirable base in the West Indies, in Martinique or Guadeloupe, and also convenient bases in Asia. No station on the whole Asiatic coast is more commanding than Port Arthur, held by Russia. Fleets, therefore, of any size could be concentrated and supplied close to the seat of war, and Europeans compute that ships could be concentrated against us at the least in the ratio of two to one.

Our rivals believe that a couple of defeats secured by overwhelming numbers would settle the war; for ironclads cannot be built in less than two or three years, and they calculate that two or three years of isolation, resulting from the loss of control of the sea, would produce enough domestic unrest to enforce acceptance of their terms. Those terms, they assume, would suffice to insure their future safety.

Such possibilities have not yet been maturely considered in the United States, because the change in the position occupied by the country is recent. Men do not immediately divest themselves of their old prejudices. Nevertheless, Americans are inclined to believe, and with reason, that their country is becoming the modern seat of empire. If this be so, they must accept the dangers and the cost of greatness with its advantages. All situations have their drawbacks.

From 1815 to the Boer war England claimed to be the financial capital of the world, and that claim was admitted. England, consequently, paid heavily to insure herself against attack. She not only maintained a navy supposed to be equal to that of any combination which could probably be formed against her, but, adopting free trade, she bought from all. France proceeded on the opposite theory; and yet, although France has kept up vast armies, she has been thrice disastrously defeated, twice actually conquered, and has never attained her end.

If a country would live in peace, experience has demonstrated that she must not be too grasping; for excessive greed makes her overthrow a benefit to all, and competitors act accordingly. On the other hand, certain races have felt themselves adapted to win victory in battle, and have prospered; if the American people, after due deliberation, feel aggression to be for their best interest, there is little to be urged by way of precedent against the logic of their decision.

Men inclining to this attitude can point to history, and insist that no radical readjustment of the world's economic equilibrium has ever been unaccompanied by war; and that if war must come, the United States may well face it now. To abandon any advantage would be weakness. The United States is young, strong, rich, and energetic, with an enormous military population. No permanent tranquillity can be hoped for until her supremacy is acknowledged: therefore the course which will enforce that acknowledgment soonest is the cheapest. America is as likely now as she will ever be to emerge victorious from any conflict into which she may enter.

To such reasoning it might be objected that war has proved too uncertain to be hazarded save in extremity, and the failure of the British speculation in the Transvaal might be cited as a warning. But such an argument would savor of an expression of personal opinion on a

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question of expediency, and this article is confined to an attempt to draw deductions as to fixed social laws from the facts of history.

No one can deny that certain nations have made war profitable: therefore profitable wars will probably occur in the future. Nevertheless, such nations have succeeded because they were military nations; that is to say, because they made war a business, and waged it better and cheaper than their rivals. In other words, they devoted their energies to fighting, and maintained fleets and armies as we maintain railroads and factories. To conduct hostilities as amateurs is futile, as the English have discovered.

If Americans are determined to reject reciprocity in all its forms, to insist on their advantages, to concede nothing to the adversary; if, having driven in the knife, they mean to turn it in the wound, they should recognize that they are provoking reprisals in every form, and accept the situation with its limitations. To carry out an aggressive policy in some security, the United States needs 300,000 trained men whom she can put in the field in twenty days, with an ample reserve of officers and of material. She needs well-fortified coasts and colonies, and an effective transport service. More especially, she needs a navy. Judging by the example of England, who has always done her best to make her friendship of value, 100 battleships and armored cruisers, equipped and ready for sea, would hardly suffice.

In a word, the experience of ages has demonstrated that alternatives are presented to aspiring nations in regard to the payment they will make for their prize. The one is the alternative of Cobden, the other that of Colbert. There is no middle course. Destruction has awaited the gambler who backs his luck; the braggart who would be at once rich, aggressive, and unarmed. Such a man or such a nation puts a premium on spoliation. It is only necessary to reflect upon the fate of France in 1870, to accept this inference as true. America enjoys no immunity from natural laws. She can pay for what she takes, or she can fight for it, but she cannot have the earth for nothing. Sooner or later the inexorable tribute will be exacted from her as it has been exacted from every predominant community, from the days of the grandeur of Babylon to those of the glory of London; for, since time began, no race has won for itself supremacy without paying a price in gold or blood to other races as ambitious and almost as powerful as itself.

Brooks Adams.

REMINISCENCES OF A DRAMATIC CRITIC.

I.

THE critic who suffers the experience of being requested to write his reminiscences, and therefore of enduring the implication that he belongs to the past rather than to the present, may find many a coigne o' vantage in his position when he comes to hold it in the Atlantic, with pen and ink, against the public. He is not required to practice much self-restraint: garrulity is expected, if not desired, of him, as "part of his defect;" nobody will disrelish his memoirs if their occasional flavor is a pleasant sour; and in dealing with dramatic artists — at least with those who are dead or otherwise gone — he will be allowed

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free play for the knife of his criticism. Moreover, he is in a situation of rare and novel privilege in respect of his pronouns; no need here to periphrase with neuters and passives, or to masquerade in the mock ermine of the editorial "we," since there is no reason why every one of his pages should not be as full of *I*'s before and behind as any Apocalyptic Beast.

I must forewarn my readers, however, that I can furnish them with few of those intimate details concerning actors, authors, and managers, which are relished *semper, ubique, et ab omnibus*, even the cultivated and fastidious. My narrative will suffer in value by reason of this deficiency. After gossip has been allowed to stand for a few years, it usually rids itself of its pernicious bacteria, and becomes a wholesome as well as sprightly beverage. The qualities of Master Samuel Pepys which made him a dangerous neighbor in 1670 make him a valuable historian in 1901. But it has seemed best to me, partly because actors are a very sensitive and fascinating folk, to deny myself the pleasure of their intimate acquaintance, as a rule, in the hope that my head might neither be quite turned nor much deflected from a true level. Many of my confrères have pursued a contrary policy with impressive success, I am aware; and I concede that, as a critic, I have sometimes lost, as well as sometimes gained, through my lack of personal contact with dramatic artists. My readers must enjoy my reminiscences, if they enjoy them at all, as a series of reconsiderations of the plays and players of the past, from the point of view of a disinterested citizen or public censor. There ought to be some pleasure, and some profit, also, for all of us in such a review, since it may be made calmly, through an atmosphere cleared by reflection, from a distance which permits the observer to see things in perspective, and to judge truly of their relative sizes and proportions.

ENGAGEMENT WITH THE ADVERTISER.

It was about thirty years ago that I took the place of critic of the drama for the Boston Daily Advertiser. My first service was rendered when that newspaper had for its editors two remarkable men, to whom I can pay at this moment hardly any other tribute than to mention them by name. The assistant, George Bryant Woods, the most precociously brilliant person I ever knew, died in 1871, in his twenty-seventh year; having won distinction as a critic of literature and the theatre, as a special correspondent, as a raconteur of short stories, and as a writer of leaders upon nearly all current topics. The editor in chief, Charles Franklin Dunbar, who passed away only a few months ago, senior professor of political economy at Harvard, and ripe in years and honors, was a man of great wisdom, force, and acumen, and the master of a style which, for point, power, and purity, has been surpassed by that of scarcely any American journalist of our day.

My equipment for my task may be indicated in a very brief paragraph. From a child I had been interested in the theatre and a reader of dramatic literature. I had been a student of Shakespeare for many years, having received my first impetus toward the great poet from the accomplished Dr. William J. Rolfe, when he was head master and I a pupil of the Dorchester High School. I had seen a good deal of acting, and had tried my 'prentice hand at commenting upon it under my superiors on the paper. I brought to my work an unaffected eagerness and intensity of interest, which have not flagged to this day. I may add that I had an exalted idea of the importance of my office, and of the awfulness of my responsibility to the theatre, to the theatrical profession, to Art spelled with a very large initial A, to the readers of the Advertiser in particular, and to the entire Community in

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general. There is something comical in this statement, and perhaps it is, therefore, well that I should tack on to its retrospective magniloquence the assertion — obviously superfluous and, in the absence of challenge, a bit suspicious — that I meant to be fair and just, to the extent of my ability.

PLAYS FOR CHILDREN IN 1850.

A part of my stock in trade, of course, was my theatrical experience, which dated from my seeing the Viennese children at the Boston Museum when I was eight years of age. Then followed, at great yawning, heart-straining intervals of time, the fairy plays which were "features" at that theatre for a series of years. I recall my ecstasy in witnessing these dramas, in order that my contemporaries may reglow and rethrill with me over the reminiscence. It is of no use to tell me, to tell any of *us*, that children enjoy themselves as much at the theatrical shows of to-day as we enjoyed ourselves at the plays of *circa* 1850. And I hold to my opinion, not only or chiefly because modern children are as *blasés* and skeptical as everybody else knows and they themselves frankly concede them to be, but because there is no special provision made for them in modern American theatres. For aught I know, the Christmas pantomime still lingers in Great Britain. But to-day, in this land, — is it not curious? — adults are so greedy of the theatre that they have practically crowded children out of places of theatrical amusement. There are no Arabian Nights entertainments or "fairy plays" provided now as incidents of the theatric year, aimed directly at the eyes and hearts of ingenuous childhood. Our children participate in formulated æsthetic shows occasionally, clad in correct costumes, doing appropriate dances; and some of them, when they have attained their teens, are taken to see innocuous comedies, revived at the Castle Square Theatre from long desuetude. But what do any of them know of the wild joys which thrilled our little breasts when The Enchanted Horse, The Enchanted Beauty, The Forty Thieves, The Children of Cyprus, and Aladdin possessed the fairyland of the stage? I recall perfectly, and can now analyze, the mixed conditions of my spirit at those entertainments. All was real and true, just because it was far away and romantic. The "cloud-cuckoo-land" of the imagination was the native heath of the healthy child of that day. And well I remember how tame, unimportant, and unnatural the characters appeared to me in The Drunkard, — to which I was taken for ethical reasons, no doubt, when it was produced at the Museum, — in contrast with the glorious, vital, and convincing figures of Ali Baba, Cogia Houssam, and Morgiana, of Cherry and Fair Stair, so done into English from the French Chéri and Belle Etoile. It was in The Children of Cyprus that I first saw and heard Adelaide Phillips, a young girl and a novice, but wonderfully easy and melodious in the garnish of the boy hero, Cherry; and in The Forty Thieves I had my first view of William Warren, who impersonated Mustapha, the cheerful cobbler, whose delicate professional job it was to sew together the severed sections of a human trunk.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN AS A DRAMA.

Only a little later Uncle Tom's Cabin was dramatized, and took possession of the stage in the Northern states. The theatre, which never recognizes or sees any public movement that is not on the surface of the life of the community, had not dreamed of the great anti-slavery sentiment which had been growing like the substance of an avalanche for twenty years. The only slaves known to the stage had been the sprightly young darky, nimble in jig and breakdown, and the ragged, obese old grayhead, exuberant of and as to ham and 'possum fat; and both these colored men had celebrated,

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in songs and dances set to the foot-tilting banjo, their perfect happiness on "de ole plantation." And then, as in a moment, like lightning from a supposedly clear sky, Uncle Tom's Cabin descended upon the boards, and they instantly and eloquently echoed the woes and wrongs of the oppressed. I strongly suspect that the play was quite unworthy of the novel; but the humor, fire, and passion of the story swept everything before them. Mr. Warren appeared at the Museum performance of the drama in a character, interpolated chiefly for purposes of farcical mirth, entitled Penetrate Partyside, — a cool, shrewd Yankee, with advanced political opinions concerning "the peculiar institution," — and this part was played by the comedian two hundred and forty-eight times; leading, in frequency of performance, all the other characters in his vast repertory, even to the hour of his retirement from the stage. Mr. Frank Whitman, an actor with a natural touch and a gift in pathos, was Uncle Tom when I saw the play; Miss Gazinski, who had been doing *pas seuls* and other dances between pieces, and had been promoted to be Topsy, made a remarkable hit, and was said to have won a desirable husband by the eccentric drollery of her impersonation; and Mrs. Vincent, then a slim and swift young woman, was a flaming and, by the familiar law of nerve calorics, blood-chilling Cassy. It is worth noting that the playwright did not dare to risk the popularity of his work by repeating the final tragedy of the novel, and that the drama closed with the rescue of Uncle Tom by George Shelby from the murderous hands of Legree. Through all the curious fluctuations in public taste during fifty years, the play keeps the stage to this day, having suffered shameful misuse in many quarters, and depending upon packs of real bloodhounds, and upon "star combinations" with two Evas, two Topsies, two Uncle Toms, and the like.

OLD-FASHIONED FARCES.

At the time of which I am writing farces were greatly in vogue, and, indeed, were favorite side dishes upon theatrical bills of fare during the entire half century which ended with 1880. They had a definite place in the dramatic literature of the period, and may be said to have constituted an order or variety of that literature. Some of them, such as Lend Me Five Shillings, which Mr. Jefferson yet plays, To Paris and Back for Five Pounds, and A Phenomenon in a Smock Frock, were obvious and confessed translations from the French; and scores of others were stolen from Parisian playwrights, the marvelously fertile Augustin Eugène Scribe being the prime source of supply. But the English adaptations were of remarkable freedom and force, and often took on a flavor of their own which gave them almost the quality and value of original works. Box and Cox, and Poor Pillicoddy, are good examples in this kind.

I find it hard to account for the almost complete extinction of this sort of play; or rather, for its relegation to the "amateur stage." The faults of the farces are and were obvious. They treated life with a certain bluntness and abruptness, and sometimes were coarse in a frank, quasi-Elizabethan fashion. But the best of them not only effervesced, overflowed, crackled, and scintillated with humor and wit, but also displayed common human faults and failings, sometimes the usual *contretemps* of existence, with delightful vividness and shrewdness. In some the fun began with the first word, and did not fail till the curtain fell. They were invariably good-natured. The most striking of them proceeded from a perfectly formulated theory of presenting familiar weaknesses in the mode of true caricature; that is to say, by comical exaggeration, always on the lines of the truth of life. As long as

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they were played they provoked an immense amount of wholesome and happy laughter. The most serious actors — even the leaders of the Booth family — did not disdain to appear in them, and the greatest comedians of the nineteenth century — Blake, Burton, Clarke, Owens, Gilbert, Warren, and the Mathewses — were largely known to fame through the impersonation of the best farcical characters. At William Warren's famous "benefits," — of which there were four per annum for many years in the Boston Museum, — a programme which had not at least one farce was seldom presented; and I recall some of that comedian's "benefit" nights in which the bill consisted merely of five farces.

The king of the English writers or adapters of these dramas was John Maddison Morton, and somewhat below him were J. B. Buckstone and T. J. Williams. Morton's Box and Cox, Betsy Baker, Poor Pillicoddy, and A Regular Fix, and Williams's Ici On Parle Français, deserve, I am sure, a narrow little niche, into which they can be squeezed together, in the Temple of Fame. The most famous passage in the first of these pieces is worthy of Plautus: —

"*Box.* Ah, tell me, in mercy tell me: have you a strawberry mark on your left arm?

"*Cox.* No.

"*Box.* Then it is he, — my long-lost brother."

And Jane Austen herself — she of the pretty taste in fools, and the unsurpassed gift of producing them in her novels — would have rejoiced to make the acquaintance of the ineffable Mrs. Toodles, who bought an inscribed doorplate at an auction, because (to quote her words to her husband) "we may have a daughter, and that daughter may be a female and live to the age of maturity, and she may marry a man of the name of Thompson, — with a P, — and then how handy it will be to have it in the house!"

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

At the time when my service as dramatic critic began, the negro minstrel show, descended, with some crossing of the stock, from Christy's Minstrels of New York and Ordway's Æolian Vocalists of Boston, was in a failing condition. I mean, of course, the entertainment of that order which was fixed "in residence," as Shakespeare would say, and accepted as a constant and necessary form of public amusement. Morris Brothers, Pell and Trowbridge still had their own little theatre in Province Court, and there, on every evening and two afternoons of the week, dispensed their broad, highly accentuated fun and heavily treacled sentiment. Both the fun and the sentiment seem in the retrospect rather rudimentary and raw; yet it would be absurd to deny that the vein of feeling which Stephen C. Foster and the best of his sort worked was of genuine gold, though as thin, perhaps, as the petal of the cotton blossom, or that the negro minstrel drolleries sometimes had a contagious jollity and a rich unction which were all their own.

"VARIETY" AND "VAUDEVILLE."

This was the period, also, of the first prevalence of the "variety show;" the Howard Athenæum, which had had an experience of more variety than any other piece of masonry in the city of Boston, being appropriately dedicated to the new programme. This "show" was the fountain head — or rather, the beginning — of all that kind of theatrical entertainment which now goes by the trebly absurd and grossly misdescriptive name of "vaudeville." Indeed, there is neither distinction nor difference between the entertainments with the two titles. "Vaudeville" is only "variety" "writ large" and grown fashionable. The later show has merely a bigger bill of fare, chiefly through its use of the contrivances of modern science. To the vocal and in-

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strumental solo, the dance, the song and dance, the stump speech or monologue, the one-act drama, sentimental or comic, the dialogue, generally in dialect, of the two funny men, feats of acrobats and jugglers, and the deeds of performing dogs — all of which were of the old régime — are now added the wonders of the kinetoscope and the biograph. And this congeries furnishes the amusement which at present about equally divides with the regular theatre the public patronage, counting its daily spectators in Boston by double thousands. It is good to be able to believe that the public's morals are not jeoparded by the prevailing taste, and good to be assured that the overtaxed public's mind and overwrought public's nerves are rested and soothed by "the vaudeville." Also, it is to be hoped that this use of mild sedatives in the form of amusement will not be so extensive and long continued as seriously to soften the gray matter of the public's brain.

FREEDOM NECESSARY FOR A CRITIC.

As a part of an already too long introduction, it is right that I should say a brief but emphatic word as to the freedom which was accorded to me by the managers and editors of the Advertiser. That freedom was perfect at the outset, and has never been limited or diminished. The value of such liberty to a public critic is incalculably great; the lack of it to an honest and earnest man in that vocation is like the lack of wholesome air to human lungs. It was years before I fully appreciated my privilege in this kind, or realized how much happier was my lot than that of some of my professional brethren. The ideally perfect dramatic critic must always be, even in Paris, London, and New York, a *rara avis*. The man whose equipment includes a good working familiarity with the classic and modern languages; an intimate acquaintance with all English literature, and with all that is most important in other literatures; a long experience with the theatre; a high and varied skill in writing; honesty of purpose and complete emancipation from mean personal prejudice; and, finally, the faculty, inborn, and, though highly susceptible of cultivation, never to be acquired, of detecting false touches in acting as the perfect ear detects false tones in music, — even the late brilliant, accomplished, and unimpeachable Sarcey did not fill the area of that definition. Yet if such an Admirable Crichton existed, he would not be effective on the staff of a newspaper which in any way or at any point, for commercial or any reasons, cabined, cribbed, or confined him; hinting here, coaxing there, anon undertaking to give instructions as to his meting out of praise or blame. I have known many critics, and of the entire number have known but one whom I believed to be capable of corruption in his high office. They were, and are, as square a set of men as ever lived. But some of them were hampered and handicapped by their employers, and came short of rendering the best service to the public because of counting-room pressure in favor of liberally advertising theatres, or against theatres whose patronage was less valuable. Sometimes it has happened, also, — though seldom anywhere, I suppose, and oftener in New York than Boston, — that among the actors there were friends or foes of editors in chief or of owners, with the shameful consequence that the critic was bidden to be "a respecter of persons," and at the same time instructed to be crafty not to betray the secret of his partiality.

THE UNCRITICAL NEWSPAPER AND THE UNCRITICAL PUBLIC.

The newspapers whose criticism of the drama is thus sordidly biased are soon found out, and lose all or much of their influence with their readers. And having made this big declaration in the interest of reason and common sense, I must

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meekly subject it to a discount of about seventy-five per cent, and confess that a large majority of all the persons who read the daily journals have not the faintest notion of comparing or distinguishing the values of various censures. The great body of patrons of the theatre are, indeed, alike indifferent and, directly, impervious to criticism of any sort; they swarm into the playhouses with an indiscriminating eagerness of desire, which seems as masterful as the blind instinct that compels the migration of schools of fish; they are laws unto themselves, and find out and applaud what they like by the application of those laws, some of which have roots which run far down into our common psychic protoplasm. The judicious remainder — absolutely large in numbers, though comparatively few — constitute the body to which the critic appeals, and through which, by processes of slow filtration, he may hope to make some indirect impression for good upon the vast mass of humanity that fills the theatres night after night, week after week. If this statement seems cynical, the reader of the Atlantic is requested to consider the situation in a kindred matter, and to note that three quarters of the general perusal of contemporary books is utterly uninfluenced by any kind of literary criticism. The huge public which revels in the novels, for example, of "Albert Ross" and Mrs. Mary J. Holmes knows no more about book notices than it knows about the Eddas. As far as that public is concerned, the critical journals, magazines, and reviews might as well be printed in Russian as in English, as well be published in St. Petersburg and Moscow as in New York and Boston.

A MISTAKE IN ITERATION.

I have said a single word about the earnestness with which I entered upon my critical profession. That earnestness, honest though it was, moved me to pursue a course one line of which I much regret. It was the day of resident stock companies, and the critic was confronted weekly, during a whole season, with the same players. Some of these actors — leaders in their troupe and others — I found to be faulty, "retrograde" to all my artistic "desire," and therefore fit subjects for unfavorable comment. There was one variety in particular with which I could not, and cannot, be patient: namely, the hard, dry, hyperemphatic sort, usually feminine in gender, whose words come out, edged and clanging, as if they were disks of metal, cut and ejected by a machine. During a considerable period, beginning with 1870, there was an irruption upon the stage of players of this kind; Miss Fanny Morant, of New York, a highly gifted actress, whose personal force carried all before it, being, I strongly suspect, the model whom they caricatured. There was also a boisterous-slouchy masculine mode, which I almost equally disrelished. But I am sincerely sorry that I found it necessary to pursue such, or any, of the regularly appearing players with reiterated disapproval. I ought to have made clear in a general way my opinion of the faultiness of the actor's method, and occasionally, but not often, have briefly reapplied my foot rule to show his particular shortcomings in a new part. I look back and admire the dignified, patient silence in which these players, with scarcely an exception, bore a frequent application of the lash at the hands of many writers, of whom I was one. Incessant fault-finding, just or unjust, is seldom good for anybody, because it either sets up in its victim a condition of nervous irritability, which defeats or impedes improvement, or produces in him a calloused or defiant indifference.

LAY PARTISANS OF ACTORS.

Many of my readers will be surprised and amused to learn that every decent, outspoken critic raises up against himself a body of hostile unprofessionals, principally of the more excitable sex, —

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strong in numbers, too, if weak in brain, — to whom he is *persona* excessively *non grata*, simply because he has dispraised, or even not sufficiently praised, their favorite performer. There is something deliciously droll, and something rather touching, in such partisanship, inasmuch as the allies are, as a rule, strangers to the actor, who is therefore the object of their distant and purely disinterested cult, and also is usually a player of no great reputation. There is not a critic of a prominent daily newspaper who does not occasionally note the scowling brows and basilisk glances of strangers who detest him for his disparagement of some one, — he can seldom guess whom. Boston is of all large American cities the one in which such cherishers of sentiment are rife, because it is the most ebulliently naïve of all American cities in its passion for the theatre. Not very long ago, I learned that I was in the black book of every member of a certain respectable family, because of my "attitude" toward a histrionic artist whom they one and all admired. I had seldom seen the gentleman play, and had commented on him but three times: once with definite disapproval, once with mild objection, once with faint praise, — thus thrice writing myself down a perjured knave.

SELWYN'S THEATRE AND DORA.

In 1870 there were only five theatres in Boston, and the price of the best reserved seats varied from seventy-five cents to one dollar. The advance in public demand for theatrical amusement in this city may be inferred both from the present number of our theatres, which is fifteen, and from the doubling of the charge for places in houses of the highest grade. In that year the wave of excitement caused by the opening of Selwyn's Theatre, afterwards known as the Globe, was just beginning to subside. The establishment of the new house had been regarded as a great event, and the merits of its first three stock companies — of which Mrs. Chanfrau, Miss Carson, Miss Mary Cary, Mrs. Thomas Barry, Miss Harris, Miss Kitty Blanchard, Mrs. Wilkins, Miss Wells, Miss Fanny Morant, Mrs. E. L. Davenport, and Messrs. Frederic Robinson, Stuart Robson, C. H. Vanderhoff, H. S. Murdoch, W. J. Le Moyne, G. H. Griffiths, Harry Pearson, H. F. Daly, and Harry Josephs, were, at different times, members — were, it might almost be said, the chief theme of Boston's table talk. The theatre's initial experiment had been made with La Famille Benoiton of Sardou, played under the name of The Fast Family; but the triumphs of its first season were won with three curiously contrasted dramas, of which two are now unknown to the public stage, and the third is seldom seen in this country. These three were, Dora, a very free dramatic version, proceeding from the pen of Charles Reade, of Tennyson's brief idyl of the same name; The Spirit of '76, a comedietta, by Mrs. Daniel Sargent Curtis; and Robertson's Ours. All the theatre-going population of Boston — then about half the population of Boston — went wild over Dora, a purling piece, surface-ruffled only by Farmer Allen's tyrannical self-will and honest obstinacy, which were presented with heavy-handed effectiveness by Mr. Robinson. It was Dora herself, the gentle, persuasive Dora, the rustic but not rude, the meek but not insipid, — beautiful, sweet, sound-hearted to the core, like some perfect fruit ripened in a sunny nook of an English garden, — it was this Dora that prevailed with everybody, in the person of Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau, whose style was as frank and unaffected as her face was lovely, her voice melodious, her manner gracious. Re-read, the last sentence seems to me to be lightly touched with enthusiasm. But I decline to qualify or to apologize. Dora has passed away, and Mrs. Chanfrau has quitted the stage. Dora had no special right to live,

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I suppose, but nothing could make me doubt that, with the actress of thirty years ago to play the leading part, the drama would captivate sensitive hearts to-day; and as to this declaration, I put myself upon a jury of my peers, — recognizing as my peers, for this purpose, only such persons as distinctly remember the play and its chief player.

THE SPIRIT OF '76.

Mrs. Curtis's drama, The Spirit of '76, deserves to be recalled not only for its piquant wit, but because of the interest attaching to its prophetic character. It was in form a delicate burlesque, but its plot and dialogue were underborne by a thoughtful, conservative purpose. Produced in 1868, the play was a fanciful picture in anticipation of our corner of the United States in 1876, the political and economic relations of the sexes having been precisely inverted *ad interim*. None of the more extravagant visions have anywhere come even partly true, except in Colorado and the three other sparsely populated gynecratic states. Massachusetts is not yet ruled by a "governess;" there are no women on its supreme bench, and none sit in its jury boxes; it has thus far escaped a law which makes it a felony for an unmarried man to decline an unmarried woman's offer of marriage. But Mrs. Curtis's adumbration of some less violent but highly significant changes was remarkable. She really predicted, in the next sequent generation of young women, that union of virile athleticism and sophomoric abandon which makes the manners of the twentieth-century girl so engaging.

T. W. ROBERTSON'S PERIOD.

Ours, by T. W. Robertson, was produced at Selwyn's in the spring of 1868, and was succeeded, in 1869, by School, My Lady Clara, and The Nightingale, by the same playwright; and within a few months, on either side of these two years, David Garrick, Society, Caste, Play, Home, War, and The M. P. were given at most of the leading theatres of the country. The period from 1867 to 1877 might, with a decent show of propriety, be called the T. W. Robertsonian decade of the drama in America. In England the Robertsonian reign stretched out for twenty years or more. The Encyclopædia Britannica declared, in 1886, that his "popularity showed no sign of waning." The author's life was embraced between 1829 and 1871, and he knew not his first taste of success till seven years before his death. Of the dramas mentioned above, only The Nightingale and War met with failure. David Garrick, Home, and Caste were much the best of the series, and, of these, the first two had been brazenly — or, perhaps, just frankly — plagiarized from the continent of Europe; Home being a loose version of L'Aventurière of Emile Augier. David Garrick lends itself to the needs of rising "stars," and seems to be booked for a stage immortality, the span of which is that of the life of man, to wit, threescore and ten years, or, if the play be very strong, fourscore years. That some of the other dramas die hard is undeniable. Caste leads in limpet ability to cling to life. School is "revived" every now and then for a few hours, but soon resumes its slumbers. Yet, with the exceptions noted, all these plays, as far as the public stage of this country is concerned, are dead, or at their last gasp. It is curious to think either of their life or of their death, of the life and death of hundreds of their contemporaries and near successors. Albery? Yates? Charles Reade? Simpson? Tom Taylor? Henry J. Byron? What, what has become of all their lavish waste of dramatic words? Even Still Waters Run Deep — whose plot Mr. Tom Taylor did cheerfully "convey," as "the wise it call," from Le Gendre of Charles de Bernard — is a forgotten demi-semi classic. Byron's

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Our Boys seems to have some of the salt of youth in it; but his £100,000, Cyril's Success, and Our Girls, all of which were greatly in vogue for a considerable time after their production, have gone into the "Ewigkeit" with the lager beer of Hans Breitmann's "barty." Looking back at my notice of Cyril's Success, I see that I absurdly likened the wit of the comedy to that of The Rivals; but Byron's play is as dead as Scrooge's partner, while Sheridan's is good for another century, at least.

THE EPHEMERAL DRAMA.

Indeed, of all the big crowd of English playwrights who produced dramas, always with extreme facility, and sometimes with contemporaneous success, between 1845 and 1875, — excepting, of course, Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton, — every man but Robertson is to-day practically obsolete. Not a single one of their works has a name that will survive the first quarter of this century, unless it be a survival to be embalmed and entombed in an encyclopædia. By 1925 the stage that knew these dramas will know them no more, and Time will have allowed their claims for recognition as literature by impartially pitching them all into his dust heap.

That Robertson's comedies should be the last to succumb to this remorseless rule of death is interesting. Their texture is of the flimsiness of gossamer; their wit usually consists of quaint equivoque; their wisdom is trite; their humor, often delicious in flavor, trickles in a thin and narrow stream; their passion, except for a few minutes in Caste, has neither depth nor blaze. But they showed the work of a deft hand in their effective situations; they had a grace and charm of their own, which made them cling to the memory as tenaciously as the fragrance of lavender clings to gloves and laces; and they were often in touch with life, though the touch never became a grasp. Again, a special word is to be said for Caste, which dealt finely, if not profoundly, with the never ceasing strain between the freedom of man as an individual and his bondage as a member of society. Nearly all these plays, also, displayed, after a fashion peculiar to their author, the familiar contrasts between generosity and meanness, simplicity and sophistication, the self-forgetting impulsiveness of youth and the self-cherishing deliberation of middle age. Robertson loved to point such comparisons by means of bits of dialogue, carried on at opposite sides of the stage by pairs of persons, neither pair being conscious of the other. The mode of many of these passages was distinctly cynical, if not unamiable; but their surface truth was of universal appeal, and their humor was fetching. Indeed, the public palate always most keenly relished Robertson's mild bitterness when it was bitterest. Some of my readers will recall an exemplary episode in Ours. The scene is an English private park. A heavy shower of rain has come on, and two pairs have sought shelter under the trees. On the right are a youthful couple, in the early stages of a love affair. The *jeune premier* has taken off his coat, and insists upon wrapping it around the slender figure of the girl against her pleased but earnest objections. On the left are a middle-aged married pair. The wife presently says, in a peevish tone, "Alexander, if you walked to the hall, you could send me an umbrella;" to which the husband promptly replies, "I 'd rather you 'd get wet."

A NEGATIVE RULE FOR THE VITALITY OF PLAYS.

The deeper reasons of the law of the survival of dramas may not be laid down here and now, but a good negative working-day rule of prediction can be furnished. It seems to be a part of the present order of things, at least in English-speaking countries, that our dramas

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shall be ephemeral. Even the best of them are like insects, made to flaunt their little wings for a few hours in the sunshine of popular favor. The caprice of fashion deals out death with relentless speed to these plays. That they furnish the public with much entertainment is not to be questioned; but they have no essential beauty, or imposing breadth, or prevailing power to make their appeal potent beyond a year or less of life. "The best in this kind are but shadows," said the Dramatist of the World, in one of his remarkable expressions of doubt about the art of which he was Prime Minister and Master. The rule of negative prediction is simple enough: The play which never passes into literature; the play which, in "the cold permanency of print," cannot endure reading and rereading, has the sure seed of death within it. Out of a hundred contemporary dramas, ninety are flat and unprofitable on a first perusal, and ninety-and-nine are warranted to cause mental nausea at a second. Take Robertson's School, for instance, which was performed to delighted hundreds of thousands, in England and America, in the early seventies. Reading it deliberately to-day is like absorbing a gallon of weak, warmish *eau sucrée* flavored with the juice of half a lemon and a small pinch of ginger. Contrast with that work, and with works of its quality, the half a hundred tragedies and comedies which remain to us from the Greeks of the fifth and fourth centuries before Christ. The newest of these plays are two thousand two hundred years old: they are written in a dead language; they have the atmosphere of a remote land and an alien age and civilization; yet they still receive the quick sympathy and command the reverent admiration of the world. The corollary of the rule for negative prediction is obvious: The nation which is producing no readable dramatic literature is producing no dramas of permanent importance from the points of view of art and life, which are indeed one point and the same.

MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS.

Early in my professional experience I committed a gross extravagance in laudation. Mrs. Scott-Siddons made her first appearance as a reader in the Music Hall, when she was in her twenty-sixth year. Many Bostonians lost their heads on the occasion. I infer from a reperusal of my notices of her work that I was one of those Bostonians. Her beauty was of a very radiant, rare, and exquisite sort. It seems to me that I recall that her ease and aplomb of manner, as in her sole small person she took possession of the huge desert of a stage, and serenely occupied with her desk a small oasis therein, impressed me even more than her beauty. I incline to think that she really did read pretty well; indeed, I am sure that she read Tennyson's Lady Clara Vere de Vere uncommonly well. But I now perceive that there was no reason for my speaking of her and the great Sarah Siddons, her great-grandmother, in the same breath, or even in the same week. A little later I received a punishment which fitted my blunder, when she essayed acting, and I was obliged to comment on her performance. Yet that she could not act does not prove that she could not read, as the better instructed subscribers of the Atlantic are well aware. Many excellent readers have failed utterly upon the stage; *per contra*, a few fine actors have not been acceptable as readers. But if one could have heard Mrs. Scott-Siddons through one's eyes, they would have been "worth all the rest" of the senses, and her playing would have seemed peerless.

Henry Austin Clapp.

(*To be continued.*)

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GOING DOWN TO JERICHO.

"Is that all?"

The surprise in John Strathmore's voice seemed, as the words passed his lips, to condense into indignation. Every man of the group seated about the long table in Willet & Grey's counting room felt an instant change in the colloquial atmosphere, and the glances of several of them followed the question to its destination, much as though it were a visible missile.

The Hon. Hadley Garwood slowly removed his gold-rimmed spectacles, and deposited them upon the typewritten pages lying open before him. The question had been inevitable.

"That is the complete list, Mr. Strathmore, as prepared by the special committee. Of course," he added, after the slightest of pauses, and with a little deprecatory gesture of the open hands, "this meeting may turn the whole thing upside down, if it so desires."

The tone and gesture might have been interpreted either as the most complete submission to the will of the meeting, or as presenting the utter absurdity of any attempt to improve upon the work already performed. Strathmore, however, was not just then studying the fine art of ambiguity.

"All of which means, I suppose, Mr. Chairman, that the Oak Creek Mill is to be shut out of the deal?"

Mr. Garwood sat a little more erect in his stiff-backed chair. The introduction of the stock gambler's slang as descriptive of such an industrial combination as the United Paper Mills Association, with the Hon. Hadley Garwood at its head, came very near to offensive flippancy. There was a note of protest in the reply, which he directed, not to his questioner, but to the entire meeting:

"Gentlemen, the whole thing is a plain matter of business. We have organized, on behalf of ourselves and those we represent, for the purpose of rescuing the paper-manufacturing industry from its present demoralized condition. That, at least, is the view of the committee which you appointed six weeks ago to look over the general situation and recommend a line of action."

He settled a little more comfortably in his chair, and paused for a moment, that the soundness of his fundamental position might become perfectly clear to his hearers.

"Your committee, after a most thorough and painstaking investigation, has now presented its report. The climax of that report, if I may so express it, is the list of those concerns which, in the judgment of your committee, and for the best interests of the paper industry, should now be united under a single management. Such a combination, moreover, we believe to be entirely feasible. It was a matter of serious regret to all of us that, even after giving the fullest weight to Mr. Strathmore's recommendation, we were unable to include the Oak Creek Mill in that list."

"Why not?"

Again Strathmore's question seemed to pass visibly up the length of the table.

"Well," replied the chairman, "in the first place, because the concern is a water-power mill, dependent upon a comparatively small stream. But even if it could be run at its best all the year round, its capacity is so small that it could be of no practical value to us. Last year it turned out less than thirteen tons for each of its working days."

"May I ask, Mr. Chairman," persisted Strathmore, "how it compares in capacity with the Morgan & Vance Mill?"

"Ah! but the Morgan & Vance is a steam-power mill, with capital enough back of it to run for two years, and keep

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the paper market unsettled every day it blows its whistle. The cases are widely different. I tell you, gentlemen, we 've been over the whole ground with a microscope, and there is n't a name on that list that it 's safe to drop."

"Well, gentlemen," and Strathmore, in turn, abandoned all show of parliamentary formality, "I suppose every man here has understood my position from the first. I mean, of course, as to the Oak Creek Mill. Mr. Cardwell, you remember what I said at our second meeting?"

The gentleman thus suddenly dragged "out into the open" found Strathmore's eyes upon him with a directness that rendered his memory uncomfortably accurate upon the point in question.

"Oh yes — yes. I suppose we all understand Mr. Strathmore's — er — general views, as" —

"Anyway," broke in Strathmore, apparently satisfied by Cardwell's dubious manner, "you all know what sort of a hole I 'm in. No green country boy ever stumbled upon a better friend than Daniel Avery was to me. Why, if he had n't taken me into his mill and his home, — and God only knows by what token he did it, — I reckon I 'd still be out there on Upper Doe Run, planting potatoes on the same old ten-acre lot. It 's by his kindness, gentlemen, that I 'm here this day, helping to 'rescue the paper-manufacturing industry from its present demoralized condition.'"

Mr. Garwood glanced at him quickly, but there was nothing in Strathmore's face to justify offense. Indeed, at that moment the last vestige of irritation vanished from his tone.

"Mr. Chairman, I ask that the matter of the Oak Creek Mill be allowed to go over to our next meeting. Of course I want to do the square thing by the man who stood by me, but I pledge myself not to ask any further delay."

This frank avowal met with the same cordial assent which greets the man who asks for an open window in an overcrowded room. It relieved the strain of a situation which was even more awkward than appeared upon the surface.

John Strathmore was a man whose influence in his trade had very far outgrown the value of his property. Fifteen years before, he had come to the city with a very small capital, reinforced by a robust body, a clear brain, and a blunt habit of telling the truth. Continuous application to a rapidly growing business had subdued the color in his cheeks, but his aversion to a lie — even when clothed in the conventional garb of a trade custom — still savored strongly of disgust. People who knew him best trusted him most, and his withdrawal from the scheme of the United Paper Mills Association would have aroused suspicions quite beyond the true significance of the act.

"I 'm very sure, gentlemen," remarked Mr. Garwood feelingly, as he readjusted his spectacles and squared himself to resume consideration of the report, "that, whatever differences of policy we may have, we can all testify to Mr. Strathmore's loyalty to his friend."

And when the meeting had adjourned, the chairman made it his personal concern to see that the minutes, which would be read for approval at the next session, set forth in ample detail Mr. Strathmore's exertions on behalf of the Oak Creek Mill. Forty-eight hours later, however, he looked back upon his bit of official zeal with something less than complacence.

He had just emerged from the office of the great Keystone Trust Company, of whose Board of Directors he had long been an honored member. In the language of the street, this company, with Mr. Garwood as its special representative, was believed to be "back" of the new paper trust. Strathmore was coming down the street, and the two men stopped and shook hands cordially. In point of fact, Strathmore had come in

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search of Garwood for a purpose which he at once explained. Fumbling in his pocket, he drew forth a letter.

It was very short, but as Mr. Hadley Garwood glanced at its contents his face assumed that hue which the irreverent sometimes describe as turkey-gobbler red, and he inadvertently blustered something about it being all "grossly irregular." Strathmore suggested that the irregularity could be easily remedied by a formal vote at the next meeting. The note was a request, in explicit terms, that the name of the Oak Creek Mill be added to the list of concerns which were to be absorbed by the United Association. It was signed by four of the seven gentlemen who attended the meeting at Willet & Grey's, and who were to constitute the first Board of Directors of the new corporation.

A moment's further reflection enabled the chairman to grasp the altered situation. Refolding the letter, he deposited it carefully in his pocket. His face had resumed its natural color, and, breaking into a hearty laugh, he held out his hand.

"Strathmore, I used to be that way myself, but I 've learned, by a rather varied experience, that sentiment and business don't mix. It 's too bad, but it 's a cold, hard fact. I hope, by the way, that you have n't any more ancient friends with little old water-power mills for sale?"

"Daniel Avery 's the best man I ever knew," replied Strathmore, with unexpected earnestness, "and I said in the beginning that if I was in the deal he must be taken care of. You may call that sentiment, but from my standpoint it 's only decency."

Garwood looked at him dubiously for an instant, half suspecting him of acting. Then, tapping him knowingly upon the shoulder with the head of his cane, he concluded with almost paternal candor:

"Remember what I tell you. The two things won't mix without going sour. Put your business and sentiment in separate bottles, cork tightly, and keep in a cool place. Sooner or later you 'll come to it, like all the rest of us. Good-day."

No formal vote was ever taken upon Strathmore's motion. In local political circles, before he had dedicated his talents to the cause of industrial reform, Mr. Garwood had been familiarly known as "Uncle Had," and it had never been his custom needlessly to thrust his head against a stone wall. Having, by a little quiet investigation, satisfied himself that the four votes were "solid," he made half a virtue of a whole necessity and promptly complied with the written request. And so it happened that a few days later, out in their quiet country home, Daniel Avery and his household were treated to a surprise.

It came during the noon hour of a bright summer day. The midday meal had been eaten, and Mr. Avery was seated upon his front porch, awaiting the foreman's gong which should ring all hands to the afternoon's run. A newspaper lay in his lap, and the voice of his daughter Margaret, mingling with the noise of the dishes, came cheerfully out through the open door and windows. The old man's gaze wandered a bit drowsily over the familiar landscape before him.

There had been a shower during the morning, and down by the bank of the creek the roof of the mill shone red and clean in the sunlight. For more than thirty years, to Daniel Avery, that roof had symbolized the broad acres of personal independence. The mill had been part of the home to which, in his young manhood, he had brought his bride. The ponderous bass of the big water wheel, the vibrating hum of the carriers, and the low monotone of the great calenders had mingled with the voice of his wife and the prattle of his babies to make the very heartbeats of his domestic life. Time, and marriage, and birth, and death had hallowed the place.

His eyes lingered a moment upon the familiar walls, and then passed over

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across the gentle sweep of the valley to the long ridge beyond, clothed in the dark green of the chestnut and hickory. The spirit of reverie must have been strong upon him, for Henry Avery, who had been for the mail, was halfway up the walk before his father became conscious of his presence.

"Have Cardwell & Co. found out what they want yet?" he queried, as he leaned forward and received a small batch of letters over the balustrade.

"There seems to be nothing from them to-day," replied the younger man, as he came up the steps. "Here, Margie," and he held out a letter to his sister, standing on the threshold.

"For me?"

"Yes, unless Jack has made a mistake and written your name on somebody else's letter."

He smiled as he spoke; but instantly his thoughts and his face turned to his father, and the smile faded from his lips. As was his custom, he had opened the mill letters on his way from the post office, and already knew their contents. While Margaret was examining her own envelope her father uttered an exclamation of wrath, and shoved his chair back from the railing.

"What is it, father?"

She hurried to his side, while her brother stood by, silent and troubled. There were but few secrets in the little family, even as to matters of business. In point of fact, Margaret herself, under her father's instruction, conducted most of their small correspondence.

"What is it? What is it?" he echoed, in a fit of tremulous excitement. "Why, hang me if I know what it is! Maybe an offer for the old mill, or else an order to deliver it up. Gads! You 'd imagine it was a bag of stale potatoes for sale on the sidewalk. Fixes the price — tells me how to behave" —

"Oh, it 's just somebody's prank, father. Somebody knows how you feel about the mill, and is having his joke."

She glanced, half smiling, into her brother's face for confirmation of her words; but Harry remained silent. Then the clang of the big gong came up from the mill, and he hurried off to his work.

"The man that wrote that," her father replied slowly, and as if speaking to himself, "is n't doing overmuch joking these days. But, thank God, he is n't my master. He can't put his orders on me."

Margaret's left arm had fallen loosely about the old man's neck, and now, as she bent to read the open letter in his lap, her comely face pressed lightly against his sun-tanned cheek. She read: —

580 Minor Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA.,
June 10, 189-.

MR. DANIEL AVERY:

DEAR SIR, — As the representative of the United Paper Mills Association, I am directed to submit to you the following proposition. This corporation will purchase your plant, known as the Oak Creek Paper Mill, and in payment therefor will issue to you one hundred and fifty shares of its capital stock, full paid and non-assessable. The raw material at the mill and all orders actually accepted prior to this date will be taken off your hands at an appraised valuation of cost price, with an added profit of five per cent.

If this meets your favorable consideration, it may be proper to add that, in view of the present condition of the paper market, the Oak Creek plant will be shut down immediately upon its transfer by you. As a part of the transaction, therefore, you will enter into no new contracts for delivery of paper, but will refer all future orders directly to the undersigned.

The United Paper Mills Association is organized under the laws of New Jersey, with an authorized capital of $2,800,000, and a par value of $100 per share.

Asking an early response, I remain

Very sincerely yours,

HADLEY GARWOOD.

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"And you know Mr. Garwood, father?"

"Hadley Garwood? Yes, I know him. He's one o' th' breed that are making their millions by taking hold of our great American industries, — I believe that's the phrase. Why, they don't know what honest labor means."

He arose from his chair, and, with hands clasped behind his back, once more turned his eyes on the old mill.

"'Taking hold of our industries.'" He echoed his own words with a heat of scorn that brought an expression of sudden anxiety to Margaret's face. "They take an industry by the throat, and rob it of every element that makes for honest manhood. They change men and women to mere flesh-and-blood machines. And all that they may pile fortune on fortune, a hundredfold beyond their needs. Why, those fellows will scourge honest industry from the face of the earth."

"But, father, why need we mind it so much now? You will write and tell Mr. Garwood that the mill is not for sale. That will be all."

Her father gazed at her blankly for a moment, as though in doubt of her meaning, but the soothing note in her voice stilled the tumult of his own mind. His passion died as suddenly as it had been born. Drawing her to him, he kissed her fondly.

"Margaret, how I have been ranting to you!" he said, as he refolded Garwood's letter and thrust it into his pocket. "All your own fault, though," he went on more cheerfully. "You never give me anything to growl at here at home, so, every once in a while, I have to turn loose at those fellows in town."

Picking up his hat, he started for his work, but paused halfway down the steps, and drew the letter from his pocket.

"Here, Margaret, just you answer this yourself. Tell Garwood that the Oak Creek Mill is not in the market. If I do it, I'll go on and tell him a lot of other things that he has n't asked about."

And as if to escape further speech, he turned hastily and strode off to the mill.

Later in the afternoon Henry Avery and his father had a long and earnest conference, begun in the cramped little office, and finished as they strolled out together along the bank of the mill race. When they returned, Henry passed at once to his post of duty. The old man paused by the press rolls to inspect the broad flowing sheet, which just there was transformed from dripping pulp to steaming paper. From mere force of habit he tore a fragment from the ragged edge as it passed, and touched it to his tongue to test the sizing. As he did so, a hand was laid upon his arm.

"Why, Margaret!" he exclaimed, as he turned; and then, as he looked into Margaret's eyes, "Daughter, are you ill?"

Margaret smiled reassuringly, but there was a touch of anxiety in her eyes that justified the question. The two walked together out through the side door and up the gently sloping bank.

"Father, I want you to read John's letter, — you and Harry. It's all very confusing, and somehow I 'm afraid I don't understand it. John seems to have something to do with the new company, and he urges" —

"Is John Strathmore tying to that fellow Garwood?" The old man stopped as by the force of the mere surprise, and all the gentleness faded from his face.

"Why, father, is it so very wrong, — their getting up this new company? Nothing could be more kindly than the way John writes about you, and all of us."

She handed him the letter. As he took it, she caught his hand affectionately and held it for a moment in both of hers.

"Now, father, you must n't worry so. I can't allow it. Of course you and Harry know better than John what 's best for us; and if you don't want to sell the mill, — and I 'll be ever so glad if you

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don't, — why, I 'll write to Mr. Garwood to-night, and that will end it."

There was a touch of maternal command in her voice, and the half frown and half smile on her face was just that motherly mask which so often beguiles the wayward child. It was not in the old man's nature to harbor bitter thoughts very long at a time, and he readily yielded.

"Yes, yes, my dear. Harry and I will go over Jack's letter, and then we 'll put an end to the business. I suppose I 'm foolish about it, but somehow it seemed to me just like being ordered to leave the head of my own table. I guess perhaps I 'm growing old."

"Not a bit of it," retorted Margaret; "but I 've no doubt you 're growing hungry, which is a good deal worse," and she hurried back to her belated household duties.

That night, in Daniel Avery's room, the father and son read and re-read John Strathmore's letter. It began "Dear Sis," and from beginning to end breathed the best of good will. Very gently it set about explaining how the last decade had all but revolutionized the paper industry; how new methods and the introduction of wood pulp had demanded and attracted greater capital than was needed in the old days; and how these changes must inevitably injure the smaller mills, still working under the old system. He closed with as urgent an appeal as he dared to make that the Oak Creek Mill should join the newer movement, and so keep abreast of the industrial advance.

But between the lines Daniel Avery read the inexorable facts. For him, and others like him, joining the industrial advance meant sitting helplessly by while his mill wheel rotted from its axle; it meant the utter destruction in a single day of that intangible structure known in the business world as the "good will," — a structure into whose building had gone all the life blood of his younger and better years; it meant, in fact, the sudden tearing from his own nature of all those habits of thought and action which long ago had come to constitute the very fibre of his life.

For it all he was to pocket just such pittance as Hadley Garwood — who had no more kinship with actual industry than with the angels in heaven — had seen fit to name. There could be but one result. The next day's mail carried to the city a letter which caused John Strathmore to lose somewhat in both temper and sleep, and went far toward restoring the slightly damaged complacency of the Hon. Hadley Garwood.

During the sultry weeks which followed, Margaret Avery tried to believe that the episode of the United Mills Association, which had come upon them without warning, had passed from their lives and left no mark. Yet the mere persistence of her mental effort proclaimed the doubt in her own mind. One less sympathetic than she might have failed to note the change which was slowly coming over her father and brother.

In her presence they spoke to each other less and less frequently of business matters; and when they did, it was with a guardedness of manner wholly new in their simple home life. But what went yet more keenly to her heart was the look, partly of appeal and partly of grim determination, which settled upon her father's face in his moments of thoughtful silence. It would come back to her at night, and behind her closed eyelids would slowly merge into another expression, as to whose interpretation there could be no mistake, — despair.

Instinctively, when such a look was on her father's face, she found excuse for going to him, — to smooth the tablecloth beneath his plate, to make sure that the napkin in his ring was really his, or to readjust the collar of his coat. And always, for some brief moment, her palm or cheek would rest in loving contact with the troubled face, and its tenser lines would melt away.

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So the summer dragged its hot length through, and brought no outward change to the little mill on Oak Creek. Business had been stagnant, but that was to have been expected. Autumn passed, and to Margaret's eyes the work seemed much as it had during all the autumns which had gone before. There were some canceled contracts, and now and then an old customer would postpone placing his order, with perhaps no very satisfactory reason for the delay. But such things were part of every year's experience.

Near the middle of December, however, there came a letter that was something more than any of these. It was the conclusion of a correspondence of which Margaret had had no earlier knowledge. It explained the failure to forward a long-expected order from one of their oldest customers, by the statement that the same grade of paper was now being offered in the Philadelphia market at three fourths of a cent a pound below the price quoted by the Oak Creek Mill.

To Margaret Avery this seemed no very serious matter.

"Why, of course, Harry, we must sell just as cheap as the rest. We cannot expect to receive more than the market price, no matter how low that may be."

Their father had gone early to his room, and the brother and sister were talking over business affairs in their old frank way. Henry drew from his pocket an envelope, upon which were some figures in lead pencil.

"Margie," he said, "to sell at that price would mean the loss of one quarter of a cent a pound, or five dollars on every ton of paper sent out of the mill. We generally turn out about twelve tons a day, and our daily loss would be something like sixty dollars."

"But I don't understand, Harry. I don't understand," repeated Margaret impulsively. "How can they make money, when we should lose at the same price?" she went on, before Henry could explain.

"Make money?" repeated Henry slowly. "They don't expect to make money, *now*. It 's worse than that."

There was something in his voice which caused Margaret to look more keenly into her brother's eyes, and then, involuntarily, her hand reached forth and lay soothingly across his own upon the table. Not yet did she understand the full meaning of the disaster which had come upon them, but her brother's distress went straight to her heart.

"Harry, Harry, you must n't mind it so much! We knew we should have to meet just such competition, and" —

"'Competition'? Good God!"

The word seemed to sting him beyond endurance. Roughly withdrawing his hand, he arose from his seat and turned away. For a full minute he stood by the window, gazing sightlessly out into the darkness. One hand gripped the window post, while the other hung tightly clenched by his side, his whole attitude telling of an inward struggle against his overwrought emotions. Never before had Margaret seen him so deeply moved, and she dared not intrude upon his silence. Presently, however, he returned to the table, but he did not resume his seat. He had recovered himself, and seemed bent upon the simple purpose of explanation.

"Margaret, would it have been competition if these men had waylaid father in the night-time, and wounded him so badly that he could never again have competed with them in business, and had done it for that very purpose? Would that be competition?"

"John Strathmore would never do a thing like that," she replied quickly.

"But he is doing a thing like that," retorted Henry bitterly. "They 've put their money together, he and his friends, not to make better paper or cheaper paper, but just to starve us, and others like us, out of existence. Call that competition? Why, it 's the very death of competition."

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Margaret was silent for a long time, and when she spoke there was only gentleness in her voice: —

"I 'm very sorry, Harry. I 'm sorry for you, but sorrier still for father. I believe even now he 's sitting up there in the dark, trying to bear his trouble all by himself. I must go to him."

With that she arose and took a candle from the mantelpiece. When she had lighted it, she turned again to her brother.

"Good-night." Then she added something which had been growing heavier and heavier upon her mind during all these months: "We did wrong, Harry, in not answering John's letter in the same spirit in which it was written. We have chosen to see only one side. I don't believe he has meant us any wrong."

Again, at the mention of John Strathmore, bitter words came to Henry's lips, but something in his sister's face checked his speech. He knew that, to her, the boy who had grown to a brave and generous manhood in their home must be brave and generous to the end. So strong was Margaret Avery's faith in the better side of human nature that it sometimes seemed rather a compelling force for good than a mere belief. Something of the dignity of her mood must have fallen upon her brother now, for a gentler light came to his eyes as he saw her depart, and heard her firm, light step upon the floor above.

The next morning, at the breakfast table, Mr. Avery startled them with the announcement that he must go to the city. He must go at once. During the long hours of the night some straw of hope had seemed to float within the old man's reach, and he felt that he must grasp it while he might. In vain his children sought to dissuade him. Finally, at a hint from Henry, Margaret asked that she might be allowed to go along. For half a year she had not been in town.

Beyond the suggestion that she might be kept indoors by the coming storm, he made no great objection; only she must not delay his going. So, an hour later, Henry drove them to the station, and the middle of the afternoon found them in Philadelphia, ensconced in a small hotel well down on Chestnut Street. During their journey, Margaret had tried in vain to induce her father to go for the night to the home of a cousin living but a short distance uptown, and who always gave them welcome. No, he must be near the big paper dealers. With an almost tremulous haste he saw his daughter to her room, and then, leaving her to her own devices, set forth upon his mission.

It was early evening before the old man returned, weary and slow of speech. While they were at supper, Margaret tried, with but scant success, to learn the results of his visit. Had he seen John Strathmore? No; he had called at his place of business, but Strathmore was out. Had he left word that they were in town? No; he had not thought of that.

After supper Margaret led him to a seat by one of the parlor windows, through which they could look down upon the street, with its throng of hurrying people. It was snowing. Off to the left they had a glimpse of Independence Hall, looming dim and ghostly through the white gloom. Then, suddenly, on either hand, the great arc lights sprang into life, hissing and sputtering, as though in protest at their own creation. The holidays were approaching, and beneath the gleam of the electric lights the shop windows bloomed forth in their brief glory of tinsel and bright colors.

The lights in the parlor were turned low, and Margaret drew a hassock and seated herself close by her father's side. With his hand in hers, she led him to tell how the big city had looked to her mother and himself, long ago, on their wedding journey. Then, delving yet

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deeper into the mine of his memory, he spoke of the experiences of his childhood: how he remembered, once when he was a little fellow, his father leading him along the outskirts of a great crowd, gathered in honor of a famous statesman who had just died. The old Liberty Bell was tolling, and the people were very solemn. Of a sudden everybody stopped and looked up at the snow-white belfry. In an instant the voice of the bell had changed beyond recognition, and soon they learned that it had cracked in the ringing, and that its voice was stilled forever.

So for a long time they sat there together; he talking quaintly of the old times and the vanished scenes, and she happy in his contentment. Suddenly, with the striking of the State House clock, he checked his speech, and drew a long, deep breath which ended in a groan. It needed no word to tell Margaret that in that instant, in her father's mind, the "present" had rudely driven out the "past." She stroked his roughened palm with her own and tried to soothe him; but the magic wand of memory had snapped beyond repair.

He arose abruptly, and stood for a moment looking silently out at the warp and woof of the storm, — the falling snow shot through and through with the gleaming rays of electric light. His hat was in his hand.

"Margie, I'm going out for a bit. Don't wait up for me."

At the door he sent back some half-intelligible reply to his daughter's hasty protest, and passed out. She heard his heavy footfalls as he strode down the long hall.

For a moment she hesitated. There was but little time for reflection, and none whatever for preparation. She had thrown a heavy cape about her shoulders, to guard against the chill from the big window. Drawing its hood close over her head, she hurried down the hallway and out into the street.

Mr. Garwood early learned two things about John Strathmore which he found worthy of careful consideration: the first was that Strathmore was exceedingly popular among the paper dealers of eastern Pennsylvania, and that his influence was constantly increasing; the other was that the Strathmore clay, if we may use the term, possessed certain characteristics of its own, which could not be safely ignored in the handling. Most conspicuous among these was an occasional hardening into inflexibility. As far as Garwood could make out, this came without warning, and it was neither accompanied nor followed by the usual symptoms of failing temper. After many months of careful observation, this feature of Strathmore's disposition was still as puzzling as on that first day at Willet & Grey's.

Daniel Avery's blunt rejection of the offer which he had been at such pains to secure left its mark upon John Strathmore. Garwood had promptly sent the letter to him, and asked for advice.

"You know Avery better than I. Perhaps I have made some sort of a slip in putting the case. If you think so, and will give me a hint, I 'll try again."

But Strathmore was in no mood for carrying the matter further without some word of desire from the mill. He had written to Margaret with the genuine solicitude of one seeking to avert a danger from his own household, and his letter had been interpreted as the act of a common speculator, bent on his own selfish ends. With the hope that, in some calmer mood, Daniel Avery might reconsider his hasty action, and at least open the way for further negotiations, he held the chairman's suggestion long in abeyance. But week followed week, bringing no sign, and hope died out. Garwood had been patient, but at last he insisted upon a definite answer. With a dull pain at his heart, Strathmore told him that he had no further suggestions as to the Oak Creek Mill.

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As the words passed his lips, he felt that something was going out of his life that he could hardly spare. The familiar faces, the quaint old house, the mill, the gnarled orchard, the shady road winding along the bank of the creek, the noise of the mill race, — every angle and shadow and voice of his old home swept powerfully in upon his senses. Never had it all seemed half so dear as at that moment.

From that day the chairman lost no opportunity for bringing the younger man to the fore. The name was a good one to conjure with, and no man knew better than Hadley Garwood how to use it. Very soon, in the counting rooms of the big firms, on the street, and in the pages of the trade journals, John Strathmore's name was being coupled with the new paper trust hardly less prominently than that of the Hon. Hadley Garwood himself.

With the United Association all had gone exceedingly well. There had been months of doubt, and some unforeseen obstacles by the way, but in the end Mr. Garwood's leadership stood fully vindicated. Practically, he held the paper market in the hollow of his hand. When, as he expressed it, "the water in the lobster kettle had really reached the boiling point," the result was remarkable. Mill after mill yielded to the inevitable. On the selfsame Monday morning the two mills which, from the first, had caused him the greatest concern gave up the fight. The treasurer of one of them, who happened to be the principal stockholder, thinking doubtless to save time, gave up two fights at once: he closed his mill and his life in the same hour. The few staggering concerns that still claimed to be doing business were so weak as hardly to require a thought. The campaign, when once fairly under way, had been short, sharp, and decisive.

In view of the success which had thus crowned his labors, and of the very pleasant relations which had grown up between himself and his fellow directors, Mr. Garwood invited those gentlemen to a quiet little supper in the Green Room at Downer's. He wanted the privilege, he said, of meeting with them once, at least, when business would be ruled out of order. Life is dry enough at best, and he believed in an occasional frolic. And when at last the evening had arrived, and the little company were assembled, they found their host in his jolliest mood.

"Gentlemen," he explained, when the Blue Points had been disposed of, "this is my night, and let no man forget the fact. During all these months you 've banged me right and left. You 've appealed from my decisions, voted down my pet motions, and mutilated my most carefully prepared plans. The sourest part of it has been the fact that the plans have generally been improved by mutilation. I 've taken my medicine without a squeal, and now you 've got to take yours. For once I propose to run this board on my own lines."

His aspect was so stern, and he spoke with such orotund solemnity, that William, the attendant waiter, hastened back to the culinary department with rumors of impending war.

Upon his return, however, all was changed. The Hon. Hadley Garwood had given place to the genial Uncle Had; and between the courses of the banquet anecdote followed anecdote, peppered and riddled by question and repartee, and all drowned in a rising flood of mirth. No one counted the passing hours.

It was while their host, in his own inimitable style, was confessing certain odd experiences which befell him during his first term in Congress that there came a hesitating knock at the door. No one heard it, and after a momentary pause the door was pushed open. With an odd mixture of doubt and determination in his manner, Daniel Avery slowly advanced to the foot of the table.

He had faced the storm, and the wet

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snow still clung to his garments. Strathmore, Cardwell, and others who knew him attempted a greeting, to which the old man made no direct response.

"I heard about town that you would be here to-night," he said, speaking with the simple directness of a child, "and I thought I 'd like to see you once, — all of you together."

He paused, one hand touching the edge of the table, and the other still grasping his hat, while his glance passed from one to another of the faces before him. Yet he did not look at Strathmore, who, pale and silent, sat within easy reach of his hand. Physical weariness shone so clearly in the old man's face and poise that some one — not Garwood — asked him to be seated. He did not seem to hear.

"Then I thought perhaps you 'd like to know — all of you — that the Oak Creek Mill has shut down. I 've stopped trying to make paper."

His tone was as dry and passionless as though he were announcing the most commonplace detail as to the future management of his business, and yet, with something like a flash of alarm, Hadley Garwood became conscious of an odd discomfort. It may have sprung wholly from his own imagination, but beneath the simplicity of old Avery's speech he seemed to detect something hot and scorching, something which might suddenly burst into flame. He had seen that infernal nondescript sort of oratory carry the raw members of a congressional committee clear off their feet, and produce the most unexpected results. In that same instant he decided to make an end of the scene with the least possible delay. Unfortunately, however, the indulgences of the evening had left his brain so hot and clouded as to be incapable of its native finesse. When he spoke, it was with an arbitrary note in his voice which was but little calculated either to soothe or to persuade.

"Mr. Avery," he began, cutting off the old man's impending speech, "last summer, at Mr. Strathmore's urgent request, we made you an offer for your mill. D' you remember it? You treated it with contempt."

"I had no thought of contempt," responded Avery, with an expression of slow surprise overspreading his features. "I did not wish to sell. It was my purpose to keep the mill for my children."

"And ever since then you 've fought us tooth and claw, and now — well, it 's expecting a little too much to suppose that the same terms are to be offered at the end of the fight."

"There is no question of terms between us, Mr. Garwood. I am not here to sell my mill to you. I have no wish to be a partner in what you are doing."

The voice was not quite so slow now, and Avery's eyes lingered more definitely on the man at the head of the table. The man at the head of the table caught the gleam of a little tongue of flame, but thought, perhaps, it was just as well. There had been something in the manner of the last speech that carried conviction of its exact truth. Garwood believed it himself, and feared its effect upon the others.

"I suppose," he replied, with a touch of forced irony in his voice, "you mean by that, that you 're entirely above the business we 're engaged in? Would n't make a cent beyond the exact value of your time and material, would you? Don't take much stock in the advance of industry, I reckon? "

Garwood paused for an instant, but was dissatisfied with his own eloquence. He must put on more steam.

"There 's no use whining around me. You 've had a chance to get in out of the wet, and you had n't sense enough to take Strathmore's advice. As far as the United Association 's concerned, you can go to — to Jericho."

Thrusting his thumbs deep into the armholes of his vest, the chairman leaned back and assumed an air of contemptuous

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indifference. That his anger was simulated rather than genuine only emphasized the insolence of his purpose.

All his life Daniel Avery had been accustomed to the kindly deference of those about him; and the deliberate arrogance of this man, already deep in his scorn, aroused the hot blast of his anger. As he straightened to his full six feet of gaunt height, a score of years seemed to fall from his shoulders, and his gaze fastened upon Garwood's wine-flushed face with a keenness that stripped off its nonchalance like a flimsy mask.

"A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him. And when they had robbed him, they too, I suppose, bade him go on his way — to Jericho. How the old history repeats itself, with a new Jericho and a new set of thieves —

"Oh, don't mind that," he interposed deprecatingly, as Garwood laid a hand upon the arm of his chair as if about to rise; "that 's only the text. It is you and your miserable like, with the money itch in your blood, that are debauching the young manhood of the industrial world you prate so much about. Talk of your wealth! Why, your gains are mere plunder."

"Do you mean to say, sir" — shouted Garwood, going husky with sudden wrath.

"Yes, I 'm going to speak the truth."

Avery paused for an instant, as if to gather his words, but the grip of his eyes never loosened upon the man before him. Leaning forward, he spoke again in a voice that rang in every nook and corner of the room: —

"Hadley Garwood, the pickpocket skulking in the byways of this great city to-night teaches better morals than you. He leaves thievery what he finds it, — a crime. You and your breed are making it respectable, and spreading it, like a disease, among honest men. And all for a wealth you do not know how to use! Do you understand this?" cried the old man, carried away by the rush of sudden emotion, and shaking his bony hand down the long table. "Can you understand me when I tell you that I valued my mill and its business not so much for what my children could get out of it as for the thought and industry they must put into it? Do you know what that means? Do you? Why, rather than have my son" —

"Father!"

The whirlwind of feeling which, while it was sweeping the old man off his feet, was holding his listeners in astonished silence ceased as by a breath. John Strathmore uttered some half-articulate exclamation, which fell upon heedless ears. Margaret Avery, unable longer to endure the distress of the scene, entered through the open door. Looking neither to right nor left, she hastened to her father's side. For a moment Avery gazed at her like one rudely awakened from sleep. Then, as if overwhelmed by the consciousness of his own weakness, his glance fell before hers, and he stood silent.

And while the two were standing there speechless, those sitting near saw a singular thing. Margaret Avery's hand, hanging loosely by her side, brushed against the sleeve of a man's coat. In spite of her preoccupation she must have known, for the next instant the vagrant hand was resting lightly upon John Strathmore's shoulder. In the act was neither stealth nor deliberation, but the unchecked impulse of a woman who had never doubted. Those who saw his face knew that, subtle and swift as the electric current, the touch had stirred something new and powerful in John Strathmore's soul. In that instant, some things which, during all these strenuous years, had been silently filling the man's life with a new ambition withered in his sight.

"Surely, father, this can do no good," she said, as the fire faded from her father's eyes. "Let us go home."

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Daniel Avery drew a long breath, and looked into her face as a child might have appealed to a chiding mother.

"Yes," he replied weakly, "let us go."

Without further speech Margaret led her father from the room, and expectation settled upon the group about the table. Then that happened which some of them, at least, were expecting. John Strathmore pushed back his chair and arose.

"Mr. Chairman," he said, speaking as lightly as though he were but excusing himself for the hour, "I will ask to be counted out of the further proceedings of the United Paper Mills Association."

It required but slight vision to see that his lightness of manner was only a mask, yet it was a mask behind which none might penetrate.

Garwood laughed aloud, but checked himself abruptly. Strathmore had asked for his overcoat.

"You don't mean it? Why, see here, Strathmore." The chairman's fingers were gripping his knife and fork a bit nervously now, and odd blotches of pallor appeared near the corners of his mouth. "You must n't let a little thing like that get on to your nerves. I believe it was the parable that did it. Ha! ha! It 's queer how those things do take hold of a man sometimes. Sit you down. Waiter, fill Mr. Strathmore's glass."

He attempted to summon the jocular, and fell barely short of the ghastly. Strathmore was thrusting his arms into the sleeves of his overcoat. When he had received his hat, he turned for the last time to the group at the table.

"Of course I shall see that my share of the expenses to date is fully settled, but from now on the Strathmore concerns are withdrawn from the trust."

"But, my dear fellow," exclaimed Garwood, still attempting the tone of familiar companionship, "this is simply preposterous!"

"I know it," replied Strathmore sympathetically, "but — it 's true. I 'm out." Then a smile broadened his features for an instant, and he spoke yet more lightly: "Following the parable which our chairman has so happily introduced, I want to say, on my own behalf, that I really think I might have done a minor part — say the priest or the Levite — in fair shape, but the other rôle is entirely too much for me. I see it myself. Good-night."

The Hon. Hadley Garwood slipped back in his chair, limp, sullen, and panting. He knew now that the Strathmore clay had hardened beyond all possibility of further manipulation, and he realized that the next new moon would find the United Paper Mills Association a bubble that had burst.

Paschal H. Coggins.

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FOR ENGLAND.

Of all great deaths on English ground, thine most,
Simon de Montfort, doth my spirit stir.
Thou fought'st for England, and thou died'st for her,
Thyself of other race, from outland coast.
Law's mandatory and Freedom's, thou thy host
Didst hurl against a sceptred lawbreaker;
Nor didst thou blench when Fate, in plume and spur,
On Evesham field swept like a hungry ghost.
Then for their lives thou bad'st thy nobles fly.
"Thou dying, we would not live," they made reply,
And dauntless round thy dauntlessness were mown.
And thou, with wrath that hewed its way on high,
Fell'st fighting the steep fight of Liberty,
In a crashing forest of the foe, alone.

William Watson.

THE TORY LOVER.[1]

XL.[2]

Late that night Mary Hamilton sat by the window in her sleeping closet, a quaint little room that led from the stately chamber of Madam Wallingford. Past midnight, it was still warm out of doors, and the air strangely lifeless. It had been late before the maid went away and their dear charge had fallen asleep; so weak and querulous and full of despair had she been all the long day.

The night taper was flickering in its cup of oil, but the street outside was brighter than the great room. The waning moon was just rising, and the watcher leaned back wearily against the shutter, and saw the opposite roofs slowly growing less dim. There were tall trees near by in the garden, and a breeze, that Mary could not feel where she sat, was rustling among the poplar leaves and mulberries. She heard footsteps coming up the street, and the sound startled her as if she had been sitting at her window at home, where footsteps at that time of night might mean a messenger to the house.

The great town of Bristol lay fast asleep; it was only the watchman's tread that had startled the listener, and for a moment changed her weary thoughts. The old man went by with his clumsy lantern, but gave no cry nor told the hour until he was well into the distance.

There was much to think about at the end of this day, which had brought an unexpected addition to her heart's regret. The remembrance of Paul Jones, his insistence upon Wallingford's treachery, a sad mystery which now might never be solved, even the abruptness of the captain's own declaration of love, and a sense of unreality that came from her own miserable weakness, — all these things were new burdens for the mind. She could not but recognize the hero in

[1] Copyright, 1901, by Sarah Orne Jewett.

[2] A summary of the preceding chapters may be found on the fourth advertising page.

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this man of great distinction, as he had stood before her, and yet his melancholy exit, with the very poverty of his dress, had somehow added to the misery of the moment. It seemed to her now as if they had met each other, that morning, with no thoughts of victory, but in the very moment of defeat. Their hopes had been so high when last they talked together. Again there came to her mind the anxiety of that bright night when she had stood pleading with Roger Wallingford on the river shore, and had thrown down her challenge at his feet. How easy and even how happy it all seemed beside these dreadful days! How little she had known then! How little she had loved then! Life had been hardly more than a play beside this; it was more dramatic than real. She had felt a remote insincerity, in those old days, in even the passionate words of the two men, and a strange barrier, like a thin wall of glass, was always between her heart and theirs. Now, indeed, she was face to face with life, she was in the middle of the great battle; now she loved Roger Wallingford, and her whole heart was forever his, whether he was somewhere in the world alive, or whether he lay starved and dead among the furze and heather on the Devon moors. She saw his white face there, as if she came upon it in the shadows of her thoughts, and gave a quick cry, such was the intensity of her grief and passion; and the frail figure stirred under its coverlet in the great room beyond, with a pitiful low moan like the faint echo of her own despair.

The sad hour went by, and still this tired girl sat by the window, like a watcher who did not dare to forget herself in sleep. Her past life had never been so clearly spread before her, and all the pleasant old days were but a background for one straight figure: the manly, fast-growing boy whom she played with and rebuffed on equal terms; the eager-faced and boyish man whom she had begun to fear a little, and then to tease, lest she should admire too much. She remembered all his beautiful reticence and growing seriousness, the piety with which he served his widowed mother; the pleading voice, that last night of all, when she had been so slow to answer to his love. It was she herself now who could plead, and who must have patience! How hard she had been sometimes, how deaf and blind, how resistant and dull of heart! 'T was a girl's strange instinct to fly, to hide, to so defeat at first the dear pursuer of her heart's love!

Again there was a footstep in the street. It was not the old watchman coming, for presently she heard a man's voice singing a country tune that she had known at home. He came within sight and crossed the street, and stood over the way waiting in shadow; now he went on softly with the song. It was an old Portsmouth ballad that all the river knew; the very sound of it was like a message: —

"The mermaids they beneath the wave,
The mermaids they o'er my sailor's grave,
The mermaids they at the bottom of the sea
Are weeping their salt tears for me.

"The morning star was shining still,
'T was daybreak over the eastern hill" —

He began the song once again, but still more softly, and then stopped.

Mary kept silence; her heart began to beat very fast. She put her hand on the broad window sill where the moonlight lay, and the singer came out into the street. She saw the Spanish sailor again. What had brought the captain to find her at this time of night?

She leaned out quickly. "I am here. Can I help you? Is there any news?" she whispered, as he stood close under the window, looking up. "You are putting yourself in danger," she warned him anxiously. "I heard the people saying that you have been seen in Bristol, this morning as I came home!"

"God be thanked that I have found

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you awake!" he answered eagerly, and the moon shone full upon his face, so that she could see it plain. "I feared that I should have to wait till daylight to see you. I knew no one to trust with my message, and I must run for open sea. I have learned something of our mystery at last. Go you to the inn at Old Passage to-morrow night, — do you hear me? — to the inn at Old Passage, and wait there till I come. Go at nightfall, and let yourself be unknown in the house, if you can. I think — I think we may have news from Wallingford."

She gave a little cry, and leaned far out of the window, speaking quickly in her excitement, and begging to hear more; but the captain had vanished to the shadows whence he came. Her heart was beating so fast and hard now that she could not hear his light footsteps as he hurried away, running back to the water side down the echoing, paved street.

XLI.

The Roscoff fishing smack lay in the Severn, above Avon mouth, and it was broad day when Captain Paul Jones came aboard again, having been rowed down the river by some young Breton sailors whom he had found asleep in the bottom of their boat. There would be natural suspicion of a humble French craft like theirs; but when they had been overhauled in those waters, a day or two before, the owner of the little vessel, a sedate person by the name of Dickson, professed himself to be an Englishman from the Island of Guernsey, with proper sailing papers and due reverence for King George the Third. His crew, being foreigners, could answer no decent Bristol questions, and they were allowed to top their boom for the fishing grounds unmolested, having only put into harbor for supplies.

The Roscoff lads looked at their true captain with mingled sleepiness and admiration as he took the steersman's place. He presently opened a large knotted bundle handkerchief, and gave them a share of the rich treat of tobacco and early apples within; then, seeing that they kept their right course, he made a pillow of his arm, and fell sound asleep.

As they came under the vessel's side the barking of a little dog on board waked him again with a start. He looked weary enough as he stood to give his orders and watch his opportunity to leap from the boat, as they bobbed about in the choppy sea. All was quiet on deck in the bright sunlight; only the little French dog kept an anxious lookout. The captain gave orders to break out their anchor and be off down channel, and then turned toward the cabin, just as Dickson made his appearance, yawning, in the low companion way.

Dickson had found such life as this on the fisherman very dull, besides having a solid resentment of its enforced privations. None of the crew could speak English save Cooper and Hanscom, who had come to hate him, and would not speak to him at all except in the exercise of duty. He knew nothing of the Breton talk, and was a man very fond of idle and argumentative conversation. The captain had been ashore now for thirty-six long hours, and his offended colleague stood back, with a look of surly discontent and no words of welcome, to let the tyrant pass. The captain took a letter out of his pocket and gave it to him, with a quick but not unfriendly glance, as if half amused by Dickson's own expression of alarm as he turned the folded paper and looked at its unbroken seal. He mumbled something about a tailor's bill, and then insisted that the letter could not be meant for him. He did not seem to know what it would be safe to say.

"Come below; I wish to speak with you." The captain spoke impatiently, as usual, and had the air of a king-bird

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which dealt with a helpless crow. "We are in no danger of being overheard. I must speak with you before you read your letter. I have chanced upon some important information; I have a new plan on foot."

"Certainly, sir," replied Dickson, looking very sour-tempered, but putting a most complaisant alacrity into his voice.

"The news was given me by a man who succeeded in making his escape from the Mill Prison some months since, and who came to Bristol, where he had old acquaintances; he is now at work in a coppersmith's shop," explained the captain. "He has been able to help some of his shipmates since then, and, under the assumed character of an American Loyalist, has enjoyed the confidence of both parties. 'T will be a dangerous fellow to tamper with; I have heard something of him before. I doubt if he is very honest, but he turns many a good sound penny for himself. Lee believes that all his spies are as trusty as Ford and Thornton, but I can tell you that they are not." The captain's temper appeared to be rising, and Dickson winced a little. "I know of some things that go on unbeknownst to him, and so perhaps do you, Mr. Dickson; this man has advised me of some matters in Bristol this very night, about which I own myself to be curious. He says that there are two men out of the Mill Prison who may be expected in, and are hoping to get safe away to sea. It would be a pretty thing to add a pair of good American sailors to our number without the trouble of formal exchange. So I must again delay our sailing for France, and must leave you here tonight, while I go to inspect the fugitives. There are special reasons, too, why I wish to get news from the prison."

The captain seemed excited, and spoke with unusual frankness and civility. Though Dickson had begun to listen with uneasiness, he now expressed approval of such a plan, but ventured at the same time to give an officious warning that there might be danger of a plot among the Bristol Loyalists. They would make themselves very happy by securing such an enemy as John Paul Jones. But this proof of sagacity and unselfishness on Dickson's part the captain did not deign to notice.

"I shall pass the day in fishing, and toward night take another anchorage farther up the channel," he continued. "There are reasons why prudence forbids my going into the Avon again by boat, or being seen by day about the Bristol quays. I shall run farther up the Severn and land there, and ride across by Westbury, and over the downs by Redlands into Bristol, and so return by daybreak. I have bespoken a horse to wait for me, and you will see that a boat is ready to take me off in the morning."

Dickson received these instructions with apparent interest and an unconscious sigh of relief. He understood that the captain's mind was deeply concerned in so innocent a matter; there was probably no reason for apprehension on his own part. The next moment his spirits fell, and his face took on that evil color which was the one sign of emotion and animosity that he was unable to conceal. There was likely to be direct news now from the Mill Prison; and the grievous nightmare that haunted Dickson's thoughts was the possible reappearance of Roger Wallingford.

Once or twice he swallowed hard, and tried to gather courage to speak, but the words would not come. The captain passed him with a scowl, and threw himself into the wretched bunk of the cabin to get some sleep.

"Captain Jones," and Dickson boldly followed him, "I have something important which I must say" —

"Will not you read your letter first?" inquired the captain, with unaccustomed politeness. "I am very much fatigued, as you might see. I want a little sleep, after these two nights."

"We are alone now, sir, and there is

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something that has lain very heavy on my mind." The man was fluent enough, once his voice had found utterance.

The captain, with neither an oath nor a growl, sat up in his berth, and listened with some successful mockery of respect, looking him straight in the face.

"That night, — you remember, sir, at Whitehaven? I have come to be troubled about that night. You may not recall the fact that so unimportant a person as I stood in any real danger on such an occasion of glory to you, but I was set upon by the town guard, and only escaped with my life. I returned to the Ranger in a suffering condition. You were a little overset by your disappointment, and by Mr. Wallingford's disappearance and your suspicions of his course. But in my encounter, — you know that it was not yet day? — and in the excitement of escaping from an armed guard, I fear that I fought hand to hand with Wallingford himself, taking him for a constable. He was the last of them to attack me, when I was unable to discriminate, — or he, either," added Dickson slyly, but with a look of great concern. "The thought has struck me that he might not have been disloyal to our cause, and was perhaps escaping to the boat, as I was, when we fell into such desperate combat in that dark lane. It would put me into an awful position, you can see, sir. . . . I may be possessed of too great a share of human frailty, but I have had more than my share of ill fortune. I have suffered from unjust suspicions, too, but this dreadful accident would place me" —

"You thought to save your life from an unknown enemy?" the captain interrupted him. "You struck one of your own party, by mischance, in the dark?" he suggested, without any apparent reproach in his voice.

"Exactly so, sir," said Dickson, taking heart, but looking very mournful.

"Yet you told us that Mr. Wallingford alarmed the guard?"

"I could suspect nothing else, sir, at the time; you heard my reasons when I returned."

"Never mind your return," urged Paul Jones, still without any tone of accusation. "'T was long after the gray of the morning, 't was almost broad day, when I left the shore myself at Whitehaven, and a man might easily know one of his shipmates. 'T was a dark lane, you told me, however," and his eyes twinkled with the very least new brightness. "If we should ever see poor Wallingford again, you could settle all that between you. I can well understand your present concern. Do you think that you did the lieutenant any serious damage before you *escaped?* I recall the fact that you were badly mauled about the countenance."

"I fear that I struck him worst in the shoulder, sir," and Dickson shifted his position uneasily, and put one hand to the deck timber above to hold himself steady, now that they were rolling badly with the anchor off ground. "I know that I had my knife in my hand. He is a very strong fellow, and a terrible man to wrestle with, — I mean the man whom I struck, who may have been Wallingford. I thought he would kill me first."

"I wish you had bethought yourself to speak sooner," said the captain patiently. "'T is a thing for us to reflect upon deeply, but I can hear no more now. I must sleep, as you see, before I am fit for anything. Do not let the men disturb me; they may get down channel to their fishing. If they succeed as well as yesterday, we shall soon make the cost of this little adventure."

He spoke drowsily, and drew the rough blanket over his head to keep the light away.

Dickson mounted to the deck. If he had known how easy it would be to make things straight with the captain, how much suffering he might have spared himself! You must take him in the

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right mood, too. But the captain had an eye like a gimlet, that twisted into a man's head.

"Wallingford may never turn up, after all. I wish I had killed him while I was about it," said Dickson to himself uneasily. "It may be all a lie that he was sent to Plymouth; 't would be such a distance!" There was something the matter with this world. To have an eye like Paul Jones's fixed upon you while you were trying to make a straight story was anything but an assistance or a pleasure.

The captain was shaking with laughter in the cabin as Dickson disappeared. "What a face he put on, the smooth-spoken hypocrite! His race is run; he told me more than he needed," and Paul Jones's face grew stern, as he lay there looking at the planks above his head. "He 's at the bottom of the hill now, if he only knew it. When a man's character is gone, his reputation is sure enough to follow;" and with this sage reflection the captain covered his head again carefully, and went to sleep.

Unaware of this final verdict, Dickson was comfortably reading his letter on the deck, and feeling certain that fortune had turned his way. His mind had been made up some days before to leave the Ranger as soon as he got back to France, even if he must feign illness to gain his discharge, or desert the ship, as others had done. He had already a good sum of money that had been paid him for information useful to the British government, and, to avoid future trouble, proposed to hide himself in the far South or in one of the West Indian Islands. "My poor wife would gain by the change of climate," said the scoundrel, pitying himself now for the loss of friendship and respect from which he felt himself begin to suffer, and for those very conditions which he had so carefully evolved.

He started as he read the brief page before him; the news of the letter was amazingly welcome. It was written by some one who knew his most intimate affairs. The chance had come to give up the last and best of those papers which he had stolen from the captain's desk. For this treasure he had asked a great price, — so great that Thornton would not pay it at Brest, and Ford's messenger had laughed him in the face. Now there was the promise of the money, the whole noble sum. Word of his being with Paul Jones had somehow reached Bristol. The crafty captain had been unwise, for once, in speaking with this make-believe coppersmith, and the play was up! The writer of the letter said that a safe agent would meet Mr. Dickson any night that week at seven o' clock, at the inn by Old Passage, to pay him his own price for certain papers or information. There was added a handsome offer for the body of Paul Jones, alive or dead, in case he should not be in custody before that time. The letter was sealed as other letters had been, with a device known among Thornton's errand runners.

"Old Passage!" repeated the happy Dickson. "I must now find where that place is; but they evidently know my present situation, and the inn is no doubt near."

He stepped softly to the cabin hatchway, and looked down. The captain's face was turned aside, and he breathed heavily. The chart of that coast was within easy reach; Dickson took it from the chest where it lay, since it was an innocent thing to have in hand. There was all the shore of the Severn and the Bristol Channel, with the spot already marked nearest Westbury church where the captain was likely to land; and here beyond, at no great distance, was Old Passage, where a ferry crossed the Severn. He should have more than time enough for his own errand and a good evening ashore, while Paul Jones was riding into Bristol, perhaps to stay there against his will. For the slight trouble of ripping a few stitches in his waistcoat

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seams and taking out a slip of paper Dickson would be richer at that day's end by one hundred pounds.

"Yes, I 'll go to the southward when I reach America, and start anew," he reflected. "I 've had it very hard, but now I can take my ease. This, with the rest of my savings, will make me snug."

He heard the captain move, and the planks of the berth creak in the stuffy cabin. They were running free before the east wind, and were almost at the fishing grounds.

XLII.

Just before nightfall, that same day, two travel-worn men came riding along a country road toward Old Passage, the ancient ferrying place where travelers from the south and west of England might cross over into Wales. From an immemorial stream of travel and the wear of weather, the road bed was worn, like a swift stream's channel, deep below the level of the country. One of the riders kept glancing timidly at the bushy banks above his head, as if he feared to see a soldier in the thicket peering down; his companion sat straight in his saddle, and took no notice of anything but his horse and the slippery road. It had been showery all the afternoon, and they were both spattered with mud from cap to stirrup.

As they came northward, side by side, to the top of a little hill, the anxious rider gave a sigh of relief, and his horse, which limped badly and bore the marks of having been on his knees, whinnied as if in sympathy. The wide gray waters of the Severn were spread to east and west; the headland before them fell off like a cliff. Below, to the westward, the land was edged by a long line of dike which walled the sea floods away from some low meadows that stretched far along the coast. Over the water were drifting low clouds of fog and rain, but there was a dull gleam of red on the western sky like a winter sunset, and the wind was blowing. At the road's end, just before them, was a group of gray stone buildings perched on the high headland above the Severn, like a monastery or place of military defense.

As the travelers rode up to the Passage Inn, the inn yard, with all its stables and outhouses, looked deserted; the sunset gust struck a last whip of rain at the tired men. The taller of the two called impatiently for a hostler before he got stiffly to the ground, and stamped his feet as he stood by his horse. 'T was a poor tired country nag, with a kind eye, that began to seek some fondling from her rider, as if in spite of hardships she harbored no ill will. The young man patted and stroked the poor creature, which presently dropped her head low, and steamed, as if it were winter weather, high into the cool air.

The small kitchen windows were dimly lighted; there was a fire burning within, but the whole place looked unfriendly, with its dark stone walls and heavily slated roof. The waters below were almost empty of shipping, as if there were a storm coming, but as the rider looked he saw a small craft creeping up close by the shore; she was like a French fishing boat, and had her sweeps out. The wind was dead against her out of the east, and her evident effort added to the desolateness of the whole scene. The impatient traveler shouted again, with a strong, honest voice that prevailed against both wind and weather, so that one of the stable doors was flung open and a man came out; far inside the dark place glowed an early lantern, and the horses turned their heads that way, eager for supper and warm bedding. There seemed to be plenty of room within; there was no sound of stamping hoofs, or a squeal of crowded horses that nipped their fellows to get more comfort for themselves. Business was evidently at a low ebb.

"Rub them down as if they were the best racers in England; give them the

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best feed you dare as soon as they cool, — full oats and scant hay and a handful of corn: they have served us well," said Wallingford, with great earnestness. "I shall look to them myself in an hour or two, and you shall have your own pay. The roan's knees need to be tight-bandaged. Come, Hammet, will you not alight?" he urged his comrade, who, through weariness or uncertainty, still sat, with drooping head and shoulders, on his poor horse. "Shake the mud off you. Here, I 'll help you, then, if your wound hurts again," as the man gave a groan in trying to dismount. "After the first wrench 't is easy enough. Come, you 'll be none the worse for your cropper into soft clay!" He laughed cheerfully as they crossed the yard toward a door to which the hostler pointed them.

The mistress of the inn, a sharp-looking, almost pretty woman, suddenly flung her door open, and came out on the step to bid them good-evening in a civil tone, and in the same breath, as she recognized their forlorn appearance, to bid them begone. Her house was like to be full, that night, of gentlefolk and others who had already bespoken lodging, and she had ceased to take in common wayfarers since trade was so meagre in these hard times, and she had been set upon by soldiers and fined for harboring a pack of rascals who had landed their run goods from France and housed them unbeknownst in her hay barn. They could see for themselves that she had taken down the tavern sign, and was no more bound to entertain them than any other decent widow woman would be along the road.

She railed away, uncontradicted; but there was a pleasant smile on Wallingford's handsome face that seemed to increase rather than diminish at her flow of words, until at last she smiled in return, though half against her will. The poor fellow looked pale and tired: he was some gentleman in distress; she had seen his like before.

"We must need trouble you for supper and a fire," he said to the landlady. "I want some brandy for my comrade, and while you get supper we can take some sleep. We have been riding all day. There will be a gentleman to meet me here by and by out of Bristol," and he took advantage of her stepping aside a little to bow politely to her and make her precede him into the kitchen. There was a quiet authority in his behavior which could not but be admired; the good woman took notice that the face of her guest was white with fatigue, and even a little tremulous in spite of his calmness.

"If he 's a hunted man, I 'll hide him safe," she now said to herself. It was not the habit of Old Passage Inn to ask curious questions of its guests, or why they sometimes came at evening, and kept watch for boats that ran in from mid-channel and took them off by night. This looked like a gentleman, indeed, who would be as likely to leave two gold pieces on the table as one.

"I have supper to get for a couple o' thieves (by t' looks of 'em) that was here last night waiting for some one who did n't come, — a noisy lot, too; to-night they 'll get warning to go elsewhere," she said, in a loud tone. "I shall serve them first, and bid them begone. And I expect some gentlefolk, too. There 's a fire lit for 'em now in my best room; it was damp there, and they 'd ill mix with t' rest. 'T is old Mr. Alderman Davis a-comin' out o' Bristol, one o' their great merchants, and like to be their next lord mayor, so folks says. He 's not been this way before these three years," she said, with importance.

"Let me know when he comes!" cried Wallingford eagerly, as he stood by the fireplace. There was a flush of color in his cheeks now, and he turned to his companion, who had sunk into a corner of the settle. "Thank God, Hammet," he exclaimed, "we 're safe! The end of all our troubles has come at last!"

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The innkeeper saw that he was much moved; something about him had quickly touched her sympathy. She could not have told why she shared his evident gratitude, or why the inn should be his place of refuge, but if he were waiting for Mr. Davis there was no fault to find.

"You 'll sleep a good pair of hours without knowing it, the two of you," she grumbled good-naturedly. "Throw off your muddy gear there, and be off out o' my way, now, an' I 'll do the best I can. Take the left-hand chamber at the stairhead; there 's a couple o' beds. I 've two suppers to get before the tide turns to the ebb. The packet folks 'll soon be coming; an' those fellows that wait for their mate that 's on a fishing smack, — I may want help with 'em, if they 're 's bad 's they look. Yes, I 'll call ye, sir, if Mr. Davis comes; but he may be kept, the weather is so bad."

Hammet had drunk the brandy thirstily, and was already cowering as if with an ague over the fire. Wallingford spoke to him twice before he moved. The landlady watched them curiously from the stairfoot, as they went up, to see that they found the right room.

"'T is one o' the nights when every strayaway in England is like to come clacking at my door," she said, not without satisfaction, as she made a desperate onset at her long evening's work.

"A pair o' runaways!" she muttered again; "but the tall lad can't help princing it in his drover's clothes. I 'll tell the stable to deny they 're here, if any troopers come. I 'll help 'em safe off the land or into Bristol, whether Mr. Alderman Davis risks his old bones by night or not. A little more mercy in this world ain't goin' to hurt it!"

XLIII.

Early in the morning of that day, when Mr. John Davis had been returning from a brief visit to his counting room, he was surprised at being run against by a disreputable-looking fellow, who dashed out of a dirty alley, and disappeared again as quickly, after putting a letter into his hand. The alderman turned, irate, to look after this lawless person, and then marched on with offended dignity up the hill. When he had turned a safe corner he stopped, and, holding his stout cane under his arm, proceeded to unfold the paper. He had received threats before in this fashion, like all magistrates or town officials; some loose fellow warned off, or a smuggler heavily fined, would now and then make threats against the authorities.

The letter in his hand proved to be of another sort. It might be dingy without, but within the handwriting was that of a gentleman.

"Dear Sir," he read slowly, "my father's old friend and mine, — I ask your kind assistance in a time of great danger, and even distress. I shall not venture to Bristol before I have your permission. I am late from prison, where I was taken from an American frigate. At last I have found a chance to get to Chippenham market as a drover, and I hope to reach Old Passage Inn (where I was once in your company) early in the night on Friday. Could you come or send to meet me there, if it is safe? I know or guess your own principles, but for the sake of the past I think you will give what aid he needs to Roger W——d, of Piscataqua, in New England. Your dear lady, my kinswoman, will not forget the boy to whom she was ever kind, nor will you, dear sir, I believe. I can tell you everything, if we may meet. What I most desire is to get to France, where I may join my ship. This goes by a safe hand."

The reader struck his cane to the sidewalk, and laughed aloud.

"What will little missy say to this?" he said, as he marched off. "I 'll hurry on to carry her the news!"

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Miss Hamilton ran out to meet the smiling old man, as she saw him coming toward the house, and was full of pretty friendliness before he could speak.

"You were away before I was awake," she said, "and I have been watching for you this half hour past, sir. First, you must know that dear Madam Wallingford is better than for many days, and has been asking for you to visit her, if it please you. And I have a new plan for us. Some one has sent me word that there may be news out of the Mill Prison, if we can be at the inn at Passage to-night. I hope you will not say it is too far to ride," she pleaded; "you have often shown me the place when we rode beyond Clifton" —

Mr. Davis's news was old already; his face fell with disappointment.

"It was a poor sailor who brought me word," she continued, speaking more slowly, and watching him with anxiety. "Perhaps we shall hear that Roger is alive. He may have been retaken, and some one brings us word from him, who has luckily escaped."

The old merchant looked at Mary shrewdly. "You had no message from Wallingford himself?" he asked.

"Oh no," said the girl wistfully; "that were to put a happy end to everything. But I do think that we may have word from him. If you had not come, I should have gone to find you, I was so impatient."

Mr. Davis seated himself in his chair, and took on the air of a magistrate, now that they were in the house. After all, Roger Wallingford could know nothing of his mother or Miss Hamilton, or of their being in England; there was no hint of them in the note.

"I suppose that we can make shift to ride to Passage," he said soberly. "It is not so far as many a day's ride that you and I have taken this year; but I think we may have rain again, from the look of the clouds, and I am always in danger of my gout in this late summer weather. Perhaps it will be only another wild-goose chase," he added gruffly, but with a twinkle in his eyes.

"If I could tell you who brought the news!" said Mary impulsively. "No, I must not risk his name, even with you, dear friend. But indeed I have great hope, and Madam is strangely better; somehow, my heart is very light!"

The old man looked up with a smile, as Mary stood before him. He had grown very fond of the child, and loved to see that the drawn look of pain and patience was gone now from her face.

"I wish that it were night already. When can we start?" she asked.

"Friday is no lucky day," insisted Mr. John Davis, "but we must do what we can. So Madam's heart is light, too? Well, all this may mean something," he said indulgently. "I must first see some of our town council who are coming to discuss important matters with me at a stated hour this afternoon, and then we can ride away. We have searched many an inn together, and every village knows us this west side of Dorset, but I believe we have never tried Old Passage before. Put on your thick riding gown with the little capes; I look for both rain and chill."

The weather looked dark and showery in the east; the clouds were gathering fast there and in the north, though the sun still fell on the long stretch of Dundry. It had been a bright day for Bristol, but now a dark, wet night was coming on. The towers of the abbey church and St. Mary Redcliffe stood like gray rocks in a lake of fog, and if he had been on any other errand, the alderman would have turned their horses on the height of Clifton, and gone back to his comfortable home. The pretty chimes in the old church at Westbury called after them the news that it was five o'clock, as they cantered and trotted on almost to the borders of the Severn itself, only to be stopped and driven to shelter by a

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heavy fall of rain. They were already belated, and Mr. Davis displeased himself with the thought that they were in for a night's absence, and in no very luxurious quarters. He had counted upon the waning moon to get them back, however late, to Bristol; but the roads were more and more heavy as they rode on. At last they found themselves close to the water side, and made their two horses scramble up the high dike that bordered it, and so got a shorter way to Passage and a drier one than the highway they had left.

The great dike was like one of the dikes of Holland, with rich meadow farms behind it, which the high tides and spring floods had often drowned and spoiled in ancient days. The Severn looked gray and sullen, as they rode along beside it; there were but two or three poor fishing craft running in from sea, and a very dim gray outline of the Welsh hills beyond. There was no comfortable little haven anywhere in view in this great landscape and sea border; no sign of a town or even a fishing hamlet near the shore; only the long, curving line of the dike itself, and miles away, like a forsaken citadel, the Passage Inn stood high and lonely. The wind grew colder as they rode, and they rode in silence, each lamenting the other's discomfort, but clinging to the warm, unquenchable hope of happiness that comforted their hearts. There were two or three cottages of the dikekeepers wedged against the inner side of the embankment, each with one little gable window that looked seaward. One might lay his hand upon the low roofs in passing, and a stout bench against the wall offered a resting place to those travelers who had trodden a smooth footpath on the top of the dike.

Now and then the horses must be made to leap a little bridge, and the darkness was fast gathering. Down at the cottage sides there were wallflowers on the window sills, and in the last that they passed a candle was already lighted, and bright firelight twinkled cheerfully through the lattice. They met no one all the way, but once they were confronted by a quarrelsome, pushing herd of young cattle returning from the salt sea-pasturage outside. There was a last unexpected glow of red from the west, a dull gleam that lit the low-drifting clouds above the water, and shone back for a moment on the high windows of the inn itself, and brightened the cold gray walls. Then the night settled down, as if a great cloud covered the whole country with its wings.

Half an hour later Mr. John Davis dismounted with some difficulty, as other guests now in the inn had done before him, and said aloud that he was too old a man for such adventures, and one who ought to be at home before his own good fire. They were met at the door by the mistress of the inn, who had not looked for them quite so early, though she had had notice by the carrier out of Bristol of their coming. There was a loud buzz of voices in the inn kitchen; the place was no longer lonely, and an unexpected, second troop of noisy Welsh packmen and drovers were waiting outside for their suppers, before they took the evening packet at the turn of tide. The landlady had everything to do at once; one of her usual helpers was absent; she looked resentful and disturbed.

"I 'd ought to be ready, sir, but I 'm swamped with folks this night," she declared. "I fear there 'll be no packet leave, either; the wind 's down, and the last gust 's blown. If the packet don't get in, she can't get out, tide or no tide to help her. I 've got your fire alight in the best room, but you 'll wait long for your suppers, I fear, sir. My kitchen 's no place for a lady."

"Tut, tut, my good lass!" said the alderman. "We 'll wait an' welcome. I know your best room, — 't is a snug enough place; and we 'll wait there till

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you 're free. Give me a mug of your good ale now, and some bread and cheese, and think no more of us. I expect to find a young man here, later on, to speak with me. There 's no one yet asking for me, I dare say? We are before our time."

The busy woman shook her head and hurried away, banging the door behind her; and presently, as she crossed the kitchen, she remembered the young gentleman in the rough clothes upstairs, and then only thanked Heaven to know that he was sound asleep, and not clamoring for his supper on the instant, like all the rest.

"I 'll not wake him yet for a bit," she told herself; "then they can all sup together pleasant, him and the young lady."

Mr. Davis, after having warmed himself before the bright fire of coals, and looked carefully at the portrait of his Majesty King George the Third on the parlor wall, soon began to despair of the ale, and went out into the kitchen to take a look at things. There was nobody there to interest him much, and the air was stifling. Young Wallingford might possibly have been among this very company in some rough disguise, but he certainly was not; and presently the alderman returned, followed by a young maid, who carried a tray with his desired refreshments.

"There 's a yellow-faced villain out there; a gallows bird, if ever I saw one!" he said, as he seated himself again by the fire.

Mary Hamilton stood by the window, to watch if the captain might be coming. It was already so dark that she could hardly see what might happen out of doors. She envied her companion the ease with which he had gone out to take a look at the men in the great kitchen; but Paul Jones would be sure to look for her when he came; there was nothing to do but to wait for him, if one could only find proper patience. The bleak inn parlor, scene of smugglers' feasts and runaway weddings, was brightened by the good fire. The alderman was soon comforted in both mind and body, and Mary, concealing her impatience as best she could, shared his preliminary evening meal, as she had done many a night, in many an inn, before. She had a persistent fear that Paul Jones or his messenger might come and go away again, and she grew very anxious as she sat thinking about him; but as she looked up and began to speak, she saw that the tired old man could not answer; he was sound asleep in his chair. The good ale had warmed and soothed him so that she had not the heart to wake him. She resigned herself to silence, but listened for footsteps, and to the ceaseless clink of glasses and loud clatter of voices in the room beyond. The outer door had a loud and painful creak, and for a long time she heard nobody open it, until some one came to give a loud shout for passengers who were intending to take the packet. Then there was a new racket of departure, and the sound of the landlady angrily pursuing some delinquent guest into the yard to claim her pay; but still Mr. Davis slept soundly. The poor woman would be getting her kitchen to rights now; presently it would be no harm to wake her companion, and see if their business might not be furthered. It was not late; they really had not been there much above an hour yet, only the time was very slow in passing; and as Mary watched Mr. John Davis asleep in his chair, his kind old face had a tired look that went to her affectionate heart. At last she heard a new footstep coming down the narrow stairway into the passage. She could not tell why, but there was a sudden thrill at her heart. There was a tumult in her breast, a sense of some great happiness that was very near to her; it was like some magnet that worked upon her very heart itself, and set her whole frame to quivering.

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XLIV.

After the packet went there were three men left in the kitchen, who sat by themselves at a small table. The low-storied, shadowy room was ill lighted by a sullen, slow-burning fire, much obscured by pots and kettles, and some tallow candles scattered on out-of-the-way shelves. The mistress of the place scolded over her heap of clattering crockery and heavy pewter in a far corner. The men at the table had finished their supper, and having called for more drink, were now arguing over it. Two of them wore coats that were well spattered with mud; the third was a man better dressed, who seemed above his company, but wore a plausible, persistent look on his sallow countenance. This was Dickson, who had been set ashore in a fishing boat, and was now industriously plying his new acquaintances with brandy, beside drinking with eagerness himself at every round of the bottle. He forced his hospitality upon the better looking of his two companions, who could not be made to charge his glass to any depth, or to empty it so quickly as his mate. Now and then they put their heads together to hear a tale which Dickson was telling, and once burst into a roar of incredulous laughter which made the landlady command them to keep silence.

She was busy now with trying to bring out of the confusion an orderly supper for her patient guests of the parlor, and sent disapproving glances toward the three men near the fire, as if she were ready to speed their going. They had drunk hard, but the sallow-faced man called for another bottle, and joked with the poor slatternly girl who went and came serving their table. They were so busy with their own affairs that they did not notice a man who slipped into the kitchen behind them, as the Welshmen went out. As the three drank a toast together he crossed to the fireside, and seated himself in the corner of the great settle, where the high back easily concealed his slight figure from their sight. Both the women saw him there, but he made them a warning gesture. He was not a yard away from Dickson.

The talk was freer than ever; the giver of the feast, in an unwonted outburst of generosity, flung a shilling on the flagged floor, and bade the poor maid scramble for it and keep it for herself. Then Dickson let his tongue run away with all his discretion. He began to brag to these business acquaintances of the clever ways in which he had gained his own ends on board the Ranger, and outwitted those who had too much confidence in themselves. He even bragged that Captain John Paul Jones was in his power, after a bold fashion that made his admiring audience open their heavy eyes.

"We 're safe enough here from that mistaken ferret," he insisted, after briefly describing the ease with which he had carried out their evening plans. "You might have been cooling your heels here waiting for me the whole week long, and I waiting for my money, too, but for such a turn of luck! If I did n't want to get to France, and get my discharge, and go back to America as quick as possible without suspicion, I 'd tell you just where he landed, and put him into your hands like a cat in a bag, to be easy drowned!"

"He 's in Bristol to-night, if you must know," Dickson went on, after again refreshing himself with the brandy; "we set him ashore to ride there over Clifton Downs. Yes, I might have missed ye. He 's a bold devil, but to-night the three of us here could bag him easy. I 've put many a spoke in his wheel. There was a young fellow aboard us, too, that had done me a wrong at home that I never forgave; and that night at Whitehaven I 've already told ye of, when I fixed the candles, after I got these papers that you 've come for, I dropped some pieces of 'em, and things that was with 'em, in my pretty gentleman's locker. So good

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friends were parted after that, and the whole Whitehaven matter laid to his door. I could tell ye the whole story. His name 's Wallingford, curse him, and they say he 's got a taste o' your Mill Prison by this time that 's paid off all our old scores. I hope he 's dead and damned!"

"Who 's your man Wallingford? I 've heard the name myself. There 's a reward out for him; or did I hear he was pardoned?" asked one of the men.

"'T was a scurvy sort o' way to make him pay his debts. I 'd rather ended it man fashion, if I had such a grudge," said the other listener, the man who had been drinking least.

Dickson's wits were now overcome by the brandy, hard-headed as he might boast himself. "If you knew all I had suffered at his hands!" he protested. "He robbed me of a good living at home, and made me fail in my plans. I was like to be a laughingstock!"

The two men shrugged their shoulders when he next pushed the bottle toward them, and said that they had had enough. "Come, now," said one of them, "let 's finish our business! You have this paper o' one Yankee privateersman called Paul Jones that our principal 's bound for to get. You 've set your own thieves' price on it, and we 're sent here to pay it. I 'm to see it first, to be sure there 's no cheat, and then make a finish."

"The paper 's worth more than 't was a month ago," said Dickson shrewdly. His face was paler than ever, and in strange contrast to the red faces of his companions. "The time is come pretty near for carrying out the North Sea scheme. He may have varied from this paper when he found the writing gone, but I know for a fact he has the cruise still in mind, and 't would be a hard blow to England."

"'T is all rot you should ask for more money," answered the first speaker doggedly. "We have no more money with us; 't is enough, too; the weight of it has gallded me with every jolt of the horse. Say, will you take it or leave it? Let me but have a look at the paper! I 've a sample of their cipher here to gauge it by. Come, work smart, I tell ye! You 'll be too drunk to deal with soon, and we must quick begone."

Dickson, swearing roundly at them, got some papers out of his pocket, and held one of them in his hand.

"Give me the money first!" he growled.

"Give us the paper," said the other; "'t is our honest right."

There was a heavy tramping in the room above, as if some one had risen from sleep, and there was a grumble of voices; a door was opened and shut, and steady footsteps came down the creaking stair and through the dark entry; a moment more, and the tall figure of a young man stood within the room.

"Well, then, and is my supper ready?" asked Wallingford, looking about him cheerfully, but a little dazed by the light.

There was a smothered outcry; the table was overset, and one of the three men sprang to his feet as if to make his escape.

"Stand where you are till I have done with you!" cried the lieutenant instantly, facing him. "You have a reckoning to pay! By Heaven, I shall kill you if you move!" and he set his back against the door by which he had just entered. "Tell me first, for Heaven's sake, you murderer, is the Ranger within our reach?"

"She is lying in the port of Brest," answered the gentleman adventurer, with much effort. He was looking about him to see if there were any way to get out of the kitchen, and his face was like a handful of dirty wool. Outside the nearest window there were two honest faces from the Roscoff boat's crew pressed close against the glass, and looking in delightedly at the play. Dickson saw them, and his heart sank; he had been

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sure they were waiting for Paul Jones, half a dozen miles down shore.

"Who are these men with you, and what is your errand here?" demanded Wallingford, who saw no one but the two strangers and his enemy.

"None of your damned business!" yelled Dickson, who was like a man suddenly crazed; his eyes were starting from his head. The landlady came scolding across the kitchen to bid him pay for what he had had and begone, with his company, and Dickson turned to Wallingford with a sneer.

"You 'll excuse us, then, at this lady's request," he said, grinning. The brandy had come to his aid again, now the first shock of their meeting was past, and made him overbold. "I 'll bid you good-night, my hero, 'less you 'll come with us. There 's five pounds bounty on his head, sirs!" he told the messengers, who stood by the table.

They looked at each other and at Dickson; 't was a pretty encounter, but they were not themselves; they were both small-sized men, moreover, and Wallingford was a strapping great fellow to tackle in a fight. There he stood, with his back against the door, an easy mark for a bullet, and Dickson's hand went in desperation a second time to his empty pocket. The woman, seeing this, cried that there should be no shooting, and stepping forward stood close before Wallingford; she had parted men in a quarrel many a time before, and the newcomer was a fine upstanding young gentleman, of a different sort from the rest.

"You have no proof against me, anyway!" railed Dickson. He could not bear Wallingford's eyes upon him. His Dutch courage began to ebb, and the other men took no part with him; it was nothing they saw fit to meddle with, so far as the game had gone. He still held the paper in his hand.

"You have n't a chance against us!" he now bellowed, in despair. "We are three to your one here. Take him, my boys, and tie him down! He 's worth five pounds to you, and you may have it all between ye!"

At this moment there was a little stir behind the settle, and some one else stepped out before them, as if he were amused by such bungling play.

"I have got proof enough myself now," said Captain Paul Jones, standing there like the master of them all, "and if hanging 's enough proof for you, Dickson, I must say you 've a fair chance of it. When you 've got such business on hand as this, let brandy alone till you 've got it done. The lieutenant was pardoned weeks ago; the papers wait for him in Bristol. He is safer than we are in England."

Wallingford leaped toward his friend with a cry of joy; they were in each other's arms like a pair of Frenchmen. As for Dickson, he sank to the floor like a melted candle; his legs would not hold him up; he gathered strength enough to crawl toward Wallingford and clutch him by the knees.

"Oh, have pity on my sick wife and my little family!" he wailed aloud there, and blubbered for mercy, till the lieutenant shook him off, and he lay, still groaning, on the flagstones.

The captain had beckoned to his men, and they were within the room.

"Give me my papers, Dickson, and begone," he said; "and you two fellows may get you gone, too, with your money. Stay, let me see it first!" he said.

They glanced at each other in dismay. They had no choice; they had left their pistols in their holsters; the business had seemed easy, and the house so decent. They could not tell what made them so afraid of this stern commander. The whole thing was swift and irresistible; they meekly did his bidding and gave the money up. It was in a leather bag, and the captain held it with both hands and looked gravely down at Dickson. The other men stared at him, and wondered what he was going to do; but he

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only set the bag on the table, and poured out some of the yellow gold into his hand.

"Look there, my lads!" he said. "There must be some infernal magic in the stuff that makes a man sell his soul for it. Look at it, Dickson, if you can! Mr. Wallingford, you have suffered too much, I fear, through this man's infamy. I have doubted you myself by reason of his deviltries, and I am heartily ashamed of it. Forgive me, if you can, but I shall never forgive myself.

"Put this man out!" said the captain loudly, calling to his sailors, and they stepped forward with amusing willingness. "Take him down to the boat, and put off. I shall join you directly. If he jumps overboard, don't try to save him; 't were the best thing he could do."

Dickson, wretched and defeated, was at last made to stand, and then took his poor revenge: he sent the crumpled paper that was in his hand flying into the fire, and Paul Jones only laughed as he saw it blaze. The game was up. Dickson had lost it, and missed all the fancied peace and prosperity of the future by less than a brief half hour. The sailors pushed him before them out of the door; it was not a noble exit for a man of some natural gifts, who had undervalued the worth of character.

The captain took up the bag of gold and gave it back to the men. "This is in my power, but it is spies' money, and I don't want such!" he said scornfully. "You may take it to your masters, and say that Captain John Paul Jones, of the United States frigate Ranger, sent it back."

They gave each other an astonished look as they departed from the room. "There 's a man for my money," said one of the men to the other, when they were outside. "I 'd ship with him to-night, and I 'd sail with him round the world and back again! So that 's Paul Jones, the pirate. Well, I say here 's his health and good luck to him, Englishman though I be!" They stood amazed in the dark outside with their bag of money, before they stole away. There was nothing they could do, even if they had wished him harm, and to-morrow they could brag that they had seen a hero.

The mistress of the inn had betaken herself to the parlor to lay the table for supper. Mr. Alderman Davis had just waked, hearing a fresh noise in the house, and the lady was bidding him go and look if the captain were not already come. But he first stopped to give some orders to the landlady.

The two officers of the Ranger were now alone in the kitchen; they stood looking at each other. Poor Wallingford's face was aged and worn by his distresses, and the captain read it like an open book.

"I thank God I have it in my power to make you some amends!" he exclaimed. "I believe that I can make you as happy as you have been miserable. God bless you, Wallingford! Wait here for me one moment, my dear fellow," he said, with affection, and disappeared.

Wallingford, still possessed by his astonishment, sat down on the great settle by the fire. This whole scene had been like a play; all the dreary weeks and days that had seemed so endless and hopeless had come to this sudden end with as easy a conclusion as when the sun comes out and shines quietly after a long storm that has wrecked the growing fields. He thought of the past weeks when he had been but a hunted creature in the moors with his hurt comrade, and the tread of their pursuers had more than once jarred the earth where their heads were lying. He remembered the dull happiness of succeeding peace and safety, when he had come to be wagoner in the harvest time for a good old farmer by Taunton, and earned the little money and the unquestioned liberty that had brought him on his way to Chippenham market and this happy freedom. He was

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free again, and with his captain; he was a free, unchallenged man. Please God, he should some day see home again and those he loved.

There was a light footstep without, and the cheerful voice of an elderly man across the passage. The kitchen door opened, and shut again, and there was a flutter of a woman's dress in the room. The lieutenant was gazing at the fire; he was thinking of his mother and of Mary. What was the captain about so long in the other room?

There was a cry that made his heart stand still, that made him catch his breath as he sprang to his feet; a man tall and masterful, but worn with hardships and robbed of all his youth. There was some one in the room with him, some one looking at him in tenderness and pity, with the light of heaven on her lovely face; grown older, too, and struck motionless with the sudden fright of his presence. There stood the woman he loved. There stood Mary Hamilton herself, come to his arms — Heaven alone knew how — from the other side of the world.

XLV.

No modern inventions of signals of any sort, or fleet couriers, could rival in swiftness the old natural methods of spreading a piece of welcome news through a New England countryside. Men called to each other from field to field, and shouted to strangers outward bound on the road; women ran smiling from house to house among the Berwick farms. It was known by mid-morning of a day late in October that Madam Wallingford's brig, the Golden Dolphin, had got into Portsmouth lower harbor the night before. Madam Wallingford herself was on board and well, with her son and Miss Mary Hamilton. They were all coming up the river early that very evening, with the flood tide.

The story flew through the old Piscataqua plantations, on both sides of the river, that Major Langdon himself had taken boat at once and gone down to Newcastle to meet the brig, accompanied by many friends who were eager to welcome the home-comers. There were tales told of a great wedding at Hamilton's within a month's time, though word went with these tales of the lieutenant's forced leave of absence; some said his discharge, by reason of his wound and broken health.

Roger Wallingford was bringing dispatches to Congress from the Commissioners in France. It was all a mistake that he had tried to betray his ship, and now there could be no one found who had ever really believed such a story, or even thought well of others who were so foolish as to repeat it. They all knew that it was Dickson who was openly disgraced, instead, and had now escaped from justice, and those who had once inclined to excuse him and to admire his shrewdness consented willingly to applaud such a long-expected downfall.

The evening shadows had begun to gather at the day's end, when they saw the boat come past the high pines into the river bay below Hamilton's. The great house was ready and waiting; the light of the western sky shone upon its walls, and a cheerful warmth and brightness shone everywhere within. There was a feast made ready that might befit the wedding itself, and eager hands were waiting to serve it. On the flagstones by the southern door stood Colonel Hamilton, who was now at home from the army, and had ridden in haste from Portsmouth that day, at noon, to see that everything was ready for his sister's coming. There were others with him, watching for the boat: the minister all in silver and black, Major Haggens with his red cloak and joyful countenance, the good old judge, and Master Sullivan with his stately white head.

Within the house were many ladies, old and young. Miss Nancy Haggens

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had braved the evening air for friendship's sake, and sat at a riverward window with other turbaned heads of the Berwick houses, to wait for Madam Wallingford. There was a pretty flock of Mary Hamilton's friends: little Miss Betsey Wyat and the Lords of the Upper Landing, Lymans and Saywards of old York, and even the pretty Blunts from Newcastle, who were guests at the parsonage near by. It was many a month since there had been anything so gay and happy as this night of Mary's coming home.

Major Langdon's great pleasure boat, with its six oarsmen, was moving steadily on the flood, and yet both current and tide seemed hindering to such impatient hearts. All the way from Portsmouth there had been people standing on the shores to wave at them and welcome them as they passed; the light was fast fading in the sky; the evening chill and thin autumn fog began to fall on the river. At last Roger and Mary could see the great house standing high and safe in its place, and point it out to Madam Wallingford, whose face wore a touching look of gratitude and peace; at last they could see a crowd of people on the lower shore.

The rowers did their best; the boat sped through the water. It was only half dark, but some impatient hand had lit the bonfires; the company of gentlemen were coming down already through the terraced garden to the water side.

"Oh, Mary, Mary," Roger Wallingford was whispering, "I have done nothing that I hoped to do!" But she hushed him, and her hand stole into his. "We did not think, that night when we parted, we should be coming home together. Thank Heaven, we did not know what lay before us," he said, with sorrow. "No, dear, I have done nothing; but, thank God, I am alive to love you, and to serve my country to my life's end."

Mary could not speak; she was too happy and too thankful. All her own great love and perfect happiness were shining in her face.

"I am thinking of the captain," she said gently, after a little silence. "You know how he left us when we were so happy, and slipped away alone into the dark without a word. . . .

"Oh, look, Madam!" she cried then. "Our friends are all there; they are all waiting for us! I can see dear Peggy with her white apron, and your good Rodney! Oh, Roger, the dear old master is there, God bless him! They are all well and alive. Thank God, we are at home!"

They rose and stood together in the boat, hand in hand. In another moment the boat was at the landing place, and they had stepped ashore.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

(*The end.*)

THE ISOLATION OF CANADA.

NEGOTIATIONS between Canada and the United States looking toward more harmonious relations are now at a standstill, although the High Joint Commission created to formulate a treaty is still in existence. Matters of grave concern to both countries have not yet been disposed of, and are left in such status as to threaten prolonged controversy and dangerous friction, involving the amicable relations of England, as well as Canada, with the United States. The Canadian members of the High Joint Commission have returned to their own country, feel-

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ing hurt and slightly revengeful; so much so, in fact, that north and south of the boundary it is freely predicted and generally believed that no further meetings of the Commission as now constituted will be held.

Several causes are responsible for this discouraging state of affairs. The Canadians assert that their advances were received with indifference, and that their Commissioners were not accorded the consideration warranted by their position and the importance of their mission. In view of the fact that fourteen treaties of trade and friendship, the entire number submitted, were smothered in the United States during the last session of Congress, they feel no hope that a convention with Canada would meet a different fate. In brief, the Canadians accept the commercial challenge issued to the world by the United States through the refusal of the legislative branch of the government to sustain the efforts of the executive to bring about trade extension by treaties of mutual concession.

The present tariff law of the United States provides specifically for reciprocity. President McKinley, through the State Department, has spared no endeavor, from the first day of his administration to the present time, to extend the operations of this provision. The Senate, as the ratifying power, has, on the other hand, persistently blocked all effort in this direction, until a time has been reached when there is some question as to whether the reciprocity act has not expired by limitation. This obstruction has not arisen, as a rule, from any opposition to the principle involved, but from a consideration of local interests represented by individual Senators who, under the exercise of "senatorial courtesy," are able to control legislation. This is the general situation in regard to reciprocity in foreign trade, and there is no immediate prospect of relief.

In the case of Canada another element, which is a well-defined congressional influence, comes into play. Friendliness toward England or England's colonies on the part of the administration is still looked upon by ambitious politicians as an opportunity for making political capital for themselves. The anti-British vote still has its terrors for prospective candidates for the presidency, and, with half a dozen Senators playing their cards with this great prize in view, Canada is looked upon as an effigy of the British bugaboo, to be maltreated for the edification of the anti-British American voter. Under existing conditions this seems hardly credible, but the treaty-making power of the United States has been brought to a sharp realization of the force of this influence within a year past. A full understanding of the motives actuating a majority of those who oppose closer relations with Canada by treaty has led to the belief, on the part of many American officials, that Canada has some reason for irritation at the lack of results following her strenuous efforts to enter into closer union with the United States.

Naturally, a severe reaction has followed the rebuff. The Liberal party of Canada has been the party in favor of close community of interests with the United States. It appealed to broad-minded Canadians of all political creeds, and especially did it please the large French Canadian element. To meet with absolute failure in carrying out this idea was not pleasant, nor was it politically profitable. The Liberal party was placed in an uncomfortable position, to which the Opposition promptly and persistently called public attention. It became necessary for the Liberals to provide a counter irritant, which was quickly done. The indifference of the United States to the advantages of closer commercial relations with Canada has given rise in the latter country to a new policy, which promises in time to arouse the people of the United States to a radical change from their present attitude toward Canadian affairs.

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The keynote of this new policy which has been adopted for Canada by the Liberal party now in power is to maintain, so far as the United States is concerned, the present isolation of Canada, and to cultivate closer relations with England and her colonies, and such other countries as may show considerate interest in the products of Canadian industry. The domestic phase of this new policy is to be the active development of all-Canadian transportation routes; the encouragement of immigration, especially from the United States; and the development by subsidies of all industries, particularly those which can use Canadian raw material now sent to the United States for treatment.

The results to come from the carrying out of this policy are eloquently and enthusiastically set forth by Canada's able premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Scarce concealing his chagrin at the failure to bring about a convention with the United States, and smarting under the sarcasm of the Opposition, he finds relief and consolation in a brilliant prophecy of Canada's future greatness as a powerful, self-sufficient, and commercially independent nation, wooed by all the countries of the earth, including the United States, for a share of her vast volume of foreign trade. In view of the present importance of Canada's trade to the commercial interests of the United States, an importance not at all generally appreciated by the people of the latter country, and in view of the tremendous possibilities of growth in Canada's population and wealth in the immediate future, it certainly is incumbent upon all concerned to consider well what may be termed, without exaggeration, a grave and remarkable situation.

Geographically, socially, and commercially, Canada is but an extension of the United States. Politically, a deep gulf separates the two countries, across which international intercourse finds its way only by the bridge of necessity. Regardless of artificial restrictions, the people of Canada find in the United States the best place in which to buy and sell, and the people of the United States find in Canada the third largest market in all the world for the products of American labor. The dividing line between the two countries is imaginary. On land, there is no break at the boundary in the rails of the north and south roads. Where water intervenes, intercourse is even facilitated thereby.

There is no marked change of climate in going from one country to the other. The language, customs, and habits of the two peoples are generally the same. One million Canadian-born have left their native country to add to the population and energy of the United States. Thousands of people have gone from the United States to Canada, especially in recent years, moved by circumstance or to take advantage of peculiar opportunities. As a nation the people of the United States are composite to a greater degree than are those of Canada, though the latter are sufficiently so to induce the American habit of broad cosmopolitan thought. Canadians are of much closer kin to the people of the United States than are those of any other country. If there is any possible application of the principle of community of interests to two peoples, it should be found in this case.

That this community of interests does exist is discovered in the annual exchange between the two countries of nearly $200,000,000 in trade, and a constant and extensive mingling of the people north and south of the dividing line. All this takes place despite the high tariff wall erected by each country against the other; in spite of the absence of mutual agreements of trade and friendship, the conflicting interests of the two countries in certain directions, remarkable trade concessions granted by Canada to commercial rivals of the United States; and, it may be added, in spite of the successful efforts of politicians in both countries

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to make political capital for themselves by widening the international breach.

The largest exchange of trade between the United States and any other country is with the United Kingdom, and amounts to about $760,000,000 each year. The next largest is with Germany, and amounts to about $290,000,000. The third largest is with Canada, and, as stated, amounts to nearly $200,000,000. The fourth largest is with France, and amounts to about $172,000,000. The exchanges of trade between the United States and countries other than these four are so much less in volume that the United Kingdom, Germany, Canada, and France must be considered in a class by themselves, as being by far our most important customers, and also our most valuable bases of supply. This fact alone is sufficient to demonstrate the importance to the people of the United States of any movement calculated to affect existing trade relations between this country and Canada. It also brings with it a keener realization of the remarkable and almost inexplicable indifference and lack of interest at present shown by the people of the United States toward Canadian affairs.

A like indifference is not manifested by the people of Canada toward the affairs of the United States. The smaller country is continually reminded of its dependence upon the greater. Political effort to the contrary notwithstanding, Canadian trade with the United States continues to grow at a greater ratio than with any other country. Canadian producers are becoming more and more dependent upon United States carriers, and a large proportion of the Canadian people continue to demand of the party in power that trade and travel between the two countries shall be less restricted. In the Congress of the United States, it is an exceptional day when mention is made of Canada. In the Canadian Parliament, scarcely a debate is precipitated in which the United States is not an important factor. Treatment of Canadian affairs, other than brief mention of current news topics, is the exception in the press of the United States. In Canada, scarcely an edition goes to print without extended mention of the United States from some point of view. It is the enforced recognition of this inevitable dependence which hurts, for it exposes the fatal defect in the present political programme for splendid isolation.

In 1897 Sir Wilfrid Laurier was able to carry into effect the Liberal plan for special trade concessions to England. They had long been discussed, and notable results were expected. Imports from England were granted a one-third reduction in duty. The trade situation following this move has emphasized rather than weakened the command of the Canadian markets by the United States, although the latter country has undoubtedly lost a considerable proportion of such gain as England has made.

Twenty-five years ago Canada was selling $40,000,000 worth of produce to England annually, and making purchases from that country amounting to $60,000,000. At the same time the Canadian sales to the United States were $30,000,000, and the purchases from that country were $51,000,000. Twenty years later, and just before England was granting preferential duties, Canada's exports to England had increased to $62,000,000, and the imports decreased to $31,000,000. In that same year, 1895, Canada's sales to the United States increased to $41,000,000, and her purchases to $55,000,000, — an increase of $15,000,000 in the total exchanges between the United States and Canada, as compared with a loss of $7,000,000 in the trade between England and Canada.

In 1900, three years after the preferential tariff of one third in favor of England went into effect, the importations of English goods into Canada increased to $45,000,000, a gain of fifty

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per cent. The Canadian exports to England rose, during the same period, to $108,000,000, a gain of about sixty per cent. During this period of prosperity for Anglo-Canadian trade induced by a preferential tariff, the United States, without encouragement, not only continued to do business with Canada, but increased her lead over England in that field. In 1895 the United States bought $41,000,000 worth of goods from Canada, and $69,000,000 worth in 1900, a gain of over forty per cent. In 1895 the United States sold $55,000,000 worth of goods to Canada, and $110,000,000 worth in 1900, a gain of one hundred per cent, as compared with England's gain of only fifty per cent under much more favorable conditions. These figures are purposely given in round numbers, to avoid confusion, but are approximately correct.

To illustrate the control of the Canadian market by the United States, despite considerable effort made to check its growing influence, it is only necessary to deal with the matter of percentages as shown in Canada's total foreign trade. In 1875 fifty per cent of Canada's purchases were made in England, and forty-two per cent in the United States. In 1897, just before she received her advantage in the tariff, England furnished twenty-six per cent and the United States fifty-five per cent of Canada's imports.

In 1900, notwithstanding the fact that England had been favored with a one-third reduction in the duties for three years, her share of the Canadian import trade had dropped to twenty-five per cent, and that of the United States had risen to over sixty per cent. Apologists of the preferential duty granted to England, Sir Wilfrid among them, now admit the impotence of legislation to destroy the trade of the United States in Canada, or even materially to check it. They point, however, to the fifty per cent gain made by English trade in Canada from 1897 to 1900 as one of the effects of the special favors granted that country, and profess to believe that, by discriminating in its favor, they have saved the English trade from almost total extinction and the absorption of the business by the United States.

This is probably true, though Canada has gained little thereby, except a possibly increased consumption of her products by England, due to an increasing volume of trade in the other direction. England has never done anything to encourage Canada in return for these commercial favors. In consideration of tariff concessions for her own manufacturers, she has bought more Canadian produce, but still at competitive prices. She has sold more goods under protection from competition, but she gives no advantage in her own market, in return, to the goods of her friendly colony. This is now fully understood by Canadians. They have asked the British government to extend some recognition to colonial products, even though it be no more than a five per cent discrimination in their favor. No British statesman has yet taken this request seriously, and it is doubtful whether it will ever be so regarded, unless the English people partially abandon their present system of free trade, and become alarmed at the need of stronger ties between the mother country and the lustier colonies, which are now clamoring for less political control of their affairs from Downing Street.

There was another motive than mere friendliness toward England in the discrimination in favor of her trade, however. It was the purpose in this, as it will be in all other moves of like nature made in the future, to arouse the United States, if possible, to the desirability of closer relations with Canada, to kinder consideration of her trade advances. To induce the United States to sue for favors is the dream of every Canadian statesman of the party in power; for it is the United States that Canada really desires to be friendly with, in a commer-

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cial way, and not England. As matters stand to-day, the man who could secure credit for bringing this about might rest assured of a place in Canadian political history along with Sir John Macdonald, long since canonized.

It is interesting to note that Canada was the first country with which the United States made a reciprocal commercial treaty. This was in 1854. By the terms of that treaty the fisheries controversy was temporarily quieted, to the profit of both parties, and a free exchange of raw material was assured. This latter concession was especially valuable to the United States during the Civil War, in the securing of supplies for the Union army. It was largely because of disputes arising out of this war, however, that the United States abrogated the treaty with Canada in 1865, the abrogation going into effect in 1866. Both economic and political reasons were assigned for this action. Canada had increased the import duties to a burdensome extent upon manufactured goods from the United States, thus causing considerable irritation. The friendly attitude of England toward the Confederate government, and the outfitting in Canada of expeditions against the Northern government, aroused great feeling against Canada in the Northern states. The abrogation of the treaty of 1854 was therefore really due more to political excitement than the economic reasons assigned as a matter of expediency.

Since the treaty of 1854 there have been two notable efforts made to secure another convention. One was in 1874, and came to naught. The other was the appointment of a High Joint Commission, which is still in existence, but from which little is now apparently expected. Two meetings of the Commission have been held, — one in Quebec and one in Washington. From the latter meeting the Canadian members returned to their homes with no hope of a final agreement, and the United States Commissioners saw them depart with a certain feeling of relief, as it was felt by them that the difficulties lay not so much in formulating an agreement between the countries as in securing a ratification of that agreement by the Senate of the United States.

It may be said, however, that, of the thirteen questions under the advisement of the High Joint Commission, the only one over which there was wide difference of opinion was in regard to the use of the Lynn Canal in Alaska. The State Department of the United States expresses the conviction that it is perfectly feasible for the United States and Canada to reach an understanding advantageous to both parties, except possibly in the domain of transportation, in which there is the keenest international rivalry for the carrying trade of the Northwest. Even on this point, however, the State Department is confident some solution might be reached in time, by the exercise of mutual forbearance. The recent violent attacks upon Secretary Hay for his alleged liberal concessions to Canada are placed in a curious light, in view of the bitter complaints publicly uttered by Canadians, to the effect that Canada's advances were received with selfish indifference, and that the United States was willing to take, but refused to give.

The failure of the High Joint Commissioners to accomplish the results desired, although it has attracted little attention in the United States, has been a leading topic of discussion in Canada for a year past. In justice to these gentlemen, it must be explained that they have fully realized the delicacy of their position, and, in view of the fact that the Commission is still in force, have consistently refused to express themselves as to the situation. Such reticence has not been necessary on the part of others, however; and as Sir Wilfrid Laurier holds the Liberal party well in hand, the comments of other leaders and the

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development of a new Canadian national policy of indifference to the United States may well be assumed to indicate official opinion.

The proposed isolation of Canada is to be achieved, theoretically at least, first by the development of an all-Canadian transportation route from the Northwest to tide water. At present, the carriers of the United States have practically a monopoly of the transportation of Canadian staples. The produce of the Northwest finds its outlet to the sea via Buffalo, for the reason that navigation on the Great Lakes is possible long after canals and rivers are closed. The American carriers have also distanced their Canadian competitors in the conveniences offered the producers of the latter country in the matter of insurance against market fluctuations. Freight rates have been reduced year by year, until they have apparently reached the lowest point possible; and yet the railroad men of New York testify to the effect that, if it becomes necessary, they can so improve facilities as to make it possible to haul Canadian grain from Buffalo to New York for one half the present charge.

During the recent session of the Dominion Parliament, this all-important matter of transportation occupied a greater part of the time. Effort was concentrated upon the improvement of the channel between Quebec and Montreal. An optimistic spirit prevailed, among those bearing the responsibilities of government, as to the possibilities of the future, when the Canadian water ways should have been so improved as to meet the demands of an all-Canadian route. Against such a consummation, however, a long, severe winter imposes a ban, a necessarily restricted budget sets its limitations, and American carriers are watchful, aggressive, and resourceful.

The recent census of Canada will show a population of about 6,000,000, or a gain of at least twenty per cent in a decade. In the encouragement of immigration Canada is now remarkably successful. About 50,000 home-seekers enter the country annually from abroad. Fully seventy-five per cent of these seek the unlimited free lands of the Northwest, and are of a desirable type of agriculturists. An interesting feature of this movement is the fact that the United States is furnishing a larger number of these immigrants than any other country. Over 12,000 American citizens crossed the line to the north last year, and adopted Canada as their home. It is estimated that at least 20,000 will do the same this year.

The Canadian government is spending about $250,000 a year in the encouragement of immigration. The results of the educational work done in the United States have been so satisfactory that increased effort is now being made in that direction. Canadian agents travel and advertise in every state, and last year twenty-nine of the American commonwealths contributed to Canada's increase of population. The largest number are secured in Dakota, Nebraska, Michigan, and other northerly farming states. Sir Wilfrid expresses the belief that Canada, being the only country in the temperate zone now offering free land to home-seekers, has fallen heir to the great tide of agricultural immigration which once flowed into the United States. He predicts an enormous increase in the volume of this movement in the immediate future, — such an increase as will give Canada a population of at least 15,000,000 in the next Canadian census year, 1911, and 25,000,000 by 1921.

In the stimulus recently given to the policy of encouragement for home industry, Canada is carrying the subsidy idea to an extreme. Millions in land and money are given to railroads, and manufacturers are encouraged to ask largess from the Dominion taxpayers. All that is necessary to secure consideration for such a demand is a plea that competi-

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tion in the United States is retarding Canadian development. Some of these requests for subsidies are merely schemes to loot the national treasury. Others are honest endeavors to meet powerful competition.

One phase of the situation which irritates those advocating a policy of Canada for the Canadians is the promptness with which enterprising capital from the United States enters into such advantages as are devised for Canadian benefit. Citizens of the United States have bought the best mines, developed the wood-pulp and iron industry, secured canal, elevator, and harbor privileges, absorbed some of the most profitable foreign trade, reorganized Canadian railroads, designed Canada's finest modern buildings, and stand ready to appropriate and take advantage of the greatest opportunities before the Canadians apparently are awake to the existence of the same.

Irritation at the United States for indifference to Canada's requests for reciprocal trade relations has naturally led to some discussion in the latter country of retaliatory tariff legislation. Nothing was done in this direction at the recent session of Parliament, but it was freely suggested, and may take more tangible shape another year. Some years ago, in response to the demands of the farmers of the Northwest territories, the Canadian import duty of thirty-five per cent on American agricultural machinery was reduced to twenty per cent by the Conservative party then in power, and lumber was placed on the free list. Should the proposed discrimination against American products actually go into effect, the first move would be to restore this duty on agricultural implements to the original figure, and to place an import duty of two dollars per thousand feet on lumber. The Canadian imports of American agricultural implements under a twenty per cent duty were valued last year at about $2,000,000, and the importations of lumber duty free were valued at about $3,500,000. Such retaliation could only be effected at the expense of the Canadians of the Northwest, and there would be considerable protest against it. The members of Parliament from that section stated recently, however, that they believed their constituents would agree to such legislation, in the hope it might lead in time to a better realization by the United States of the advisability of freer exchange of goods along all lines of international trade.

The French element in eastern Canada is also keenly desirous of anything which would make traffic easier between Canada and the United States. It is estimated that there are about 1,500,000 French Canadians in Canada, and nearly 500,000 more in the United States. These people really recognize no boundary line. They look upon custom restrictions as an interference. Many of them go to the United States to earn money to send back to their homes. It is stated by the Postmaster General of Canada that of every ten letters received in a French Canadian village, nine of the number are likely to be from the United States. The Postmaster General of the latter country, in his annual report, notes that over $2,000,000 was sent to Canada last year in postal orders. The larger part of this goes to French Canadians, and is sent by friends or relatives in the United States. The tie between the two countries is so close in respect to this race that Canadians naturalized in the United States have been known to return to their old homes during political campaigns, and even to take the stump for their favorite candidates in the Canadian elections. Under these circumstances, it is not remarkable that the Liberal party, placed in power largely by French Canadian votes, should feel keenly the failure to come to a better understanding with the United States.

Hampered by a country of enormous area, sparse population, and severe climate; limited in national endeavor by

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necessarily small revenues; forced to an expedient policy of protection and subsidy in direct conflict with established principles of unrestricted competition, the Liberal leaders are yet bravely optimistic in their struggle for national commercial independence. They will fall short of realizing their political dreams, but the Canadian people, under the present or other leadership, will in time accomplish another of those modern miracles, the creation of a great nation.

There is no reason why Canada should not have 25,000,000 population within the span of the present generation. Her wealth is increasing at fourfold ratio. Her tremendous natural resources are only just beginning to be understood, and there is no apparent limit to their ultimate development.

Conscious of her value to her great neighbor, fully appreciating the necessity of the good will of that neighbor to her own prosperity, she is chagrined at the rebuff she believes she has met. With anxious interest she is now watching the war of Europe against the commerce of the United States, not in the hope that Europe will win, but in the expectation that all parties thereto will in time reach the conclusion that commercial war is a useless expenditure of valuable forces, which should rather be utilized in the making of conventions to enable the trade of one country to fit advantageously into that of another. Canadian statesmen look with confidence to the future to bring about some such result, and anticipate with equal optimism an early awakening of the United States to the fair promise of her northern neighbor to become the first instead of the third greatest customer for the products of American labor.

J. D. Whelpley.

THE LIFE ON THE TABLE.

First he heard the clock tick; then a bird on a telephone wire shrilled a glad note at the spring sunshine; then the clock ticked; then his child in the nursery above laughed happily; then the clock ticked; then a man with small, square boxes in his hands called from the middle of Independence Avenue, "Berr-wizz! berr-wizz!" then the clock ticked; then the car at the corner dragged its cable with an ugly, snarling noise; then the clock ticked —

"Good God, Henderson!" he cried from his rocker to the man in the swivel chair, "will you stop that clock!" He raised a closely bandaged arm with an impatient jerk that made him wince with pain. His free hand was trembling, and there was a close, fine perspiration on his face; yet almost instantly he took up the clock's rhythm half laughingly. "Thump-her-in," he said, "thump-her-in; no-time-to-lose; got-to-die-young. Lynn, you 've been a good wife to me, but if you ever buy another clock that ticks-ticks-ticks I 'll divorce you sure." He got up and crossed over to the open window, where a woman was standing. He put his arm over her shoulder and pushed aside the lace curtain, shrank strangely from the sunshine and the woman, and came back to his seat with a little hysterical gulp.

"It 's leaving you," he said to the woman. He had slouched his huge body down into the chair, and his head lay back heavily. "That 's the thing that floors me, the only thing. — Oh, hell, I 'm lying! It 's the big thing, but 't is n't the only thing." Again he got up, restless as a chained wolf, and came

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over to her. "Look at that sunshine; look at the size of this house; look how thick our carpets are; look what a beef I am! It's got no business to turn out like this. I'm not half through. It ought n't to be, it shan't be." He dropped into the chair at the window, and began to choke in his slow, sobbing breath, and the woman turned her face to him.

"Risk it, Hard," she said. "Why don't you? You must. Is n't it a chance? Risk it." Her voice rocked like a bounding wire under its weight of doubt and hope. It went crazily from command to question, and she seemed swung far out on it over some abysmal gulf of perplexity. Once she turned toward the man in the swivel chair, with a wild strain on her face; but he was not looking at her, and she turned back to the window quickly.

Again the other man regained his self-control with one of his crinkled-up chuckles; he put up his hand and held to the woman's arm. "Don't you get cross with your baby, whatever you do," he said, looking up at her with a deep and tender adoration. He pressed his hand lovingly into the firm arm and pulled up by her. "Risk it? Risk this? Oh, life, life!" he cried, with his head bent down to hers. Then he lifted her strained face and made her look out of the window. "That town yonder, — see it? It needs me. I 'm predestined to make it a bloomin' good mayor, one of these days. It 'll miss me. It may do for me to run the risk, but what about the town? D' you think Kansas City can afford to risk me?" The self-appreciation seemed appropriate rather than uncouth, casual rather than conspicuous. He was so virile, so big and coercive, that it would have been a pity for him not to appreciate himself.

"If I risk you, if I 'm willing to," began the woman, dropping the curtain between them and the city, — "if I risk you, the town can, and you can risk the town." Her eyes were keen and dry, and she held him a little away from her, with her hands on his shoulders.

A sort of shining joy came out on the man's face at her words, and he clung to the suggestion in them hungrily. "Do you mean that, all of it?" he asked. "You old darling, why don't you speak the language oftener?" The wonder and the humility which must have been his when he first won her were manifest in his face and in his voice. He had got used to everything else, to a good degree of local fame and to fortune, but he had not got used to her. To an on-looker he was half pathetic, toppling as he did with his great weight toward her; and she was half minatory, — it looked so easy for her, in her lithe and pliable youth, to bend aside and fail him.

The man in the swivel chair had thus far kept up a ceaseless tattoo with his thumb nail against his teeth. His teeth were white and hard, and looked like monoliths of linked silences. When finally he stopped his tattoo, it was to throw his arms back and pound on his chest once or twice.

"I guess you are wondering about now why I dragged you up from Penangton to pass on me, Henderson," called the man at the window, with some appreciation of the other's impatience, "long as I ain't taking your word for the final word very fast; but I tell you what, old man, you 've disappointed me for fair. I thought you 'd have good taste enough to agree with me, and let diagnosis go hang. I knew you were n't sensational, and I expected you to say that the other chaps were on the wrong tack; but I 'll be doggoned if you are n't proving up the bloodthirstiest of the lot. What the dickens you got against me, my friend, — what you got against me?" He could talk foolishness with a whimsical assumption of gravity, and his wide, handsome face now mocked Henderson with unsmiling interrogation.

Henderson wondered afterward just what pathological change his own brain

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presented, after that witless question had cut its way in and out. He felt pretty much as though a thrombus diked up the question's passage at the base of his brain, and held it there for one convulsive, black second, — "What you got against me?" He had only the repressive training of the dissecting room and the operating theatre to thank for the fact that he could stumble on blindly, thrombus or no thrombus. He began to beat his hands together softly and to talk rapidly, in the way he had when he wished he did n't have to talk at all: —

"What I got against you, Shore, is your symptoms. I wish I could unsay what I 've said, or put a little sweetening in it, but I can't do it. The last time I talked with you in my own office in Penangton I got afraid that Lahn and Carey had your case down about right, and now I know it. At least I know that lump on your wrist is too near to being a spindle-celled sarcoma for you to fool away any more time on neat little compresses and quiet little rest cures; the thing for you now is a sharp little knife. If you don't take that thing in time, — and the time 's now, — you might as well shut up that real estate office of yours at once and be done with it. All the real estate you 'll need will be a bunch six feet long by two wide" — Henderson stopped abruptly, unable to get the right hold on this line of talk; the things he usually said to people whose lives were in danger and whom his knife might save were not coming to his mind readily, and were not fitting the situation when they did come. The jokes on which he was accustomed to ride his patients into an easy familiarity with danger seemed unable to bear the weight of the big man in front of him.

Henderson did not look at the woman, but he got a sensation that she understood, and that she was doing what she could to make it easier on him when she said: "Hardin, the time 's gone by for talking; the time 's going by for acting. You must stop this foolishness. The operation itself might be much more serious: you have as good a chance as anybody to rally from it." She pushed him back into a chair, and stood over him with a strong, maternal protection, for all he was so big and stalwart, and she was so straight and slender. "He has as good a chance as anybody, has n't he?" She looked at Henderson with the earnest concentration in her eyes that was always in them, like unused, expectant lightning, when she looked squarely at him.

"In some ways he has," answered Henderson, and wondered what she thought he meant by that.

She was urging on the man in the chair again, as though she had not heard Henderson: "Say you will risk the operation, — say you will."

Her husband buried his face against her, and gave up the fight with an awkward, gigantic helplessness. "Why need I, when you 're saying it, boss? You hear, don't you, Henderson? I 'm to risk it." The woman pulled quickly away from him, with an expression of relief that remained perplexed, and the big man rose to his feet. "But there 's one thing I want your lily-white hand on, Henderson," he continued banteringly. "You got to promise that you 'll do every bit of the work yourself." Through his banter ran the important, well-fed man's jealousy about himself. Now that it was coming to the pinch, he plainly did n't like the idea of being subjected to handling and analysis that would be purely scientific, purely impersonal; he even had a superstitious feeling that such a dry valuation of life was likely to invoke death. His personality had always meant a great deal to him, and he shrank outspokenly from being viewed as material instead of as Hardin Shore, rich, fate-conquering. "Life means a heap to me," he went on insistently, "and I ain't putting it into the hands of anybody but the chap I can

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trust, the chap that knows what and how much I have to live for," — he held out his hand toward the woman, but she stood quietly back beyond his reach, smiling at him, — "and I 'm going to put the whole business into your hands, Henderson. I 'm going to be yours to bind or to loose, as you will and can. Understand? Will you do the work yourself? "

Henderson turned nervously from the unreasoning sentiment of patient toward physician which, in its helpless emotionalism, so saddles a man with responsibility. He shook his head vehemently. "No, no! " he said. "Let Lahn operate. He 's the one. He 's the very best here. Why, Shore, I 'm only a country surgeon, at most. Let Lahn. I can't do it — I can't operate on you — I can't take your life into my hands — I don't want to " —

"All right, sir," — the other man held up his afflicted hand by way of unpromising emphasis, — "all right. You see, don't you, Lynn? Shows how much he believes in it. You won't operate, eh? All right. One thing for sure, nobody else shall."

The woman put her hand on Henderson's arm. "What do you mean by hesitating now? " she asked impetuously. "What do you mean? Why, we trust you. You can trust yourself. It's the only way. You must trust yourself. I 'm not afraid. Hardin is n't. Should you be? Why, I 've had so much trouble to get him even to consider it. He never would have, if it had n't been for you. He believes in you. Every fibre of chance he has hangs from you."

Henderson looked down at her grimly. "You know I like responsibility," he said. "Pile it on." Then, with a violent splintering of his thought, he cried wildly: "I tell you I 'm afraid of myself! His life means too much, to you, to himself, to hundreds of people — to me " —

"I can't help that," she persisted, as ardent as he. "You 've got to go all the way. You can't refuse, you can't turn back now; you dare not." The same tragic mixture of pleading and command was in her voice again, making her half admonitory angel, half tearful woman, and her face was becoming so tense that her husband came quickly to the rescue with his ready capacity for forging a finish to anything which he had thought worth beginning.

"Henderson, I may have a spindle-shanked sarcoma in my hand, but you 've got one in your head. 'T is n't normal for a surgeon to have to be coaxed to operate. Responsibility nothing! I 'll take the responsibility. Will you operate? "

"Oh yes, yes," said Henderson wearily.

"That 's better. Why, man alive, you 've made me feel that my old arm can't put up a real interesting case for you on the table. Go 'way; I 'll get you in a box yet before you 're through with me."

He was deliberately talking and laughing himself out of his first hysterical antipathy to the operation into his usual orderly good nature. His big, powerful shoulders had squared back, and the danger he was about to brave was passing from a great potential tragedy — the tragedy of risking life when life means wealth, power, happiness — into the flat, every-day fact that he was going to be operated on, going to take some chloroform, and going to get off the operating table and go about his business again.

"Now the question is, when? " he asked next, with the peremptory manner of a man who is accustomed to run his affairs on schedule time.

The woman looked at Henderson smilingly. "It 's fine to have him good at last, is n't it? " she said. "Better not give him time to undergo any sea change. I suppose you want to get back to Penangton, too, just as soon as you can? "

Henderson furrowed a long, straight

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line in the carpet, between himself and the two opposite him, before he answered. "If you insist upon leaving it to me, I'll arrange to get you into Miss Maguire's Surgical Sanatorium to-morrow, and I'll operate the day after, or the day after that. No use to sleep long on the matter. If we are going to enter the lists, the sooner we do it the better." His pleasure, as he again got hold of that old ability of his to handle himself, to catch step with fate and go marching on, lit up his face like a streak of pallid dawn. During the last two years of his life, ever since he had met the woman before him, he had required and obtained a great deal of himself, had put himself in the way of a good many crises, and had never yet failed himself; but the last time he had lived through a sight of her husband's affection for her, the last time he had blistered in the warmth of the husband's friendship for him, he had promised himself that he would keep away from crises in future. Still, here he was, in their house again, at their invitation, their entreaty, and forced to stand there before them with the delicate scales of life and death in his unwilling hand. Henderson's life as physician and surgeon had not been a quiet or an easy one, and before this he had had occasion to wish that a few respectable trials, "like death," he would say, might enter into his experience. His trials had been such tiger trials; their claws had dug so deep into his sensitiveness. It was not a small thing for a man with Henderson's capacity for suffering to be able to "handle himself," and it was no great wonder that he took an unthawed, frosty pleasure in it.

"So, then, Shore," he concluded capably, "the thing for me to do is to corral Lahn and Carey and MacWhirr, and have them with me to see that you get a fighting chance, and the rest we'll have to leave to your lucky star." He laughed wholesomely now, a surgeon's confidence-inspiring laugh.

"Now you're talking sense," said the big man cordially. "It's your affair, sir, from this on; I'm not concerned in it. But see here, I tell you what I am concerned in: I've a deal on with a railroad for to-day. I need just one last hour at the office. I can go, can't I? 'T won't hurt if I take the carriage, will it?" He seemed willing to turn authority over to his physician, but unable, from long authoritative habit, to do so. He began every sentence as an assertion, and the question only curled in lamely as an afterthought. When Henderson had given him a niggardly consent to do what he was going to do anyhow, Shore turned from his wife to the door. He came back, with his hat in his hand, a moment later, and shook his finger at her. "You are a nice lot, you two," he said. "I hope you are satisfied, but I doubt it. I doubt you'll be satisfied till you get that chloroform cap over my nose"—He left off suddenly because of the look on his wife's face. She put her hand to her mouth in an unavailing effort to push back a short, sharp scream.

"You, Hardin!" she cried; and when he had come to her and had taken her into his arms, she laughed and trembled, and rubbed her face against his with a clinging, forgiving reproach. "What do you say things like that for? You must n't. It is n't so easy for anybody concerned that you need make it harder."

Her bosom kept heaving in a broken, helpless way even after he had gone out of the house to his carriage, and Henderson held his eyes away from her while she stood at the window trying to regain her composure, and talked to her lightly of Penangton, the little Missouri town that was now his home, and that had once been hers.

"Oh yes," he said. "You have n't been coming down to Penangton often enough lately, and the calacanthus bush in Mrs. Thorley's yard is 'way ahead of yours. Its buds have popped."

She swayed abstractedly with the cur-

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tain, to which she was holding, and against which her head was pressed. "I know I have n't. I suppose Pete forgets to dig around my bushes? I have n't been down all spring."

"Mmmh! I guess I know that." Henderson whistled softly, and went and stood by the other window. "Why have n't you come down?"

"Oh — I don't believe I know. Hardin, I guess. I get uneasy if he is out of my sight." She held her curtain back suddenly, and looked sharply at Henderson. "What 's the real danger?" she asked. "Other people come through all right. What 's the real danger with Hard? There 's something special, is n't there? What is it?"

If there was one thing that Henderson was coming to hate more than another, in his business of being the doctor, it was the constant metamorphosis of him from man into physician that went on under his very nose, and that he was powerless to prevent. People were eternally demanding it of him, and he was eternally meeting the demand, involuntarily, like clockwork. A man had asked her a question, from behind a curtain, a moment before; a physician pushed the curtain back, as she had pushed hers back, and his answer was as straight and sharp as her question: "The real trouble with Hard is the big physical hold he has on life. It 's one of those foolish paradoxes that are true. It 's like this: Hard is so everlastingly alive, and there 's so much of him to be alive, that he is bound to feel a physical shock more, and to smash down harder, than a wiry, nervous man would. I 've got to knock his feet right from under him; and it 's his feet that Hard stands on rather more than the next man. I guess I ought to tell you frankly that there 'll be trouble if I can't put the operation through in a rush. But I will put it through that way. And he 'll rally." Henderson stepped back behind his curtain, and drummed on the window. "He 's got to rally."

The woman moved back behind her curtain, too. The lines of perplexity, confidence, anxiety, and admiration that had been on her face all the morning became more strongly marked. "It has awful responsibilities, surgery has, has n't it?" she said slowly.

"Yes, awful," answered the man behind the curtain.

Three men, in white duck aprons, short duck jackets, and close white caps, stood in one corner of a large light room and talked comfortably, calling each other by their untitled surnames with the relief of men who know what it is to have a title eat up individuality. They were men of widely different personalities and unlike appearances: MacWhirr, the Scot; Lahn, German to the last drop of beer; and Carey from Kentucky. But for all their dissimilarity, on the face of each was an expression so dominant that the three looked like brothers. It was the eager stress of men who have the same life work, appealing to them in the same degree as important and interesting, who find themselves face to face with an opportunity for the work, and who are glad of the opportunity. The nerves of the three were going steady as time, yet they had somehow charged the room with a current of nervous energy of tremendous voltage. The faces of the three were as shut against emotion as three graves, yet the minds of the three quivered with emotion; and recollections, influences, brought back from sharp battles with death, were continued from the three in trailing wraiths of hypnosis.

"Who 's anæsthetizing, Miss Morse?" The Scot turned from his colleagues to a young woman who was dipping a handful of gleaming steel into the enameled tray that formed the top to a spare iron table.

"Dr. Henderson has young Wear and Mason down there with him, but he 's doing the anæsthetizing himself." She smiled knowingly at the men; she ap-

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preciated as keenly as they did that an operator has no business to tire himself out with the anæsthetic. "The patient would n't have it any other way," she said.

Lahn, who was chief consulting surgeon to most of the Kansas City hospitals, and known far and wide through the Valley states as a very safe man behind the knife, spoke next: "Ever see Henderson operate, Mac? No? Well, he 's 'way ahead of me. Yes, he is. You 've got a treat ahead of you. What a man with his nerve fools away time over materia medica for beats me. Cleanest, quickest, stubbornest operator you ever saw."

"What 's he abidin' down in that little town for?" asked the Scot skeptically.

"Why is it, Carey, anyhow?" Lahn took up the question as though it had long interested him. "You 're his friend. Why don't you get him up here? I want him for the Hospital. Besides his ability he has these Shores back of him, and if through him we could get Hardin Shore on the Directory, and Mrs. Shore at the head of the Ladies' Auxiliary, the Hospital would be in luck already. Why won't he come?"

The man from Kentucky looked immutable. "Search me," he said. "I 've done my best to get him here, but every time he backs down. I take it he has some private reason for not leaving Penangton. Got a girl down there, like as not."

Another young woman came to the door. She had run through the hall from the elevator, and she was panting a little. "Dr. Carey, they are having trouble getting him under. Dr. Henderson would like you to step down a minute."

Carey and the girl went off down the hall with the long, light step of their kind, and presently got off the elevator on a lower floor. As Carey caught the swift, treacherous wave of the anæsthetic he hastened his pace unconsciously, and passed on into a luxurious room, where on a narrow white bed lay what ten minutes before had been a well-coördinated man, but what now might as well have been ox or bull or beef, for all the promise of resurrection in the blotched face. Henderson, at the head of the bed, was bending over the face and pursuing it relentlessly with an inhaler cap. Back and forth thrashed the face, and dogging it, riding it, came the cap in Henderson's hand.

"Carey," said Henderson, without looking up, "I 've got to push him to a finish somehow. He 's been bruising his lungs on inspissated air long enough. I can't get him under, though, as long as he has hold of that hand." Henderson nodded at the patient's big hand, which was shut like faith around a woman's hand.

The woman looked up at Henderson with wan, self-accusing apology. "It was a mistake, was n't it?" she whispered. "I still can't get away."

"Oh, he would go to sleep with Mrs. Shore's hand in his," answered Henderson laconically to the inquiry in the face of his colleague, "and without meaning to she 's holding him this side of Lethe. See if you can get her hand away, will you?"

Henderson's lashes dropped down over a long, yellow gleam in his eyes when presently the Kentuckian raised up, red-faced and puffing. "Why, Henderson, I 'm dashed if I can untangle him." Carey stooped again. "Just alive enough to swing to her. Uh-uh! I 'm afraid, if they 're to be parted, you 'll have to do the parting, Henderson. I have n't the muscle. Peculiar case, eh?"

Henderson, straightening up to let Carey take his place, gave a short, harsh laugh. "Peculiarest case you ever saw, Carey, — for half a hundred reasons. He 's been using that hand as a rudder through the waves of a can of chloroform, more or less. Whew! He 's fought me every inch of the way. I 'm tired be-

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fore I begin." But he mopped his forehead, and without an instant's delay bent over, and with his supple young fingers uncrinkled the heavy hand from the white, bruised one within it. Twice he straightened out the powerful fingers; twice they clamped back like jackknives; and the last time Henderson's hand and the woman's hand lay shut together within the strong grasp.

"Oh!" she gasped, under her breath. "Oh, don't! It 's pushing a drowning man under water — it 's cruel — he 's so helpless. Oh, don't do it — he needs me — don't" — She had gone to pieces, in the way people have when doctors most need their help; and Henderson kept straight on, in the way doctors have of getting along without help.

"Keep quiet, keep quiet," he growled. "I 've got him. Now, Carey!" He split loose the clump of hands on the bed with one quick upheaval, swept the woman's hand aside, and pulled her from her chair just as the man on the bed lashed out wildly, floundered back, and, under the compelling, unescapable cap, passed on into a deep, stupendous coma.

"See to Mrs. Shore, Miss Green," ordered Henderson briskly, "and, Wear, you and Mason get him to the surgery as fast as you like. We 'll be there before you will."

Five minutes later, the operators, those who were to assist and those who were to stand ready to assist, were flipping asepticized water from their hands into loose-meshed towels, and the girl at the tray had settled back, erect and vigilant as a sentry. Lahn and Henderson were tucking their duck sleeves to the elbow, as they filed around to the table, and talking of little things, which is good for the nerves.

"Awfully good of you to play second fiddle for me, old man," Henderson was saying appreciatively.

"You ought to pay me back for it by coming up here to live, as I want you to. There 's a big business up here for you. Your friends the Shores are here, too. That ought to count for something."

"It does," said Henderson, — "counts for a heap." He called abruptly to Carey then: "I 'd rather you 'd be at the cap, Carey, if you don't mind. Just let Dr. Carey in there, Mr. Wear, and you have the salt solution ready, will you?" The clear, ringing voice was quickly buoyant with mastery. The ground that he was on he knew so completely; he was so strong on it; it was so easy for him to cover the whole surgical outlook with half an eye. Before he had put out his hand to the girl at the tray his mind had got away ahead, and was pushing every adverse possibility down within reach of the hand. The girl gave him a knife, and put her hand back over the other instruments. Then, Henderson, surgeon, with his own life a-tingle to the finger tips, took up the life on the table, and cut and lifted and twisted with it through delicate ganglia and fascia, in and out around ligament and artery, — now slicing with knife, now snipping with scissors, now squeezing with catch forceps; met at each need, before he could voice it, by the girl at the tray or the chief across from him. He began to enjoy the work. He was far up on the cool, invulnerable heights of Science; the man before him was no longer a man, but his case. He was achieving what the chief would call a classical operation, dexterous, clean-handed, watchful, working like a beaver and ordering like a general: "Look to the ligature there, Mason. Steady that arm all you can, Mac. Pull that muscle back just a trifle, Lahn."

"Henderson," said Carey, with an admirable cool-headedness which he had not acquired in Kentucky, "I can't give you much more time."

Henderson raised up from over the case for just one second. "Don't you try to hurry me, Carey," — the words would have been a threat if they had not been a prayer. "You hold on to him. There 's

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a lot of involvement here." His fingers were back at work again, cutting and peeling ever more rapidly. "See that, Lahn. I 'll have to get that out, sure as fate."

"You 'll have to be a little quicker than fate, then," said Carey dryly. No man likes to stand at the cap as the gray shadow steals over the face on the table. Without any change of posture on the part of the men, without word or sign, a fight was now on in the stratum of ideation above the unheeding form before them. From being a case the form had become a man again, rehabilitated, reprivileged, by his dire danger, as he hung there on the rotten thread of his pulse. In the twinkling of an eye, his inviolable property right in life, the mighty sacredness of his stertorous breath, had become paramount, overwhelming. It was a moment as acutely personal as though Technique, Skill, Experience, and all the other white handmaidens of Science had become clumsy, wordy unrealities. Each man was formulating his intense private idea; each man was getting ready to offer it to Henderson, Moloch of the altar there; and each man would, and must, then stand back by the Code and lift not so much as a deterrent finger in the course Henderson should select for himself, though the danger of that course stiffened a man's backbone with suspense.

"Ain't I right, Lahn?" asked Henderson, a little drawn about the mouth, but hard-voiced and steady-handed.

The chief glanced from the case's arm to the case's face. "Theoretically you are, Henderson, but every second 's going against him. Look yonder. Better have a live man with a little mischief sewed up in him than a dead one sweet and clean."

"What 's your mind, Mac?" White to the lips now, Henderson again held out his hand to the girl at the tray.

The Scot edged over. "It means you 'll have all the work to do again if you leave those nuclei in there, which will kill him then instead of now; but" — he waited a second to catch his cautious national poise — "I believe I 'd stop on what 's done, Henderson. He 's uncommon slippish."

"I don't like to go against you, gentlemen," — Henderson closed his fingers around a pair of scissors the girl had put into them, — "but he 's got to have his full fighting chance." His teeth clamped off the ends of his words as he bent again to the work, — by that one half second of answer over against the others, by that taking arbitrary possession of the life on the table, by that making himself lord dispenser of life and death!

"Whatever comes of it, I did all I could for you, you great, barring hulk." Henderson never knew whether he said those words out loud or only thought them, but presently he heard his voice reassuringly distinct, and neatly punctuated by the pauses needed to obey his instructions: "Get the salt solution going now, Wear, — he 'll tone up. . . . See his lips now, Lahn. . . . I 'm ready to put those coaptation sutures in, Mac. . . . See his lips now, boys. . . . Get me threaded there, Miss Morse. . . . See his lips now, Lahn — see his lips, Lahn — ah, God! see" —

Then came the final word of the chief: "Guess you did the right thing, after all, Henderson. He 'll come round. Tired, are n't you? Tedious job, all right. Let 'em trot him off to bed now. He 's safe for fifty years to come."

R. E. Young.

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THE PRINCE OF BIOGRAPHERS.

When Goldsmith was one day asked, "Who is this Scotch cur at Johnson's heels?" the author of The Good-Natured Man characteristically answered: "You are too severe. He is not a cur; he is only a bur. Tom Davies flung him at Johnson in sport, and he has the faculty of sticking." The correction and the definition showed that the Irishman had not unfairly estimated the character of James Boswell, who was not easily shaken off, once he had attached himself in any quarter. It was the knowledge of this which caused Walpole to shut his doors to the pertinacious Scot, when besieged by him. "He forced himself upon me," wrote Walpole to Gray, "in spite of my teeth and my doors, and I see has given a foolish account of all he could pick up from me. He then took an antipathy to me on Rousseau's account, abused me in the newspapers, and expected Rousseau to do so, too; but as he came to see me no more, I forgave all the rest. I see now he is a little sick of Rousseau, himself, but I hope it will not cure him of his anger to me; however, his book will amuse you." The book was the Journal of a Tour to Corsica, then just published; and Gray, in reply to Walpole, said that it proved what he had always maintained: "that any fool may write a most valuable book by chance, if he will only tell what he heard and said with veracity."[1] Although Boswell had strong claims to the epithet used by Gray, something more than added veracity was needed to write two of the most remarkable and most readable works of the eighteenth century; for that is what this volatile Scot has done.

Without indorsing Gray's opinion that the Journal was a most valuable work, we can see that it was adumbrative of the marvelous biography which appeared a quarter of a century later, and which has for over a hundred years been the wonder and delight of myriad readers. The success has never been repeated. The man and the book are unique.

"Folly," says Sainte-Beuve, "a spice of folly, if joined to some degree of talent, has become an instrument of success;" and the cultivation to their utmost of the special gifts which he possessed was the secret of Boswell's phenomenal success. "I certainly have the art," he says in a letter to his friend Temple, "of making the most of what I have."

There was nothing of the element of chance about his writing the Life of Johnson; it was a deliberate and long-cherished plan, which he never once lost sight of. Johnson, having triumphed over poverty and misery, and their certain companion, neglect, was rapidly rising into renown, and with unerring instinct Boswell divined the fame which would be his in going down to posterity as the friend and biographer of the "literary Colossus." With that end in view, he did not rest satisfied until he had made the "big man," as Goldsmith called him, his warm friend. He endured all Johnson's rough ways and shortness of temper, as well as the not infrequent snubs which his hero worship brought; studying him all the while with a searching closeness which not the smallest peculiarity escaped, for as a literary artist he knew the value and importance of trifles. "He concentrated his whole attention upon his idol," Fanny Burney tells us, "not even answering questions from others. When Johnson spoke, his eyes

[1] "When Boswell published his Account of Corsica," said the Rev. N. Nicholls, "I found Mr. Gray reading it. 'With this,' said he, 'I am much pleased, because I see the author is too foolish to have invented it.'"

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goggled with eagerness; he leant his ear almost on the doctor's shoulder; his mouth dropped open to catch every syllable, and he seemed to listen even to Johnson's breathings as though they had some mystical significance."

It was through having his attention almost always alert that he was enabled to give us those vivid pictures which make his book a veritable literary cinematograph; for in truth his pages may be said to live; with a few simple but subtle strokes the living scene is dramatically brought before us, and we can almost fancy that we hear the loud voice of Johnson and the sonorous tones of Burke, that we see the quaint figure of Goldsmith and the sedate deportment of Gibbon.

Of the kind of man Boswell was he himself has given us the most abundant evidence. His pages are autobiographic in their self-delineation. We see his extraordinary want of tact; his amazing folly, egotism, self-obtrusion, and excessive freedom of manners; his want of self-respect, amounting almost to self-debasement (he did not hesitate to liken himself to a dog); his conceit, vanity, absurd pomposity, and serene self-complacency. He was easily enamored, and was no Moslem when the wine was circulating; for he frequently succumbed to the material good things, and admits that he was unable to recollect the intellectual good things that flowed around him. These faults and frailties were visible to every one, and were readily availed of by his enemies during his life, and by his critics after his death; but what was not quite so obvious was the undeniable fact that he was endowed with rare talents allied to a special and unique faculty, combining the taste to relish and the ability to record brilliant conversation.

His genuine love of letters was united to a perfect mania for literary society and for talking with literary men, which is the subject of an amusing reference in a letter from David Hume to the Comtesse de Boufflers: "He [Boswell] is *very good-humoured, very agreeable, and very mad.* . . . You remember the story of Terentia, who was first married to Cicero, then to Sallust, and at last, in her old age, married a young nobleman, who imagined that she must possess some secret which would convey to him eloquence and genius." "Very agreeable, very good-humoured," — that is the impression he always gave, into whatever society he went; and he was always in society; he could not have lived without excitement of some kind.

"There is a fine *fame* in being distinguished in London, were it only in literary society as I am." Thus he wrote to his lifelong friend the Rev. William Johnson Temple, to whom he unbosomed himself to an amazing extent. They corresponded from the time they left the University of Glasgow until Boswell's death, and it would be difficult to point to a more complete laying bare of a man's innermost nature than is to be found in these letters, which were first published forty-two years ago. A great poet said of some of his verses that they

> "May bind a book, may line a box,
> May serve to curl a maiden's locks,"

and Boswell's letters to Temple were like to have shared a similar or more ignoble fate; for mere accident rescued them from a small shop in Boulogne, where they were about to be used as wrapping paper.

These letters prove conclusively that in the Boswellian vocabulary there was no such word as "reticence." He told Temple of everything, — of his foolish amours, his excessive drinking, his melancholy and hypochondria, his elation and gayety. Scarce a thought, emotion, or feeling, good or bad, had he that he did not communicate to his friend. The perusal of these letters can never arouse in the reader respect for their writer. The feeling they create is best expressed in Cardinal Wolsey's remark: —

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"How much, methinks, I could despise this man!"

But notwithstanding all that has been said against him, follies are about the gravest charge that can be brought against poor Boswell. Much that is to his credit these letters bring to light, — abundant good nature, true friendship, anxious solicitude for his wife, and his desire and care that his sons and daughters should be well educated. There is also evidence of some common sense, but not sufficient to warrant his saying that he was "a very sensible, good sort of man." In the letter in which this occurs he tells Temple, "You may depend upon it that very soon my follies will be at an end, and I shall turn out an admirable member of society." Poor Boswell! these assurances are frequent, only to be followed by his deploring that circumstances proved too much for him.

His tenderness under criticism is rather amusingly shown by his asking Temple to communicate to him all he hears about his Account of Corsica, but he adds: "*Conceal from me all censure.* I would not however dislike to hear impartial corrections. Perhaps Mr. Gray may say something to you of it." Gray did say something of it, as we have seen, but it was to Walpole, and Boswell's ears were spared the hearing it.

When he went courting Miss Blair, with whom he fancied himself madly in love, he told Temple: "I am dressed in green and gold. I have my chaise, *in which I sit alone like Mr. Gray*, and Thomas rides by me in a claret-coloured suit with a silver-laced hat."

In the summer of 1769 he visited Ireland, and, it is said, penned this account of his doings which appeared in the Public Advertiser: —

"James Boswell, Esqr., having now visited Ireland, he dined with his Grace the Duke of Leinster, at his seat at Carton; he went also, by special invitation, to visit the Lord Lieutenant at his country seat at Leixlip, to which he was conducted in one of his Excellency's coaches, by Lieut.-Colonel Walshe. He dined there, and stayed all night, and next morning came in the coach with his Excellency to the Phœnix Park, and was present at a review of Sir Joseph Yorke's dragoons. He also dined with the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor. He is now set out on his return to Scotland."

The notoriety for which he hungered was not long in coming to him. We read under date 14 May, 1768: —

"I am really the *great man* now. I have had David Hume in the forenoon, and Mr. Johnson in the afternoon of the same day, visiting me. Sir John Pringle, Dr. Franklin, and some more company, dined with me to-day; and Mr. Johnson and General Oglethorpe one day, Mr. Garrick alone another, and David Hume and some more *literati* another, dine with me next week. I give admirable dinners and good claret; and in a day or two I set up my chariot. This is enjoying the fruit of my labours, and appearing like the friend of Paoli. . . . David Hume came on purpose the other day to tell me that the Duke of Bedford was very fond of my book and had recommended it to the Duchess. David is really amiable."

The natural result of all this folly was that he found himself "a good deal in debt" before the end of the year. He made acquaintances as readily as he got into debt. "No man," he says, "has been more successful in making acquaintance easily than I have been: I even bring people quickly on to a degree of cordiality. I am a quick fire, but I know not if I last sufficiently, though surely, my dear Temple, there is always a warm place for you. With many people I have compared myself to a taper, which can light up a great and lasting fire though itself is soon extinguished."

And on another occasion he writes: "Am I not fortunate in having something about me that interests most people at first sight in my favour?"

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In support of this we have the testimony of Dr. Johnson, who declared him to be "the best traveling companion in the world;" and told him in a letter, "I have heard you mentioned as *a man whom everybody likes*," and added, "I think life has little more to give." Previous to this, the doctor had, in writing to Mrs. Thrale, dwelt on Boswell's "good humour and perpetual cheerfulness," adding, "He has better faculties than I had imagined, and more justice of discernment."

These were not the only occasions on which Boswell was so fortunate as to be praised by the "big man." Talking about some of the members of the Club, he observed that they talked from books, — Langton in particular. Garrick, he said, would talk from books, if he talked seriously. "*I*," said he, "do not talk from books; *you* do not talk from books." "This," wrote Boswell to Temple, "this was a compliment to my originality; but I am afraid I have not read books enough to be able to talk from them." Two months later he tells Temple: "I have promised to Dr. Johnson to read when I get to Scotland, and to keep an account of what I read: I shall let you know how I go on. My mind must be nourished."

In the next letter to Temple he says: "He [Dr. Johnson] is to buy for me a chest of books of his choosing, and I am to read more and drink less; that was his counsel."

His determination to make the utmost of his Corsican tour is amusingly evident. When General Paoli said to him, in London, "I need not tell you that everything in my power is at your disposal," he availed himself of the opportunity to stay at his house and use his coach. "I felt more dignity," he says, "when I had several servants at my devotion, a large apartment, and the convenience and state of a coach; I recollected that *this dignity in London* was honourably acquired by my travels abroad, and my pen after I came home, so I could enjoy it with my own approbation; and in the extent and multiplicity of the metropolis, other people had not even the materials for finding fault, as my situation was not particularly known."

The implication that he had earned the generous hospitality which Paoli extended to him, and which he so hugely enjoyed, is truly Boswellian in its audacity.

The general's forbearance and the genuine interest he took in Boswell's welfare were really remarkable. Writing to Temple from Bath, in April, 1776, Boswell says: "The general has taken my word of honour that I shall not taste fermented liquor for a year, that I may recover sobriety: I have kept this promise now about three weeks. I was really growing a drunkard."

A similar promise had been given to Temple about a year previously, and how it was kept will be seen from the following extract from a letter dated Edinburgh, 12 August, 1775: "My promise under the solemn yew I have observed wonderfully, having never infringed it till, the other day, a very jovial company of us dined at a tavern, and I unwarily exceeded my bottle of old Hock; and having once broke over the pale, I run wild, but I did not get drunk. I was, however, intoxicated, and very ill next day. I ask your forgiveness, and I shall be more strictly cautious for the future. The drunken manners of this country are very bad." This last sentence is delightful, coming from a native and a votary of Silenus. The distinction made between "drunk" and "intoxicated" is worthy of notice.

It is always interesting to know how a great man looked to his contemporaries, and perhaps no apter illustration of the readiness to see the mote in another's eye could be found than Boswell charging Goldsmith with "vanity and an eager desire of being conspicuous

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wherever he was." It is likewise vastly amusing to find that in Boswell's eyes Gibbon was "an ugly, affected, disgusting fellow." Now we all know that Gibbon was no Adonis, neither was Boswell (far from it); but the cause of the criticism becomes apparent when he tells Temple that the historian "poisons our literary club to me." "Whether there was any reason for this," says John Wilson Croker, "beyond Boswell's dislike of Gibbon's skepticism, I know not."

That Boswell, who was somewhat *abergläubig*, had a repugnance to skepticism is shown by his telling Temple that "I always regret to him [Hume] his unlucky principles, and he smiles at my faith; but I have a hope which he has not, or pretends not to have." "*Ah! je suis fâché qu'il soit détrompé si tôt!*" exclaimed Paoli, when he heard that Hume was dying.

Dr. Adam Smith, of Wealth of Nations fame, considered that Hume approached "as nearly to the idea of a perfectly wise and virtuous man as perhaps the nature of human frailty will permit." Boswell, while holding a high opinion of Hume, dissented from this eulogy; and although Smith was his professor of moral philosophy at Glasgow University, he remarked to Temple, when Smith was elected to the Club, "It has lost its select merit." How many were of that opinion when Boswell was made a member?

"It pleases me," he writes to Temple, "that you express concern for the death of my poor uncle, Dr. Boswell. He was a very good scholar, knew a great many things, had an elegant taste, and was very affectionate: *but he had no conduct. His money was all gone.* He had a strange kind of religion; but I flatter myself he will be ere long, if he is not already, in Heaven."

It will be seen from the portion we have italicized that the nephew had some of the characteristics of his uncle; but why the poor man's possible entry into the mansions of the blest should cause Boswell to *flatter* himself is not clear.

In the same letter he says that he "can only express hopes of studying," so that the promise to Dr. Johnson would appear to have gone the way of so many others; but it is questionable if he had any serious intention of pursuing study, for, having quoted the wise man's saying regarding much of it, he asks Temple, "Now, if there is on the whole more pain than pleasure in advancing far into literature, would you advise me to do it?"

In truth, he was by nature as ill adapted for persevering study as he was to be a lawyer; but so great was his ambition to make a figure at the bar that, not satisfied with his Scottish practice, he had himself enrolled at the English bar. "But in truth," he says, "I am sadly discouraged by having no practice, nor probable prospect of it; and to confess fairly to you, my friend, I am afraid that, were I to be tried, I should be found so deficient in the forms, the *quirks* and the *quiddities*, which early habit acquires, that I should expose myself. Yet the delusion of Westminster Hall, of brilliant reputation and splendid fortune as a barrister, still weighs upon my imagination. I must be seen in the Courts, and must hope for some happy openings in causes of importance. . . . Could I be satisfied with being Baron of Auchinleck, with a good income for a gentleman in Scotland, I might, no doubt, be independent. But what can be done to deaden the ambition which has ever raged in my veins like a fever? In the country, I should sink into wretched gloom, or at best into listless dulness and sordid abstraction. Perhaps a time may come when I may by lapse of time be grown fit for it. As yet I really, *from a philosophical spirit*, allow myself to be driven along the tide of life with a good deal of caution, not to be much hurt."

His constant and unsuccessful attend-

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ance in the courts recalls W. S. Gilbert's amusing lines: —

"In Westminster Hall I danced a dance,
Like a semi-despondent fury;
For I thought I should never hit on a chance
Of addressing a British Jury."

And he never did.

His political aspirations were likewise fruitless, and having tried and failed to get into Parliament, he for a long time cherished the illusion that Pitt would do something for him. "I strongly suspect," he says in a letter to Temple, "that Pitt has been prejudiced against me." And he continues: "It is utter folly in Pitt not to reward and attach to his Administration a man of my popular and pleasant talents, whose merit he has acknowledged in a letter under his own hand. He did not answer several letters, which I wrote at intervals, requesting to wait upon him; I lately wrote to him that such behaviour to me was certainly not generous. 'I think it is not just, and (forgive the freedom) I doubt if it be wise. If I do not hear from you in ten days I shall conclude that you are resolved to have no farther communication with me; for I assure you, sir, I am extremely unwilling to give you, or indeed myself, unnecessary trouble.' About two months have elapsed, and *he has made no sign*. . . . He is an insolent fellow, and has behaved very ill to me."

It is indubitable that the "utter folly" was on Boswell's side, and not with Pitt, and Dr. Johnson very delicately said as much in his letter to Boswell: "You must remember that what he has to give must, at least for some time, be given to those who gave and those who preserve his power. A new minister can sacrifice little to esteem or friendship: he must, till he is settled, think only of extending his interest."

The only political preferment that Boswell obtained was the recordership of Carlisle, which brought him little but degradation and insult, and which he gladly resigned after a short but exceedingly painful experience.

His letters to Temple after this period tell of little else but domestic misfortunes, broken health, and shattered hopes and expectations. The death of Dr. Johnson, his truest and best friend, was followed, five years later, by the death of his wife, for whom, notwithstanding his numerous follies and shortcomings, he had a real and deep affection. The loss of these two good influences was a grievous one for poor Boswell, who more than any other man needed some one who loved him to keep him in the right path.

He drifted into despondency and dissipation, and not improbably would have been submerged but for the incentive to effort which he had in the Life of Johnson, on which he had been at work for a considerable time, and which was now almost ready for the printer. "You cannot imagine," he writes to Temple, — "you cannot imagine what labour, what perplexity, what vexation, I have endured in arranging a prodigious multiplicity of materials, in supplying omissions, in searching for papers buried in different masses, and all this besides the exertion of composing and polishing: many a time have I thought of giving it up. However, though I shall be uneasily sensible of its many deficiencies, it will certainly be to the world a very valuable and peculiar volume of biography, full of literary and characteristical *anecdotes told with authenticity and in a lively manner*. Would that it were in the booksellers' shops! Methinks, if I had this *magnum opus* launched, the Public has no further claim upon me, for I have promised no more, and I may die in peace, or retire into dull obscurity, *reddarque tenebris*. Such is the gloomy ground of my mind, that any agreeable perceptions have an uncommon, though but a momentary, brightness. But alas! my friend, be the accidents as they may, how is the substance? how am I? With

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a pious submission to God, but at the same time a kind of obstinate feeling toward men, I walk about upon the earth with inward discontent, though I may appear the most cheerful man you meet. I may have many gratifications, but the comfort of life is at an end."

In an earlier portion of this letter he thus describes his state: "With grief continually at my heart I have been endeavouring to seek relief in dissipation and in wine, so that my life for some time past has been unworthy of myself, of you, and of all that is valuable in my character and connections. . . . I cannot express to you, Temple, what I suffer from the loss of my valuable wife. While she lived, I had no occasion almost to think concerning my family; every particular was thought of by her, better than I could. I am the most helpless of human beings; I am in a state very much that of one in despair."

How thoroughly and accurately he realized the value of his great work is clearly proved by this letter; but nearly two years previously, on the publication of Mason's Life of Gray, he told Temple: "I am absolutely certain that my mode of biography, which gives not only a *History* of Johnson's *visible* progress through the world, and of his publications, but a *view* of his mind in his letters and conversations, is the most perfect that can be conceived, and will be more of a Life than any work that has ever yet appeared."

And on another occasion he tells him, "I think it will be without exception the most entertaining book you ever read." [1]

The beginning of the year 1790 finds Boswell, in his own words, "wonderfully well at present. I cannot account for my healthful mind at this time; there is no change for the better in my circumstances. I have no better prospect of gratifying my ambition, or of increasing my fortune. The irreparable loss of my valuable wife, the helpless state of my daughters, in short all that ever hung heavy upon me is still as it was; but my spirits are vigorous and elastic. I dine in a different company almost every day, at least scarcely ever twice running in the same company, so that I have fresh accessions of ideas. I drink with Lord Lonsdale one day; the next I am quiet in Malone's elegant study revising my Life of Johnson, of which I have high expectations, both as to fame and profit. I surely have the art of writing agreeably.[2] The Lord Chancellor told me he had read every word of my Hebridian Journal; he could not help it; adding, 'Could you give a rule how to write a book that a man *must* read? I believe Longinus could not.'"

That Boswell knew the secret we realize the oftener we turn to that truly wonderful book which *delectando pariterque monendo* gives renewed delight at every fresh perusal.

Three weeks before it was given to an expectant world he wrote to Temple, in a fit of depression: "I am at present in such bad spirits that I have every fear concerning it, — that I may get no profit, nay, may lose, — that the public may be disappointed, and think that I have done it poorly, — that I may make many enemies, and even have quarrels. Yet perhaps the very reverse of all this may happen."

These doubts and fears were not reflected in his introductory remarks, which are characterized by all his usual self-complacency, and very justly so; for, when not oppressed with transient gloom, he felt convinced that he had by the "single talent well employed" secured

[1] Writing to Mr. Joseph Cooper Walker, of Dublin, who furnished him with some letters of Dr. Johnson, he said: "It is my design in writing the Life of that great and grand man to put, as it were, into a Mausoleum all his precious remains that I can gather."

[2] Brief as is this letter, it reveals several idiosyncrasies.

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that for which his soul thirsted, — fame. "I own," he admitted, "I am desirous that my life should *tell*."

And it has told. Never was the success aimed at more fully attained. But for this work nothing else that he has done would have saved him from oblivion: not his eccentricities; not his Corsican Journal or his Dorando, both of which are utterly forgotten; nor yet his Letters, which, for all their painful candor and unblushing openness, lack the qualities of mind which make letters literature. They are slovenly, and show abundant carelessness in phrasing, and are very often confused in thought and in expression. But letter-writing is an art, and the great letter-writers are exceedingly few, yet not so few as the great biographers. Toward explaining Boswell's superlative success in this most difficult form of literary composition many efforts have been made. "He was a great writer because he was a great fool," paradoxically declared Macaulay; and if this were true, what a number of great writers we would have, to be sure, when we call to mind Carlyle's famous dictum! Rapid generalization and airy dogmatism on the surface of things were too frequent with Macaulay, who in this instance was only echoing what Gray had said sixty-three years earlier. It is not to be wondered that a man of Macaulay's nature could not understand so complex a character as Boswell's, which was not of a kind to be estimated and judged by cut-and-dried rules; a certain degree of sympathetic insight was needed, and in this very necessary adjunct to helpful criticism Macaulay was somewhat deficient. Carlyle, who had looked deeper into human nature, more justly appraised his countryman's abilities, while pointing a stern finger at his manifold defects. "Boswell wrote a good book," he says, "because he had a heart and an eye to discern wisdom, and an utterance to render it forth; because of his free insight, his lively talent; above all, of his love and childlike open-mindedness. His sneaking sycophancies, his greediness and forwardness, whatever was bestial and earthly in him, are so many blemishes in his book, which still disturb us in its clearness; wholly hindrances, not helps."

"His birth and education," says his enthusiastic editor and able annotator, John Wilson Croker, "familiarized him with the highest of his acquaintance, and his good nature and conviviality with the lowest. He describes society of all classes with the happiest discrimination. Even his foibles assisted his curiosity; he was sometimes laughed at, but always well received; he excited no envy, he imposed no restraint. . . . He united lively manners with indefatigable diligence, and the volatile curiosity of a *man about town* with the drudging patience of a *chronicler*. . . . Nor were his talents inconsiderable. He had looked a good deal into books, and more into the world."

There is the point. This *coureur* had early recognized that "the proper study of mankind is man," and he knew how to profit by the study "and catch the manners living as they rise." His mind was always open and receptive of fresh ideas, which he had the wit to retain, improve, and develop.

A distinguished critic has credited him with having genius; qualifying it, however, by saying that it was of a peculiar kind. If there be still those who deny him the possession of that rare and precious gift, it must be admitted that he had a very good working substitute for it in the capacity to take pains; and what is the aptitude for long, unwearying attention but the genius of observation?

When a man does the work he is best fitted to do, and does it well, he has done all that can be reasonably expected of him, and it is peevish to abuse him for not being other than he was. Boswell has laid us under a deep debt of grati-

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tude, and that is probably the reason why he has been so much abused.

"I like your son," said the Duke of Argyll, when the laird of Auchinleck introduced Boswell to him, clad in the uniform of the Guards;[1] "this lad must not be shot at for 3*s.* 6*d.* a day." He has been shot at for much less ever since. Every puny scribbler has had his fling at the queer little figure that has bobbed down the stream of time, "pursuing the triumph and partaking the gale" which both Johnson and he have successfully sustained for over a century.

"Every man," said Swift, "is safe from evil tongues, who can be content to be obscure, and men must take Distinction as they take Land *cum onere*." Boswell brought himself before the world, and confessed that he eagerly courted fame, and "the public," says Carlyle, "were incited, not only by their natural love of scandal, but by a special ground of envy, to say whatever ill of him could be said." It is true that in what Carlyle calls "his corruptible part" he put a weapon into his assailants' hands, but when posterity is the richer for a man having lived, much should be forgiven him; and how incalculably poorer we should be had Boswell not given us his matchless work, which is a liberal education in itself! Never again can we have another such book, from lack both of a subject and an executant. Boswell was frequently the flint that produced the spark from the steel of Johnson's mind. "It was," says Croker, "a strange and fortunate concurrence that one so prone to talk, and who talked so well, should be brought into such close contact and confidence with one so zealous and so able to record," and who, to quote Boswell himself, "by recording so considerable a portion of the wisdom and wit of 'the brightest ornament of the eighteenth century,' has largely provided for the instruction and entertainment of mankind."

P. A. Sillard.

TZINCHADZI OF THE CATSKILLS.

I WAS gazing at the mountain slopes across the ear-shaped valley, unable to decide whether they were extremely picturesque or extremely commonplace, when a queer-looking figure on horseback dived out of a wooded spot less than a mile to the right of me. It was a man with a full beard, wearing what in the distance looked like a turban, a cassock, and a sword. He broke into a spirited trot along the main road, but was soon swallowed up by a shaggy gap.

In the insupportable monotony of summer hotel life, the appearance of a cat would have been an event. The odd-looking horseman produced a sensation on the veranda. When the landlord's son arrived with the mail, he solved the riddle.

"He 's a Circassian, an' he sells Oriental goods," he said. "He c'n play all kinds o' tricks on horseback, and he makes money hand over fist."

We feverishly hoped he would get around to our "farm," but he was kept busy peddling among the more fashionable cottagers. I learned that he lived with "Pity Pete," an ancient hemlock peeler, whose rickety shanty and stable, once by the side of a busy road, were now ensconced in the bosom of a young forest, and the next Sunday I went to call on him.

I knew the road well, for it led from

[1] It was an early ambition of his to be a military man.

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the boarding house of which I was so weary down to the lively town at the foot of the wooded hill; yet, as I thought of the man whose acquaintance I was going to make, the leafage which was thickening all around me took on a weird look. I had never spoken to a Circassian before, and the whole Caucasus was epitomized in my brain as a group of horsemen like those I used to see galloping after the Czar's carriage. They wore snow-white coats; the sun played on their gold and silver mountings, on the crimson silk of their fur caps, on the gilt lace of their purple shirts. Their horses almost touched the carriage; their heads hung over the Emperor's. It was glorious and it was terrible. As they bounded past, a hollow-voiced, awe-stricken "Hurrah!" lifted itself along either side of the street.

The young maples closed in on me, and the midday glare lapsed into a twilight of greenish gold.

Presently I heard the neigh of a horse. Then a sabre flamed, and a white figure glimmered through the gloom.

"Hay! Choo!" said a voice.

"Good-morning," I said, in Russian.

"What? Who's there? Good-morning!" came back from behind the trees.

The horse disappeared, and the white figure emerged from the darkness. I introduced myself to a stalwart, pale-faced man with a blond beard. He wore a long white coat, gathered in at the waist by a narrow girdle of leather and Caucasian silver. A white fur cap shaped into a truncated cone, its top covered with red satin and gold lace, was jauntily tilted back on his head. A shirt of cream-colored silk trimmed with gold showed through an opening at the bosom of the cassock, and dangling from the girdle were a dagger and a sabre. The silver tips of what looked like two rows of cartridges glistened at his breast. Things gleamed and sparkled all over him, but there was nothing obtrusively dazzling.

He welcomed me with joyous hospitality, and presently we sat on a fallen tree by the road, chatting of Russia. His Russian was thick with the velvety gutturals of his native tongue, but he spoke it with ease, and he threw himself into the conversation with the eagerness of one loosening his tongue after weeks of enforced silence.

When I asked him if he thought the Catskills pretty, he raised his clear eyes toward the peak looming blue between the trees, and said condescendingly, "They are good."

"Of course they don't come up to your mountains."

He smiled and held out both his index fingers as he said: "A butterfly is pretty, and the sea when sprinkled with sunshine is pretty. These mountains are a butterfly; ours the mighty sea."

He told me his name was David Tzinchadzi; that he was a Georgian nobleman, and that his grandfather once led his tribe against the Russians.

"See this?" he asked, passing his hand over the silver-tipped ornaments at his breast. "They are relics of our glorious past. They are mere sticks of wood, but they represent the powder boxes we used to carry in the mountains. We lost our independence in 1801, yet our horses are fleet, and our steel gleams undimmed. See this metal?" He unsheathed his sabre, and cut a swath in the air. "Four hundred rubles, sir! A Georgian who deserves to be a Georgian will rather be without a wife than without a faithful steed and a brave piece of steel." He paused, smiled ruefully, and added, "I had the two comrades, and I reached out for the third."

"What do you mean?" I asked bashfully. "Did you fall in love?"

"Yes, sir. I loved a dark-eyed maiden, and that's why I am now roaming about these strange mountains. You don't mind my talking about it, do you? My heart has been overflowing so long, I need a listener. Have you ever loved

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a maiden? Have you ever been homesick? Ill luck has inflicted both wounds on me. They are burning me, they are stifling me, they are wringing my heart. Will you hear my tale, sir?"

His speech seemed to me oddly stilted, but, strange to say, I was beginning to feel its effect on my own.

"Even if it takes you three days and three nights," I answered; and he resumed: —

"Well, if your eyes ever behold a maiden, and your heart begins to ache, bear in mind a rule: don't — But no, I won't tell it to you just yet. First listen. All I will tell you is that I did n't know that rule myself, or I should not be here, a shadow among mountains that are not mine. Well, it was in my native town where my heart was touched, in a town called Khadziss. Ah, it 's a lovely nest, sir! There are mountains there, and they are high and beautiful. Our valleys are deep, immense, filled with the echoes of heaven. Our rivers glisten like a sword and wind like a serpent; they murmur words into the Caucasian's ear; and as he flies along their banks on his dear one they speak to him, and he listens, and he flies and flies, and listens and listens. O Lord, have mercy on a poor Caucasian! Carry me back to Khadziss!" He dropped his head, in despair; then a dreamy look came into his eyes, and he went on in a whisper: —

"And our horses, — oh, you can't think how good they are. They are brave, the sweet ones, the best friends we have. Do you know what we say? 'A good steed is better than a bad wife.' But the wife I sought would not be mine."

"Was she the belle of the town?" I urged him on.

"Indeed she was, — a true Caucasian girl, beautiful as a new sword drawn under a million sunbeams, and she can sit in her saddle like the best of men. Our children, boys and girls alike, say 'Zkhem! Zkhem!'[1] almost on the same day as they first say 'Mamma!' but I never saw a girl who could ride like Zelaya.

"One evening I saw her ride past the bailiff's office. I signed to her to stop, and she did. 'Tell me to ride to the world's end for you, Zelaya,' said I. She gave me a sad look, and answered: 'I know you are good to me, but what am I to do? Azdeck says his heart, too, is sore, just like yours. Speak to my father. Let him decide. I know you are both good, but I am only a girl, so I am a fool!' That 's the way she spoke, and, O Lord!" He smote his breast, and drew a heavy sigh.

"Did you speak to her father?" I asked.

"I did, but he said 'no,' the wolf. He 's a stern old man, her father. The neighbors say he 's wise, but he 's as fond of sport as a bad boy. When I asked him why he would n't be my father-in-law, he said: 'You talk too much, my lad, and your talk is too fine. Sift it through a sieve, and out of a dozen words one will be to the point. You will make a poor husband, and a worse father.' 'And Azdeck?' I asked, and as I said the word I felt a load in my throat; and even now, as I speak to you, I seem to feel it choking me."

"And what was his answer?"

"He thought a little, and then he gave a laugh and said: 'Well, Azdeck is as bad as you, and as good. He talks to the point, but he is a fool. Yet a better fellow than you two I don't seem to see around. So run a race, and the one who wins will win Zelaya. Is it a go?' 'It is!' I answered. I was sure I could beat Azdeck, so my heart danced in me. Oh, the fool that I was!

"Well, the holidays were drawing nigh, and the great games were to take place on the square in front of the village church. Every fellow was to show his smartest djigits,[2] and then Azdeck and I were to ride for Zelaya. So I

[1] A horse! A horse!

[2] Feats of horsemanship.

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thought to myself: 'Here is my chance. I will learn to ride so that the whole village will make the sign of the cross.' Away into the fields I went; on the mountain tops I hid; in deserted dales I passed my days, — riding, riding, riding. Oh, how I labored! I had never trained so hard before, and I invented the cleverest tricks that ever were shown by a Caucasian on his steed. 'T is for you, Zelaya!' I whispered to the wind, and the words gave wisdom to my brain and suppleness to my limbs.

"At last it came, the great day. We rode out" —

"How was the weather?" I could not help interrupting him. At first he started, with an annoyed look, but the next minute he smiled, saying: —

"I see you want to know how it all looked, but it 's all a blur in my own brain. I do remember that the sky was overcast and a sharp breeze was blowing, — yes, and it blew the fire of my veins into a merry blaze. There were trumpeters on the mountain slope near by, and their blare is still in my blood. The Caucasians were out in their best silks, gold, silver, and steel. I remember I wore a coat of purple, and the man by my side said it seemed to be all aflame. Well, we unsheathed our swords and — But wait."

He suddenly disappeared, and in a minute or two he came back leading his white horse by the bridle. He paused, looked me over with a shamefaced smile, and then, suddenly leaping into his saddle, he said to the horse: "Tzadzacha! Tzadzacha!"

His face was set with a look of fury, his brow was contracted, his eyes sparkled, his beard seemed grown in size.

"Tzadzacha! Tzadzacha!" he shrieked, flung himself forward, struck the animal a savage blow, and was off, the skirts of his cassock fluttering and his scabbard and buckles twinkling between the trees. He disappeared down the narrow road, but he soon reemerged, and hurling himself down from the horse, he hung suspended by his feet as he was borne along and out of sight again. He rode with his feet in the air and his head on his saddle, and he rode facing his horse's tail; he turned somersaults and he jumped over the saddle; and he was about to perform a more complex djigit, when all at once he reined in the horse and dismounted.

"What 's the trouble?" I asked.

"Nothing," he replied morosely. He clearly resented my failure to applaud, and I hastened to mend matters.

"It was wonderful," I said.

But he continued to frown, and after a little he murmured, with the air of an injured child: "Oh, you don't mean it; you need n't praise me if you don't like my riding. I don't ask you to say it 's good, do I?"

"But it is. I was so absorbed watching your tricks that I omitted to tell you how I admired them," I assured him.

He brightened up.

"I know your circus riders can do better work," he said, with lingering resentment, "but perhaps if you had seen me ride in the Caucasus you would have liked it better. You must n't forget that these mountains are not mine, and the beast does n't know me. Anyway, the Caucasians did think I rode well; and Azdeck, he was so scared at sight of my djigits that he sat in his saddle like a fool, and never budged. Seeing that, I lashed myself to still hotter work, and flew off in a whirlwind of djigits. You might n't have liked it, but the Caucasians, such as they are, were wild with admiration, and — and there is where my great mistake comes in. The Caucasians began to tease Azdeck, to make mock of him, till he dismounted, and with bowed head and weeping he took his beast home."

"And Zelaya?" I asked impatiently.

"What about her? She came forward and said: 'Tzinchadzi, you have won the race. I am yours.'"

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"Did she?" I inquired, perplexed.

Tzinchadzi burst into a triumphant laugh.

"You see, sir, although you know much about horsemanship, you don't seem to be very deep in some other kinds of wisdom. I had no trouble in getting you to believe that I won her; yet it was Azdeck who got her, not I, and all because of that accursed victory of mine!

"I tell you what," he continued softly, as he thrust out his two index fingers, and a thoughtful smile animated his queer, bloodless face. "There are many ways of bewitching a maiden, but beware of casting the wrong spell. Whatever else you do, beware of casting the wrong spell! I thought I should kindle her blood with admiration for my victory, but I only kindled it with pity for Azdeck. I should n't have let the villagers hoot and jeer at him the way they did. As it was, she walked up to me, pale, gloomy, and said, 'You are without a heart, Tzinchadzi;' and then she sent to tell Azdeck that she was sorry for him, and that she would be his."

He hung his head, and was silent awhile. Then he continued quietly: —

"I disappeared again. My horse was the only friend I had. I could not bear to stay near Zelaya, and I bade my friend, my steed, carry me away, away from my misery. Do you know how we speak to our horses? 'Speed, my oak! Run like a lion, tear mountains asunder for me, darling!' we say. 'Fly like an eagle, my love! Sweep over sea and waste, over mount and dale! Can there be an obstacle where the freedom and glory of your master are at stake? Take wing, birdie, take wing!'

"That 's what I said to my mount; only I bade him take me away from my love, from the sun of my soul, from my black despair. But how can you realize the beauty and the thunders of our tongue unless you hear its echo in the Caucasian mountains, where the gales, our horses, carry their riders uphill and down? So I flew over mountains, and flying I sobbed. You will say Zelaya's father was right, that I am really a fool. Maybe I am, but I am sure that my horse understood my tears, — I am sure he did. Poor darling, where art thou now? Alas, I am torn from thee even as I am from our birthplace!" He gazed up at the sky as he added, under his breath: "I was nine years old when I first mounted a horse and drew a dagger, and they have been my mates ever since. Have you heard of Iracly, our youthful king? He led our people on the Persians when he was a boy of thirteen, and he crushed his enemy into powder. Why? Because his men knew how to make friends of a steed and steel. Well, my friend brought me to Batum, and there the American consul picked me out as a rider for the World's Fair. So you see, although you don't think much of my horsemanship, the American consul did. A man was making up a party of skilled riders, and I was accepted at once. We showed what a Caucasian could do in Chicago. Then the other men went home. I did not. A fellow who came with us brought along a stock of Caucasian goods. He sold some in Chicago, and the rest I bought of him for a low price. He was homesick, like me; only he had a wife and children at home, and I — there was a maiden who would not let me love her.

"A Jew said, 'I tell you what, Tzinchadzi: go to the summer resorts and sell your wares,' and I came here. The Catskills are not up to much, but they are mountains; so I let them listen to the sighs of my pining heart. The Americans saw me ride, and although you, sir, don't seem to care for my djigits, they did. They went wild over them, sir. Then I bought a horse, and let them see what a Circassian could do.

"I sell all kinds of goods now. The Americans are kind: they like my horse-

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manship and buy my trinkets. I make plenty of money, but can it buy me Zelaya? Can it turn the Catskills into the Caucasus? Oh!" He gnashed his teeth, smote the air with his fist, frowned, and compressed his lips.

. . . . . .

I saw him often, but I confess his homesick outpourings began to pall on me. The next winter we met once or twice in New York, and then I lost track of him.

Six years passed. Last summer, as I sat on the upper deck of an overcrowded ferryboat, watching the splinters of a shattered bar of sunshine on the water, and listening to the consumptive notes of a negro's fiddle, I felt a hand on my shoulder.

It was Tzinchadzi, but how changed he was! His beard was gone, and instead of his picturesque costume of yore he wore an American suit of blue serge, a light derby, and a starched shirt front with a huge diamond burning in its centre. He had grown fat and ruddy; he glistened with prosperity and prose.

He told me he had changed his name to "Jones," because he had a busy store and owned some real estate, and the Americans found it difficult to pronounce "Tzinchadzi."

"Are you still homesick?" I joked him.

"I wish I were," he answered, without smiling.

"And Zelaya?"

"She married Azdeck. They are happy, but I bear them no grudge."

"Are you married?"

"No, but my heart is cured of Zelaya. I bear her no grudge."

"So you are all right?"

"Yes. America is a fine place. I expect to go home for a visit, but I won't stay there. A friend of mine went home, but he soon came back. He was homesick for America."

I inquired about his business and his associations, and he answered my questions in a quiet, sober, rather nerveless way, in which I vainly sought to recognize my companion of the Catskills; but suddenly he interrupted himself.

"Shall I tell you the real truth?" he asked, with his old-time vehemence. "I have money and I have friends, but you want to know whether I am happy; and that I am not, sir. Why? Because I yearn neither for my country nor for Zelaya, nor for anything else. I have thought it all out, and I have come to the conclusion that a man's heart cannot be happy unless it has somebody or something to yearn for. Do you remember how sore my soul was while we were in the Catskills? Well, there was a wound in me at that time, and the wound rankled with bitters mixed with sweets. Yes, sir. My heart ached, but its pain was pleasure, whereas now — alas! The pain is gone, and with it my happiness. I have nothing, nothing! O Zelaya, where are the twinges your name used to give me when I roamed around in the mountains that were not mine? Sweet twinges, where are you? Well, sir, I have thought about it often. It amounts to this: I do enjoy life; only I am yearning for — what shall I call it?"

"For your old yearnings," I was tempted to prompt him; but as I looked at his half-shut eyes and rapt face, my phrase-making ambitions seemed so small, so far beneath the mood for which he was vainly seeking a formula, that I remained silent.

"I can't tell you what I feel," he finally said. "Maybe if I could I should n't feel it, and there would be nothing to tell, so that the telling of it would be a lie. I have plenty of money; but if you want to think of a happy man, think of Tzinchadzi of the Catskills, not of Jones of New York."

Abraham Cahan.

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AUDREY.[1]

X.[2]

HAWARD AND EVELYN.

MACLEAN put aside with much gentleness the hands of his surgeon, and, rising to his feet, answered the question in Haward's eyes by producing a slip of paper and gravely proffering it to the man whom he served. Haward took it, read it, and handed it back; then turned to the Quaker maiden. "Mistress Truelove Taberer," he said courteously. "Are you staying in town? If you will tell me where you lodge, I will myself conduct you thither."

Truelove shook her head, and slipped her hand into that of her brother Ephraim. "I thank thee, friend," she said, with gentle dignity, "and thee, too, Angus MacLean, though I grieve that thee sees not that it is not given us to meet evil with evil, nor to withstand force with force. Ephraim and I can now go in peace. I thank thee again, friend, and thee." She gave her hand first to Haward, then to MacLean. The former, knowing the fashion of the Quakers, held the small fingers a moment, then let them drop; the latter, knowing it too, raised them to his lips and imprinted upon them an impassioned kiss. Truelove blushed, then frowned, last of all drew her hand away.

With the final glimpse of her gray skirt the Highlander came back to the present. "Singly I could have answered for them all, one after the other," he said stiffly. "Together they had the advantage. I pay my debt and give you thanks, sir."

"That is an ugly cut across your forehead," replied Haward. "Mr. Ker had best bring you a basin of water. Or stay! I am going to my lodging. Come with me, and Juba shall dress the wound properly."

MacLean turned his keen blue eyes upon him. "Am I to understand that you give me a command, or that you extend to me an invitation? In the latter case, I should prefer" —

"Then take it as a command," said Haward imperturbably. "I wish your company. Mr. Ker, good-day; and set me aside the plate of which we talked yesterday."

The two moved down the room together, but at the door MacLean, with his face set like a flint, stood aside, and Haward passed out first, then waited for the other to come up with him.

"When I drink a cup I drain it to the dregs," said the Scot. "I walk behind the man who commands me. The way, you see, is not broad enough for you and me and hatred."

"Then let hatred lag behind," answered Haward coolly. "I have negroes to walk at my heels when I go abroad. I take you for a gentleman, accept your enmity an it please you, but protest against standing here in the hot sunshine."

With a shrug MacLean joined him. "As you please," he said. "I have in spirit moved with you through London streets. I never thought to walk with you in the flesh."

It was yet warm and bright in the street, the dust thick, the air heavy with the odors of the May. Haward and MacLean walked in silence, each as to the other, one as to the world at large. Now and again the Virginian must stop to bow profoundly to curtsying ladies, or to take snuff with some portly Councilor or less stately Burgess, who, coming from

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[2] A summary of the preceding chapters may be found on the fifth advertising page.

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the Capitol, chanced to overtake them. When he paused his storekeeper paused also, but, having no notice taken of him beyond a glance to discern his quality, needed neither a supple back nor a ready smile.

Haward lodged upon Palace Street, in a square brick house, lived in by an ancient couple who could remember Puritan rule in Virginia, who had served Sir William Berkeley, and had witnessed the burning of Jamestown by Bacon. There was a grassy yard to the house, and the path to the door lay through an alley of lilacs, purple and white. The door was open, and Haward and MacLean, entering, crossed the hall, and going into a large, low room, into which the late sunshine was streaming, found the negro Juba setting cakes and wine upon the table.

"This gentleman hath a broken head, Juba," said the master. "Bring water and linen, and bind it up for him."

As he spoke he laid aside hat and rapier, and motioned MacLean to a seat by the window. The latter obeyed the gesture in silence, and in silence submitted to the ministrations of the negro. Haward, sitting at the table, waited until the wound had been dressed; then with a wave of the hand dismissed the black.

"You would take nothing at my hands the other day," he said to the grim figure at the window. "Change your mind, my friend, — or my foe, — and come sit and drink with me."

MacLean reared himself from his seat, and went stiffly over to the table. "I have eaten and drunken with an enemy before to-day," he said. "Once I met Ewin Mor Mackinnon upon a mountain side. He had oatcake in his sporran, and I a flask of usquebaugh. We couched in the heather, and ate and drank together, and then we rose and fought. I should have slain him but that a dozen Mackinnons came up the glen, and he turned and fled to them for cover. Here I am in an alien land; a thousand fiery crosses would not bring one clansman to my side; I cannot fight my foe. Wherefore, then, should I take favors at his hands?"

"Why should you be my foe?" demanded Haward. "Look you, now! There was a time, I suppose, when I was an insolent youngster like any one of those who lately set upon you; but now I call myself a philosopher and man of a world for whose opinions I care not overmuch. My coat is of fine cloth, and my shirt of holland; your shirt is lockram, and you wear no coat at all: *ergo*, saith a world of pretty fellows, we are beings of separate planets. 'As the cloth is, the man is,' — to which doctrine I am at times heretic. I have some store of yellow metal, and spend my days in ridding myself of it, — a feat which you have accomplished. A goodly number of acres is also counted unto me, but in the end my holding and your holding will measure the same. I walk a level road; you have met with your precipice, and, bruised by the fall, you move along stony ways; but through the same gateway we go at last. Fate, not I, put you here. Why should you hate me who am of your order?"

MacLean left the table, and twice walked the length of the room, slowly and with knitted brows. "If you mean the world-wide order, — the order of gentlemen," — he said, coming to a pause with the breadth of the table between him and Haward, "we may have that ground in common. The rest is debatable land. I do not take you for a sentimentalist or a redresser of wrongs. I am your storekeeper, purchased with that same yellow metal of which you so busily rid yourself; and your storekeeper I shall remain until the natural death of my term, two years hence. We are not countrymen; we own different kings; I may once have walked your level road, but you have never moved in the stony ways; my eyes are blue, while

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yours are gray; you love your melting Southern music, and I take no joy save in the pipes; I dare swear you like the smell of lilies which I cannot abide, and prefer fair hair in women where I would choose the dark. There is no likeness between us. Why, then" —

Haward smiled, and drawing two glasses toward him slowly filled them with wine. "It is true," he said, "that it is not my intention to become a petitioner for the pardon of a rebel to his serene and German Majesty the King; true also that I like the fragrance of the lily. I have my fancies. Say that I am a man of whim, and that, living in a lonely house set in a Sahara of tobacco fields, it is my whim to desire the acquaintance of the only gentleman within some miles of me. Say that my fancy hath been caught by a picture drawn for me a week agone; that, being a philosopher, I play with the idea that your spirit, knife in hand, walked at my elbow for ten years, and I knew it not. Say that the idea has for me a curious fascination. Say, finally, that I plume myself that, given the chance, I might break down this airy hatred."

He set down the bottle, and pushed one of the brimming glasses across the table. "I should like to make trial of my strength," he said, with a laugh. "Come! I did you a service to-day; in your turn do me a pleasure."

MacLean dragged a chair to the table, and sat down. "I will drink with you," he said, "and forget for an hour. A man grows tired. It is Burgundy, is it not? Old Borlum and I emptied a bottle between us, the day he went as hostage to Wills; since then I have not tasted wine. It is a pretty color."

Haward lifted his glass. "I drink to your future. Freedom, better days, a stake in a virgin land, friendship with a sometime foe." He bowed to his guest and drank.

"In my country," answered MacLean, "where we would do most honor, we drink not to life, but to death. *Crioch onarach!* Like a gentleman may you die." He drank, and sighed with pleasure.

"The King," said Haward. There was a china bowl, filled with red anemones, upon the table. MacLean drew it toward him, and, pressing aside the mass of bloom, passed his glass over the water in the bowl. "The King, with all my heart," he said imperturbably.

Haward poured more wine. "I have toasted at the Kit-Kat many a piece of brocade and lace less fair than yon bit of Quaker gray that cost you a broken head. Shall we drink to Mistress Truelove Taberer?"

By now the Burgundy had warmed the heart and loosened the tongue of the man who had not tasted wine since the surrender of Preston. "It is but a mile from the store to her father's house," he said. "Sometimes on Sundays I go up the creek upon the Fair View side, and when I am over against the house I hollo. Ephraim comes in his boat and rows me across, and I stay for an hour. They are a strange folk, the Quakers. In her sight and in that of her people I am as good a man as you. 'Friend Angus MacLean,' 'Friend Marmaduke Haward,' — world's wealth and world's rank quite beside the question."

He drank, and commended the wine. Haward struck a silver bell, and bade Juba bring another bottle.

"When do you come again to the house at Fair View?" asked the storekeeper.

"Very shortly. It is a lonely place, where ghosts bear me company. I hope that now and then, when I ask it, and when the duties of your day are ended, you will come help me exorcise them. You shall find welcome and good wine." He spoke very courteously, and if he saw the humor of the situation his smile betrayed him not.

MacLean took a flower from the bowl,

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and plucked at its petals with nervous fingers. "Do you mean that?" he asked at last.

Haward leaned across the table, and their eyes met. "On my word I do," said the Virginian.

The knocker on the house door sounded loudly, and a moment later a woman's clear voice, followed by a man's deeper tones, was heard in the hall.

"More guests," said Haward lightly. "You are a Jacobite; I drink my chocolate at St. James' Coffee House; the gentleman approaching — despite his friendship for Orrery and for the Bishop of Rochester — is but a Hanover Tory; but the lady, — the lady wears only white roses, and every 10th of June makes a birthday feast."

The storekeeper rose hastily to take his leave, but was prevented both by Haward's restraining gesture and by the entrance of the two visitors who were now ushered in by the grinning Juba. Haward stepped forward. "You are very welcome, Colonel. Evelyn, this is kind. Your woman told me this morning that you were not well, else" —

"A migraine," she answered, in her clear, low voice. "I am better now, and my father desired me to take the air with him."

"We return to Westover to-morrow," said that sprightly gentleman. "Evelyn is like David of old, and pines for water from the spring at home. It also appears that the many houses and thronged streets of this town weary her, who, poor child, is used to an Arcady called London! When will you come to us at Westover, Marmaduke?"

"I cannot tell," Haward answered. "I must first put my own house in order, so that I may in my turn entertain my friends."

As he spoke he moved aside, so as to include in the company MacLean, who stood beside the table. "Evelyn," he said, "let me make known to you — and to you, Colonel — a Scots gentleman who hath broken his spear in his tilt with fortune, as hath been the luck of many a gallant man before him. Mistress Evelyn Byrd, Colonel Byrd — Mr. MacLean, who was an officer in the Highland force taken at Preston, and who has been for some years a prisoner of war in Virginia."

The lady's curtsy was low; the Colonel bowed as to his friend's friend. If his eyebrows went up, and if a smile twitched the corners of his lips, the falling curls of his periwig hid from view these tokens of amused wonder. MacLean bowed somewhat stiffly, as one grown rusty in such matters. "I am in addition Mr. Marmaduke Haward's storekeeper," he said succinctly, then turned to the master of Fair View. "It grows late," he announced, "and I must be back at the store to-night. Have you any message for Saunderson?"

"None," answered Haward. "I go myself to Fair View to-morrow, and then I shall ask you to drink with me again."

As he spoke he held out his hand. MacLean looked at it, sighed, then touched it with his own. A gleam as of wintry laughter came into his blue eyes. "I doubt that I shall have to get me a new foe," he said, with regret in his voice.

When he had bowed to the lady and to her father, and had gone out of the room and down the lilac-bordered path and through the gate, and when the three at the window had watched him turn into Duke of Gloucester Street, the master of Westover looked at the master of Fair View and burst out laughing. "Ludwell hath for an overseer the scapegrace younger son of a baronet; and there are three brothers of an excellent name under indentures to Robert Carter. I have at Westover a gardener who annually makes the motto of his house to spring in pease and asparagus. I have not had him to drink with me yet, and t' other day I heard Ludwell give to the baronet's son a hound's rating."

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"I do not drink with the name," said Haward coolly. "I drink with the man. The churl or coward may pass me by, but the gentleman, though his hands be empty, I stop."

The other laughed again; then dismissed the question with a wave of his hand, and pulled out a great gold watch with cornelian seals. "Carter swears that Dr. Contesse hath a specific that is as sovereign for the gout as is St. Andrew's cross for a rattlesnake bite. I 've had twinges lately, and the doctor lives hard by. Evelyn, will you rest here while I go petition Æsculapius? Haward, when I have the recipe I will return, and impart it to you against the time when you need it. No, no, child, stay where you are! I will be back anon."

Having waved aside his daughter's faint protest, the Colonel departed, — a gallant figure of a man, with a pretty wit and a heart that was benevolently gay. As he went down the path he paused to gather a sprig of lilac. "Westover — Fair View," he said to himself, and smiled, and smelled the lilac; then — though his ills were somewhat apocryphal — walked off at a gouty pace across the buttercup-sprinkled green toward the house of Dr. Contesse.

Haward and Evelyn, left alone, kept silence for a time in the quiet room that was filled with late sunshine and the fragrance of flowers. He stood by the window, and she sat in a great chair, with her hands folded in her lap, and her eyes upon them. When silence had become more loud than speech, she turned in her seat and addressed herself to him.

"I have known you do many good deeds," she said slowly. "That gentleman that was here is your servant, is he not, and an exile, and unhappy? And you sent him away comforted. It was a generous thing."

Haward moved restlessly. "A generous thing," he answered. "Ay, it was generous. I can do such things at times, and why I do them who can tell? Not I! Do you think that I care for that grim Highlander, who drinks my death in place of my health, who is of a nation that I dislike, and a party that is not mine?"

She shook her head. "I do not know. And yet you helped him."

Haward left the window, and came and sat beside her. "Yes, I helped him. I am not sure, but I think I did it because, when first we met, he told me that he hated me, and meant the thing he said. It is my humor to fix my own position in men's minds; to lose the thing I have that I may gain the thing I have not; to overcome, and never prize the victory; to hunt down a quarry, and feel no ardor in the chase; to strain after a goal, and yet care not if I never reach it."

He took her fan in his hand, and fell to counting the slender ivory sticks. "I tread the stage as a fine gentleman," he said. "It is the part for which I was cast, and I play it well with proper mien and gait. I was not asked if I would like the part, but I think that I do like it, as much as I like anything. Seeing that I must play it, and that there is that within me which cries out against slovenliness, I play it as an artist should. Magnanimity goes with it, does it not, and generosity, courtesy, care for the thing which is, and not for that which seems? Why, then, with these and other qualities I strive to endow the character."

He closed the fan, and, leaning back in his chair, shaded his eyes with his hand. "When the lights are out," he said; "when forever and a night the actor bids the stage farewell; when, stripped of mask and tinsel, he goes home to that Auditor who set him his part, then perhaps he will be told what manner of man he is. The glass that now he dresses before tells him not; but he thinks a truer glass would show a shrunken figure."

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He sat in silence for a moment; then laughed, and gave her back her fan. "Am I to come to Westover, Evelyn?" he asked. "Your father presses, and I have not known what answer to make him."

"You will give us pleasure by your coming," she said gently and at once. "My father wishes your advice as to the ordering of his library; and you know that my pretty stepmother likes you well."

"Will it please you to have me come?" he asked, with his eyes upon her face.

She met his gaze very quietly. "Why not?" she answered simply. "You will help me in my flower garden, and sing with me in the evening, as of old."

"Evelyn," he said, "if what I am about to say to you distresses you, lift your hand, and I will cease to speak. Since a day and an hour in the woods yonder, I have been thinking much. I wish to wipe that hour from your memory as I wipe it from mine, and to begin afresh. You are the fairest woman that I know, and the best. I beg you to accept my reverence, homage, love; not the boy's love, perhaps, perhaps not the love that some men have to squander, but *my* love. A quiet love, a lasting trust, deep pride and pleasure" —

At her gesture he broke off, sat in silence for a moment, then rising went to the window, and with slightly contracted brows stood looking out at the sunshine that was slipping away. Presently he was aware that she stood beside him.

She was holding out her hand. "It is that of a friend," she said. "No, do not kiss it, for that is the act of a lover. And you are not my lover, — oh, not yet, not yet!" A soft, exquisite blush stole over her face and neck, but she did not lower her lovely candid eyes. "Perhaps some day, some summer day at Westover, it will all be different," she breathed, and turned away.

Haward caught her hand, and bending pressed his lips upon it. "It is different now!" he cried. "Next week I shall come to Westover!"

He led her back to the great chair, and presently she asked some question as to the house at Fair View. He plunged into an account of the cases of goods which had followed him from England by the Falcon, and which now lay in the rooms that were yet to be swept and garnished; then spoke lightly and whimsically of the solitary state in which he must live, and of the entertainments which, to be in the Virginia fashion, he must give. While he talked she sat and watched him, with the faint smile upon her lips. The sunshine left the floor and the wall, and a dankness from the long grass and the closing flowers and the heavy trees in the adjacent churchyard stole into the room. With the coming of the dusk conversation languished, and the two sat in silence until the return of the Colonel.

If that gentleman did not light the darkness like a star, at least his entrance into a room invariably produced the effect of a sudden accession of wax lights, very fine and clear and bright. He broke a jest or two, bade laughing farewell to the master of Fair View, and carried off his daughter upon his arm. Haward walked with them to the gate, and came back alone, stepping thoughtfully between the lilac bushes.

It was not until Juba had brought candles, and he had taken his seat at table before the half-emptied bottle of wine, that it came to Haward that he had wished to tell Evelyn of the brown girl who had run for the guinea, but had forgotten to do so.

XI.

AUDREY OF THE GARDEN.

The creek that ran between Fair View and the glebe lands was narrow and deep; rocking upon it was a crazy boat belonging to the minister, and moored

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to a stake driven into a bit of marshy ground below the orchard. To this boat, of an early, sunny morning, came Audrey, and, standing erect, pole in hand, pushed out from the reedy bank into the slow-moving stream. It moved so slowly and was so clear that its depth seemed the deep blue depth of the sky, with now and then a tranquil cloud to be glided over. The banks were low and of the greenest grass, save where they sank still lower and reeds abounded, or where some colored bush, heavy with bloom, bent to meet its reflected image. It was so fair that Audrey began to sing as she went down the stream; and without knowing why she chose it, she sang a love song learned out of one of Darden's ungodly books, a plaintive and passionate lay addressed by some cavalier to his mistress of an hour. She sang not loudly, but very sweetly; carelessly, too, and as if to herself; now and then repeating a line twice or maybe thrice; pleased with the sweet melancholy of the notes, but not thinking overmuch of the meaning of the words. They died upon her lips when Hugon rose from a lair of reeds and called to her to stop. "Come to the shore, ma'm'selle!" he cried. "See, I have brought you a ribbon from the town. Behold!" and he fluttered a crimson streamer.

Audrey caught her breath; then gazed, reassured, at the five yards of water between her and the bank. Had Hugon stood there in his hunting dress, she would have felt them no security; but he was wearing his coat and breeches of fine cloth, his ruffled shirt, and his great black periwig. A wetting would not be to his mind.

As she answered not, but went on her way, silent now, and with her slender figure bending with the motion of the pole, he frowned and shrugged; then took up his pilgrimage, and with his light and swinging stride kept alongside of the boat. The ribbon lay across his arm, and he turned it in the sunshine. "If you come not and get it," he wheedled, "I will throw it in the water."

The angry tears sprang to Audrey's eyes. "Do so, and save me the trouble," she answered, and then was sorry that she had spoken.

The red came into the swarthy cheeks of the man upon the bank. "You love me not," he said. "Good! You have told me so before. But here I am!"

"Then here is a coward!" said Audrey. "I do not wish you to walk there. I do not wish you to speak to me. Go back!"

Hugon's teeth began to show. "I go not," he answered, with something between a snarl and a smirk. "I love you, and I follow on your path, — like a lover."

"Like an Indian!" cried the girl.

The arrow pierced the heel. The face which he turned upon her was the face of a savage, made grotesque and horrible, as war paint and feathers could not have made it, by the bushy black wig and the lace cravat.

"Audrey!" he called. "Morning Light! Sunshine in the Dark! Dancing Water! Audrey that will not be called 'mademoiselle' nor have the wooing of the son of a French chief! Then shall she have the wooing of the son of a Monacan woman. I am a hunter. I will woo as they woo in the woods."

Audrey bent to her pole, and made faster progress down the creek. Her heart was hot and angry, and yet she was afraid. All dreadful things, all things that oppressed with horror, all things that turned one white and cold, so cold and still that one could not run away, were summed up for her in the word "Indian." To her the eyes of Hugon were basilisk eyes, — they drew her and held her; and when she looked into them, she saw flames rising and bodies of murdered kindred; then the mountains loomed above her again, and it was night-time, and she was alone save for the dead, and mad with fear and with the quiet.

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The green banks went by, and the creek began to widen. "Where are you going?" called the trader. "Wheresoever you go, at the end of your path stand my village and my wigwam. You cannot stay all day in that boat. If you come not back at the bidden hour, Darden's squaw will beat you. Come over, Morning Light, come over, and take me in your boat, and tie your hair with my gift. I will not hurt you. I will tell you the French love songs that my father sang to my mother. I will speak of land that I have bought (oh, I have prospered, ma'm'selle!), and of a house that I mean to build, and of a woman that I wish to put in the house, — a Sunshine in the Dark to greet me when I come from my hunting in the great forests beyond the falls, from my trading with the nation of the Tuscaroras, with the villages of the Monacans. Come over to me, Morning Light!"

The creek widened and widened, then doubled a grassy cape all in the shadow of a towering sycamore. Beyond the point, crowning the low green slope of the bank, and topped with a shaggy fell of honeysuckle and ivy, began a red brick wall. Halfway down its length it broke, and six shallow steps led up to an iron gate, through whose bars one looked into a garden. Gazing on down the creek past the further stretch of the wall, the eye came upon the shining reaches of the river.

Audrey turned the boat's head toward the steps and the gate in the wall. The man on the opposite shore let fall an oath.

"So you go to Fair View house!" he called across the stream. "There are only negroes there, unless" — he came to a pause, and his face changed again, and out of his eyes looked the spirit of some hot, ancestral French lover, cynical, suspicious, and jealously watchful — "unless their master is at home," he ended, and laughed.

Audrey touched the wall, and over a great iron hook projecting therefrom threw a looped rope, and fastened her boat.

"I stay here until you come forth!" swore Hugon from across the creek. "And then I follow you back to where you must moor the boat. And then I shall walk with you to the minister's house. Until we meet again, ma'm'selle!"

Audrey answered not, but sped up the steps to the gate. A sick fear lest it should be locked possessed her; but it opened at her touch, disclosing a long, sunny path, paved with brick, and shut between lines of tall, thick, and smoothly clipped box. The gate clanged to behind her; ten steps, and the boat, the creek, and the farther shore were hidden from her sight. With this comparative bliss came a faintness and a trembling that presently made her slip down upon the warm and sunny floor, and lie there, with her face within her arm and the tears upon her cheeks. The odor of the box wrapped her like a mantle; a lizard glided past her; somewhere in open spaces birds were singing; finally a greyhound came down the path, and put its nose into the hollow of her hand.

She rose to her knees, and curled her arm around the dog's neck; then, with a long sigh, stood up, and asked of herself if this were the way to the house. She had never seen the house at close range, had never been in this walled garden. It was from Williamsburgh that the minister had taken her to his home, eleven years before. Sometimes from the river, in those years, she had seen, rising above the trees, the steep roof and the upper windows; sometimes upon the creek she had gone past the garden wall, and had smelled the flowers upon the other side.

In her lonely life, with the beauty of the earth about her to teach her that there might be greater beauty that she yet might see; with a daily round of toil and sharp words to push her to that

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escape which lay in a world of dreams, she had entered that world, and thrived therein. It was a world that was as pure as a pearl, and more fantastic than an Arabian tale. She knew that when she died she could take nothing out of life with her to heaven. But with this other world it was different, and all that she had or dreamed of that was fair she carried through its portals. This house was there. Long closed, walled in, guarded by tall trees, seen at far intervals and from a distance, as through a glass darkly, it had become to her an enchanted spot, about which played her quick fancy, but where her feet might never stray.

But now the spell which had held the place in slumber was snapped, and her feet were set in its pleasant paths. She moved down the alley between the lines of box, and the greyhound went with her. The branches of a walnut tree drooped heavily across the way; when she had passed them she saw the house, square, dull red, bathed in sunshine. A moment, and the walk led her between squat pillars of living green into the garden out of the fairy tale.

Dim, fragrant, and old time; walled in; here sunshiny spaces, there cool shadows of fruit trees; broken by circles and squares of box; green with the grass and the leaves, red and purple and gold and white with the flowers; with birds singing, with the great silver river murmuring by without the wall at the foot of the terrace, with the voice of a man who sat beneath a cherry tree reading aloud to himself, — such was the garden that she came upon, a young girl, and heavy at heart.

She was so near that she could hear the words of the reader, and she knew the piece that he was reading; for you must remember that she was not untaught, and that Darden had books.

"'When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight'" —

The greyhound ran from Audrey to the man who was reading these verses with taste and expression, and also with a smile half sad and half cynical. He glanced from his page, saw the girl where she stood against the dark pillar of the box, tossed aside the book, and went to her down the grassy path between rows of nodding tulips. "Why, child!" he said. "Did you come up like a flower? I am glad to see you in my garden, little maid. Are there Indians without?"

At least, to Audrey, there were none within. She had been angered, sick at heart and sore afraid, but she was no longer so. In this world that she had entered it was good to be alive; she knew that she was safe, and of a sudden she felt that the sunshine was very golden, the music very sweet. To Haward, looking at her with a smile, she gave a folded paper which she pulled from the bosom of her gown. "The minister sent me with it," she explained, and curtsied shyly.

Haward took the paper, opened it, and fell to poring over the crabbed characters with which it was adorned. "Ay? Gratulateth himself that this fortunate parish hath at last for vestryman Mr. Marmaduke Haward; knoweth that, seeing I am what I am, my influence will be paramount with said vestry; commendeth himself to my favor; beggeth that I listen not to charges made by a factious member anent a vastly magnified occurrence at the French ordinary; prayeth that he may shortly present himself at Fair View, and explain away certain calumnies with which his enemies have poisoned the ears of the Commissary; hopeth that I am in good health; and is my very obedient servant to command. Humph!"

He let the paper flutter to the ground, and turned to Audrey with a kindly

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smile. "I am much afraid that this man of the church, whom I gave thee for guardian, child, is but a rascal, after all, and a wolf in sheep's clothing. But let him go hang while I show you my garden."

Going closer, he glanced at her keenly; then went nearer still, and touched her cheek with his forefinger. "You have been crying," he said. "There *were* Indians, then. How many and how strong, Audrey?"

The dark eyes that met his were the eyes of the child who, in the darkness, through the corn, had run from him, her helper. "There was one," she whispered, and looked over her shoulder.

Haward drew her to the seat beneath the cherry tree, and there, while he sat beside her, elbow on knee and chin on hand, watching her, she told him of Hugon. It was so natural to tell him. When she had made an end of her halting, broken sentences, and he spoke to her gravely and kindly, she hung upon his words, and thought him wise and wonderful as a king. He told her that he would speak to Darden, and did not despair of persuading that worthy to forbid the trader his house. Also he told her that in this settled, pleasant, every-day Virginia, and in the eighteenth century, a maid, however poor and humble, might not be married against her will. If this half-breed had threats to utter, there was always the law of the land. A few hours in the pillory or a taste of the sheriff's whip might not be amiss. Finally, if the trader made his suit again, Audrey must let him know, and Monsieur Jean Hugon should be taught that he had another than a helpless, friendless girl to deal with.

Audrey listened and was comforted, but the shadow did not quite leave her eyes. "He is waiting for me now," she said fearfully to Haward, who had not missed the shadow. "He followed me down the creek, and is waiting over against the gate in the wall. When I go back he will follow me again, and at last I will have to cross to his side. And then he will go home with me, and make me listen to him. His eyes burn me, and when his hand touches me I see — I see" —

Her frame shook, and she raised to his gaze a countenance suddenly changed into Tragedy's own. "I don't know why," she said, in a stricken voice, "but of them all that I kissed good-by that night I now see only Molly. I suppose she was about as old as I am now when they killed her. We were always together. I can't remember her face very clearly; only her eyes, and how red her lips were. And her hair: it came to her knees, and mine is just as long. For a long, long time after you went away, when I could not sleep because it was dark, or when I was frightened or Mistress Deborah beat me, I saw them all; but now I see only Molly, — Molly lying there *dead*."

There was a silence in the garden, broken presently by Haward. "Ay, Molly," he said absently.

With his hand covering his lips and his eyes upon the ground, he fell into a brown study. Audrey sat very still for fear that she might disturb him, who was so kind to her. A passionate gratitude filled her young heart; she would have traveled round the world upon her knees to serve him. As for him, he was not thinking of the mountain girl, the oread who, in the days when he was younger and his heart beat high, had caught his light fancy, tempting him from his comrades back to the cabin in the valley, to look again into her eyes and touch the brown waves of her hair. She was ashes, and the memory of her stirred him not.

At last he looked up. "I myself will take you home, child. This fellow shall not come near you. And cease to think of these gruesome things that happened long ago. You are young and fair; you should be happy. I will see to it that" —

He broke off, and again looked thoughtfully at the ground. The book which he

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had tossed aside was lying upon the grass, open at the poem which he had been reading. He stooped and raised the volume, and, closing it, laid it upon the bench beside her. Presently he laughed. "Come, child!" he said. "You have youth. I begin to think my own not past recall. Come and let me show you my dial that I have just had put up."

There was no load at Audrey's heart: the vision of Molly had passed; the fear of Hugon was a dwindling cloud. She was safe in this old sunny garden, with harm shut without. And as a flower opens to the sunshine, so because she was happy she grew more fair. Audrey every day, Audrey of the infrequent speech and the wide dark eyes, the startled air, the shy, fugitive smiles, — that was not Audrey of the garden. Audrey of the garden had shining eyes, a wild elusive grace, laughter as silvery as that which had rung from her sister's lips, years agone, beneath the sugar tree in the far-off blue mountains, quick gestures, quaint fancies which she feared not to speak out, the charm of mingled humility and spirit; enough, in short, to make Audrey of the garden a name to conjure with.

They came to the sundial, and leaned thereon. Around its rim were graved two lines from Herrick, and Audrey traced the letters with her finger. "The philosophy is sound," remarked Haward, "and the advice worth the taking. Let us go see if there are any rosebuds to gather from the bushes yonder. Damask buds should look well against your hair, child."

When they came to the rosebushes he broke for her a few scarce-opened buds, and himself fastened them in the coils of her hair. Innocent and glad as she was, — glad even that he thought her fair, — she trembled beneath his touch, and knew not why she trembled. When the rosebuds were in place they went to see the clove pinks, and when they had seen the clove pinks they walked slowly up another alley of box, and across a grass plot to a side door of the house; for he had said that he must show her in what great, lonely rooms he lived.

Audrey measured the height and breadth of the house with her eyes. "It is a large place for one to live in alone," she said, and laughed. "There 's a book at the Widow Constance's; Barbara once showed it to me. It is all about a pilgrim; and there 's a picture of a great square house, quite like this, that was a giant's castle, — Giant Despair. Good giant, eat me not!"

Child, woman, spirit of the woodland, she passed before him into a dim, cool room, all littered with books. "My library," said Haward, with a wave of his hand. "But the curtains and pictures are not hung, nor the books in place. Hast any schooling, little maid? Canst read?"

Audrey flushed with pride that she could tell him that she was not ignorant; not like Barbara, who could not read the giant's name in the pilgrim book.

"The crossroads schoolmaster taught me," she explained. "He has a scar in each hand, and is a very wicked man, but he knows more than the Commissary himself. The minister, too, has a cupboard filled with books, and he buys the new ones as the ships bring them in. When I have time, and Mistress Deborah will not let me go to the woods, I read. And I remember what I read. I could" —

A smile trembled upon her lips, and her eyes grew brighter. Fired by the desire that he should praise her learning, and in her very innocence bold as a Wortley or a Howe, she began to repeat the lines which he had been reading beneath the cherry tree: —

"'When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll'" —

The rhythm of the words, the passion of the thought, the pleased surprise that she thought she read in his face, the gesture of his hand, all spurred her on from sentence to sentence, line to line.

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And now she was not herself, but that other woman, and she was giving voice to all her passion, all her woe. The room became a convent cell; her ragged dress the penitent's trailing black. That Audrey, lithe of mind as of body; who in the woods seemed the spirit of the woods, in the garden the spirit of the garden, on the water the spirit of the water, — that this Audrey, in using the speech of the poet, should embody and become the spirit of that speech was perhaps, considering all things, not so strange. At any rate, and however her power came about, at that moment, in Fair View house, a great actress was speaking.

"'Fresh blooming Hope, gay daughter of the skies,
And Faith'" —

The speaker lost a word, hesitated, became confused. Finally silence; then the Audrey of a while before, standing with heaving bosom, shy as a fawn, fearful that she had not pleased him, after all. For if she had done so, surely he would have told her as much. As it was, he had said but one word, and that beneath his breath, "*Eloïsa!*"

It would seem that her fear was unfounded; for when he did speak, there were, God wot, sugarplums enough. And Audrey, who in her workaday world was always blamed, could not know that the praise that was so sweet was less wholesome than the blame.

Leaving the library they went into the hall, and from the hall looked into great, echoing, half-furnished rooms. All about lay packing cases, many of them open, with rich stuffs streaming from them. Ornaments were huddled on tables, mirrors and pictures leaned their faces to the walls; everywhere was disorder.

"The negroes are careless, and to-day I held their hands," said Haward. "I must get some proper person to see to this gear."

Upstairs and down they went through the house, that seemed very large and very still, and finally they came out of the great front door, and down the stone steps on to the terrace. Below them, sparkling in the sunshine, lay the river, the opposite shore all in a haze of light. "I must go home," Audrey shyly reminded him, whereat he smiled assent, and they went, not through the box alley to the gate in the wall, but down the terrace, and out upon the hot brown boards of the landing. Haward, stepping into a boat, handed her to a seat in the stern, and himself took the oars. Leaving the landing, they came to the creek and entered it. Presently they were gliding beneath the red brick wall with the honeysuckle atop. On the opposite grassy shore, seated in a blaze of noon sunshine, was Hugon.

They in the boat took no notice. Haward, rowing, spoke evenly on, his theme himself and the gay and lonely life he had led these eleven years; and Audrey, though at first sight of the waiting figure she had paled and trembled, was too safe, too happy, to give to trouble any part of this magic morning. She kept her eyes on Haward's face, and almost forgot the man who had risen from the grass and in silence was following them.

Now, had the trader, in his hunting shirt and leggings, his moccasins and fur cap, been walking in the great woods, this silence, even with others in company, would have been natural enough to his Indian blood; but Monsieur Jean Hugon, in peruke and laced coat, walking in a civilized country, with words a-plenty and as hot as fire water in his heart, and none upon his tongue, was a figure strange and sinister. He watched the two in the boat with an impassive face, and he walked like an Indian on an enemy's trail, so silently that he scarce seemed to breathe, so lightly that his heavy boots failed to crush the flowers or the tender grass.

Haward rowed on, telling Audrey stories of the town, of great men whose

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names she knew, and beautiful ladies of whom she had never heard; and she sat before him with her slim brown hands folded in her lap and the rosebuds withering in her hair, while through the reeds and the grass and the bushes of the bank over against them strode Hugon in his Blenheim wig and his wine-colored coat. Well-nigh together the three reached the stake driven in among the reeds, a hundred yards below the minister's house. Haward fastened the boat, and, motioning to Audrey to stay for the moment where she was, stepped out upon the bank to confront the trader, who, walking steadily and silently as ever, was almost upon them.

But it was broad daylight, and Hugon, with his forest instincts, preferred, when he wished to speak to the point, to speak in the dark. He made no pause; only looked with his fierce black eyes at the quiet, insouciant, fine gentleman standing with folded arms between him and the boat; then passed on, going steadily up the creek toward the bend where the water left the open smiling fields and took to the forest. He never looked back, but went like a hunter with his prey before him. Presently the shadows of the forest touched him, and Audrey and Haward were left alone.

The latter laughed. "If his courage is of the quality of his lace — What, cowering, child, and the tears in your eyes! You were braver when you were not so tall, in those mountain days. Nay, no need to wet your shoe."

He lifted her in his arms, and set her feet upon firm grass. "How long since I carried you across a stream and up a dark hillside!" he said. "And yet to-day it seems but yesternight! Now, little maid, the Indian has run away, and the path to the house is clear."

In his smoke-filled, untidy best room Darden sat at table, his drink beside him, his pipe between his fingers, and open before him a book of jests, propped by a tome of divinity. His wife coming in from the kitchen, he burrowed in the litter upon the table until he found an open letter, which he flung toward her. "The Commissary threatens again, damn him!" he said between smoke puffs. "It seems that t' other night, when I was in my cups at the tavern, Le Neve and the fellow who has Ware Creek parish — I forget his name — must needs come riding by. I was dicing with Paris. Hugon held the stakes. I dare say we kept not mum. And out of pure brotherly love and charity, my good, kind gentlemen ride on to Williamsburgh on a tale-bearing errand! Is that child never coming back, Deborah?"

"She 's coming now," answered his wife, with her eyes upon the letter. "I was watching from the upper window. He rowed her up the creek himself."

The door opened, and Audrey entered the room. Darden turned heavily in his chair, and took the long pipe from between his teeth. "Well?" he said. "You gave him my letter?"

Audrey nodded. Her eyes were dreamy; the red of the buds in her hair had somehow stolen to her cheeks; she could scarce keep her lips from smiling. "He bade me tell you to come to supper with him on Monday," she said. "And the Falcon that we saw come in last week brought furnishing for the great house. Oh, Mistress Deborah, the most beautiful things! The rooms are all to be made fine; and the negro women do not the work aright, and he wants some one to oversee them. He says that he has learned that in England Mistress Deborah was own woman to my Lady Squander, and so should know about hangings and china and the placing of furniture. And he asks that she come to Fair View morning after morning until the house is in order. He wishes me to come, too. Mistress Deborah will much oblige him, he says, and he will not forget her kindness."

Somewhat out of breath, but very

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happy, she looked with eager eyes from one guardian to the other. Darden emptied and refilled his pipe, scattering the ashes upon the book of jests. "Very good," he said briefly.

Into the thin visage of the ex-waiting-woman, who had been happier at my Lady Squander's than in a Virginia parsonage, there crept a tightened smile. In her way, when she was not in a passion, she was fond of Audrey; but, in temper or out of temper, she was fonder of the fine things which for a few days she might handle at Fair View house. And the gratitude of the master thereof might appear in coins, or in an order on his store for silk and lace. When, in her younger days, at Bath or in town, she had served fine mistresses, she had been given many a guinea for carrying a note or contriving an interview, and in changing her estate she had not changed her code of morals. "We must oblige Mr. Haward, of course," she said complacently. "I warrant you that I can give things an air! There 's not a parlor in this parish that does not set my teeth on edge! Now at my Lady Squander's" — She embarked upon reminiscences of past splendor, checked only by her husband's impatient demand for dinner.

Audrey, preparing to follow her into the kitchen, was stopped, as she would have passed the table, by the minister's heavy hand. "The roses at Fair View bloom early," he said, turning her about that he might better see the red cluster in her hair. "Look you, Audrey! I wish you no great harm, child. You mind me at times of one that I knew many years ago, before ever I was chaplain to my Lord Squander or husband to my Lady Squander's waiting woman. A hunter may use a decoy, and he may also, on the whole, prefer to keep that decoy as good as when 't was made. Buy not thy roses too dearly, Audrey."

To Audrey he spoke in riddles. She took from her hair the loosened buds, and looked at them lying in her hand. "I did not buy them," she said. "They grew in the sun on the south side of the great house, and Mr. Haward gave them to me."

XII.

THE PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN.

June came to tide-water Virginia with long, warm days and with the odor of many roses. Day by day the cloudless sunshine visited the land; night by night the large pale stars looked into its waters. It was a slumberous land, of many creeks and rivers that were wide, slow, and deep, of tobacco fields and lofty, solemn forests, of vague marshes, of white mists of a haze of heat far and near. The moon of blossoms was past, and the red men — few in number now — had returned from their hunting, and lay in the shade of the trees in the villages that the English had left them, while the women brought them fish from the weirs, and strawberries from the vines that carpeted every poisoned field or neglected clearing. The black men toiled amidst the tobacco and the maize; at noontide it was as hot in the fields as in the middle passage, and the voices of those who sang over their work fell to a dull crooning. The white men who were bound served listlessly; they that were well were as lazy as the weather; they that were newly come over and ill with the "seasoning" fever tossed upon their pallets, longing for the cooling waters of home. The white men who were free swore that the world, though fair, was warm, and none walked if he could ride. The sunny, dusty roads were left for shadowed bridle paths; in a land where most places could be reached by boat, the water would have been the highway but that the languid air would not fill the sails. It was agreed that the heat was unnatural, and that, likely enough, there would be a deal of fever during the summer.

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But there was thick shade in the Fair View garden, and when there was air at all it visited the terrace above the river. The rooms of the house were large and high-pitched; draw to the shutters, and they became as cool as caverns. Around the place the heat lay in wait: heat of wide, shadowless fields, where Haward's slaves toiled from morn to eve; heat of the great river, unstirred by any wind, hot and sleeping beneath the blazing sun; heat of sluggish creeks and of the marshes, shadeless as the fields. Once reach the mighty trees drawn like a cordon around house and garden, and there was escape.

To and fro and up and down in the house went the erst waiting woman to my Lady Squander, carrying matters with a high hand. The negresses who worked under her eye found her a hard taskmistress. Was a room clean today, to-morrow it was found that there was dust upon the polished floor, finger marks on the paneled walls. The same furniture must be placed now in this room, now in that; china slowly washed and bestowed in one closet transferred to another; an eternity spent upon the household linen, another on the sewing and resewing, the hanging and rehanging, of damask curtains. The slaves, silent when the greenish eyes and tight, vixenish face were by, chattered, laughed, and sung when they were left alone. If they fell idle, and little was done of a morning, they went unrebuked; thoroughness, and not haste, appearing to be Mistress Deborah's motto.

The master of Fair View found it too noisy in his house to sit therein, and too warm to ride abroad. There were left the seat built round the cherry tree in the garden, the long, cool box walk, and the terrace with a summer house at either end. It was pleasant to read out of doors, pacing the box walk, or sitting beneath the cherry tree, with the ripening fruit overhead. If the book was long in reading, if morning by morning Haward's finger slipped easily in between the selfsame leaves, perhaps it was the fault of poet or philosopher. If Audrey's was the fault, she knew it not.

How could she know it, who knew herself, that she was a poor, humble maid, whom, out of pure charity and knightly tenderness for weak and sorrowful things, he long ago had saved, since then had maintained, now was kind to; and knew him, that he was learned and great and good, the very perfect gentle knight who, as he rode to win the princess, yet could stoop from his saddle to raise and help the herd girl? She had found of late that she was often wakeful of nights; when this happened, she lay and looked out of her window at the stars and wondered about the princess. She thought that the princess and the lady who had given her the guinea might be one.

In the great house she would have worked her fingers to the bone. Her strong young arms lifted heavy weights; her quick feet ran up and down stairs for this or that before Mistress Deborah could turn around; she would have taken the waxed cloths from the negroes, and upon her knees and with willing hands have made to shine like mirrors the floors that were to be trodden by knight and princess. But almost every morning, before she had worked an hour, Haward would call to her from the box walk or the seat beneath the cherry tree; and "Go, child," would say Mistress Deborah, looking up from her task of the moment.

The garden continued to be the enchanted garden. To gather its flowers, red and white, to pace with him cool paved walks between walls of scented box, to sit beside him beneath the cherry tree or upon the grassy terrace, looking out upon the wide, idle river, — it was dreamy bliss, a happiness too rare to last. There was no harm; not that she ever dreamed there could be. The house overlooked garden and terrace;

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the slaves passed and repassed the open windows; Juba came and went; now and then Mistress Deborah herself would sally forth to receive instructions concerning this or that from the master of the house. And every day, at noon, the slaves drew to all the shutters save those of the master's room, and the minister's wife and ward made their curtsies and went home. The latter, like a child, counted the hours upon the clock until the next morning; but then she was not used to happiness, and the wine of it made her slightly drunken.

The master of Fair View told himself that there was infection in this lotus air of Virginia. A fever ran in his veins that made him languid of will, somewhat sluggish of thought, willing to spend one day like another, and all in a long dream. Sometimes, in the afternoons, when he was alone in the garden or upon the terrace, with the house blank and silent behind him, the slaves gone to the quarters, he tossed aside his book, and, with his chin upon his hand and his eyes upon the sweep of the river, first asked himself whither he was going, and then, finding no satisfactory answer, fell to brooding. Once, going into the house, he chanced to come upon his full-length reflection in a mirror newly hung, and stopped short to gaze upon himself. The parlor of his lodgings at Williamsburgh and the last time that he had seen Evelyn came to him, conjured up by the memory of certain words of his own.

"A truer glass might show a shrunken figure," he repeated, and with a quick and impatient sigh he looked at the image in the mirror.

To the eye, at least, the figure was not shrunken. It was the figure of a man still young, and of a handsome face and much distinction of bearing. The dress was perfect in its quiet elegance; the air of the man composed, — a trifle sad, a trifle mocking. Haward snapped his fingers at the reflection. "The portrait of a gentleman," he said, and passed on.

That night, in his own room, he took from an escritoire a picture of Evelyn Byrd, done in miniature after a painting by a pupil of Kneller, and, carrying it over to the light of the myrtle candles upon the table, sat down and fell to studying it. After a while he let it drop from his hand, and leaned back in his chair, thinking.

The night air, rising slightly, bent back the flame of the candles, around which moths were fluttering, and caused strange shadows upon the walls. They were thick about the curtained bed whereon had died the elder Haward, — a proud man, choleric, and hard to turn from his purposes. Into the mind of his son, sitting staring at these shadows, came the fantastic notion that amongst them, angry and struggling vainly for speech, might be his father's shade. The night was feverish, of a heat and lassitude to foster grotesque and idle fancies. Haward smiled, and spoke aloud to his imaginary ghost.

"You need not strive for speech," he said. "I know what you would say. *Was it for this I built this house, bought land and slaves? . . . Fair View and Westover, Westover and Fair View. A lady that will not wed thee because she loves thee! Zoons, Marmaduke! thou puttest me beside my patience! . . . As for this other, set no nameless, barefoot wench where sat thy mother! King Cophetua and the beggar maid, indeed! I warrant you Cophetua was something under three-and-thirty!*"

Haward ceased to speak for his father, and sighed for himself. "Moral: Three-and-thirty must be wiser in his day and generation." He rose from his chair, and began to walk the room. "If not Cophetua, what then, — what then?" Passing the table, he took up the miniature again. "The villain of the piece, I suppose, Evelyn?" he asked.

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The pure and pensive face seemed to answer him. He put the picture hastily down, and recommenced his pacing to and fro. From the garden below came the heavy odor of lilies, and the whisper of the river tried the nerves. Haward went to the window, and, leaning out, looked, as now each night he looked, up and across the creek toward the minister's house. To-night there was no light to mark it; it was late, and all the world without his room was in darkness. He sat down in the window seat, looked out upon the stars and listened to the river. An hour had passed before he turned back to the room, where the candles had burned low. "I will go to Westover to-morrow," he said. "God knows, I should be a villain" —

He locked the picture of Evelyn within his desk, drank his wine and water, and went to bed, strongly resolved upon retreat. In the morning he said, "I will go to Westover this afternoon;" and in the afternoon he said, "I will go to-morrow." When the morrow came, he found that the house lacked but one day of being finished, and that there was therefore no need for him to go at all.

Mistress Deborah was loath enough to take leave of damask and mirrors and ornaments of china, — the latter fine enough and curious enough to remind her of Lady Squander's own drawing-room; but the leaf of paper which Haward wrote upon, tore from his pocket-book, and gave her provided consolation. Her thanks were very glib, her curtsy was very deep. She was his most obliged, humble servant, and if she could serve him again he would make her proud. Would he not, now, some day, row up creek to their poor house, and taste of her perry and Shrewsbury cakes? Audrey, standing by, raised her eyes, and made of the request a royal invitation.

For a week or more Haward abode upon his plantation, alone save for his servants and slaves. Each day he sent for the overseer, and listened gravely while that worthy expounded to him all the details of the condition and conduct of the estate; in the early morning and the late afternoon he rode abroad through his fields and forests. Mill and ferry and rolling house were visited, and the quarters made his acquaintance. At the creek quarter and the distant ridge quarter were bestowed the newly bought, the sullen and the refractory of his chattels. When, after sunset, and the fields were silent, he rode past the cabins, coal-black figures, new from the slave deck, and still seamed at wrist and ankle, mowed and jabbered at him from over their bowls of steaming food; others, who had forgotten the jungle and the slaver, answered, when he spoke to them, in strange English; others, born in Virginia, and remembering when he used to ride that way with his father, laughed, called him "Marse Duke," and agreed with him that the crop was looking mighty well. With the dark he reached the great house, and negroes from the home quarter took his horse, while Juba lighted him through the echoing hall into the lonely rooms.

From the white quarter he procured a facile lad who could read and write, and who, through too much quickness of wit, had failed to prosper in England. Him he installed as secretary, and forthwith began a correspondence with friends in England, as well as a long poem which was to serve the double purpose of giving Mr. Pope a rival and of occupying the mind of Mr. Marmaduke Haward. The letters were witty and graceful, the poem was the same; but on the third day the secretary, pausing for the next word that should fall from his master's lips, waited so long that he dropped asleep. When he awoke, Mr. Haward was slowly tearing into bits the work that had been done on the poem. "It will have to wait upon my mood," he said. "Seal up the letter to Lord Hervey, boy, and then begone to the fields. If I want you again, I will send for you."

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The next day he proposed to himself to ride to Williamsburgh and see his acquaintances there. But even as he crossed the room to strike the bell for Juba a distaste for the town and its people came upon him. It occurred to him that instead he might take the barge and be rowed up the river to the Jaquelins' or to Green Spring; but in a moment this plan also became repugnant. Finally he went out upon the terrace, and sat there the morning through, staring at the river. That afternoon he sent a negro to the store with a message for the storekeeper.

The Highlander, obeying the demand for his company, — the third or fourth since his day at Williamsburgh, — came shortly before twilight to the great house, and found the master thereof still upon the terrace, sitting beneath an oak, with a small table and a bottle of wine beside him.

"Ha, Mr. MacLean!" he cried, as the other approached. "Some days have passed since last we laid the ghosts! I had meant to sooner improve our acquaintance. But my house has been in disorder, and I myself," — he passed his hand across his face as if to wipe away the expression into which it had been set, — "I myself have been poor company. There is a witchery in the air of this place. I am become but a dreamer of dreams."

As he spoke he motioned his guest to an empty chair, and began to pour wine for them both. His hand was not quite steady, and there was about him a restlessness of aspect most unnatural to the man. The storekeeper thought him looking worn, and as though he had passed sleepless nights.

MacLean sat down, and drew his wine-glass toward him. "It is the heat," he said. "Last night, in the store, I felt that I was stifling; and I left it, and lay on the bare ground without. A star shot down the sky, and I wished that a wind as swift and strong would rise and sweep the land out to sea. When the day comes that I die, I wish to die a fierce death. It is best to die in battle, for then the mind is raised, and you taste all life in the moment before you go. If a man achieves not that, then struggle with earth or air or the waves of the sea is desirable. Driving sleet, armies of the snow, night and trackless mountains, the leap of the torrent, swollen lakes where kelpies lie in wait, wind on the sea with the black reef and the charging breakers, — it is well to dash one's force against the force of these, and to die after fighting. But in this cursed land of warmth and ease a man dies like a dog that is old and hath lain winter and summer upon the hearthstone." He drank his wine, and glanced again at Haward. "I did not know that you were here," he said. "Saunderson told me that you were going to Westover."

"I was, — I am," answered Haward briefly. Presently he roused himself from the brown study into which he had fallen.

"'T is the heat, as you say. It enervates. For my part, I am willing that your wind should arise. But it will not blow to-night. There is not a breath; the river is like glass." He raised the wine to his lips, and drank deeply. "Come," he said, laughing. "What did you at the store to-day? And does Mistress Truelove despair of your conversion to *thee* and *thou*, and peace with all mankind? Hast procured an enemy to fill the place I have vacated? I trust he 's no scurvy foe."

"I will take your questions in order," answered the other sententiously. "This morning I sold a deal of fine china to a parcel of fine ladies who came by water from Jamestown, and were mightily concerned to know whether your worship was gone to Westover, or had instead (as 't was reported) shut yourself up in Fair View house. And this afternoon came over in a periagua, from the other side, a very young gentleman, with money

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in hand, to buy a silver-fringed glove. 'They are sold in pairs,' said I. 'Fellow, I require but one,' said he. 'If Dick Allen, who hath slandered me to Mistress Betty Cocke, dareth to appear at the merrymaking at Colonel Harrison's to-night, his cheek and this glove shall come together!' 'Nathless, you must pay for both,' I told him; and the upshot is that he leaves with me a gold button as earnest that he will bring the remainder of the price before the duel to-morrow. That Quaker maiden of whom you ask hath a soul like the soul of Colna-dona, of whom Murdoch, the harper of Coll, used to sing. She is fair as a flower after winter, and as tender as the rose flush in which swims yonder star. When I am with her, almost she persuades me to think ill of honest hatred, and to pine no longer that it was not I that had the killing of Ewin Mackinnon." He gave a short laugh, and stooping picked up an oak twig from the ground, and with deliberation broke it into many small pieces. "Almost, but not quite," he said. "There was in that feud nothing illusory or fantastic; nothing of the quality that marked, mayhap, another feud of my own making. If I have found that in this latter case I took a wraith and dubbed it my enemy; that, thinking I followed a foe, I followed a friend instead" — He threw away the bits of bark, and straightened himself. "A friend!" he said, drawing his breath. "Save for this Quaker family, I have had no friend for many a year! And I cannot talk to them of honor and warfare and the wide world." His speech was sombre, but in his eyes there was an eagerness not without pathos.

The mood of the Gael chimed with the present mood of the Saxon. As unlike in their natures as their histories, men would have called them; and yet, far away, in dim recesses of the soul, at long distances from the flesh, each recognized the other. And it was an evening, too, in which to take care of other things than the ways and speech of every day. The heat, the hush, and the stillness appeared well-nigh preternatural. A sadness breathed over the earth; all things seemed new and yet old; across the spectral river the dim plains beneath the afterglow took the seeming of battlefields.

"A friend!" said Haward. "There are many men who call themselves my friends. I am melancholy to-day, restless, and divided against myself. I do not know one of my acquaintance whom I would have called to be melancholy with me as I have called you." He leaned across the table and touched MacLean's hand that was somewhat hurriedly fingering the wineglass. "Come!" he said. "Loneliness may haunt the level fields as well as the ways that are rugged and steep. How many times have we held converse since that day I found you in charge of my store? Often enough, I think, for each to know the other's quality. Our lives have been very different, and yet I believe that we are akin. For myself, I should be glad to hold as my near friend so gallant though so unfortunate a gentleman." He smiled and made a gesture of courtesy. "Of course Mr. MacLean may very justly not hold me in a like esteem, nor desire a closer relation."

MacLean rose to his feet, and stood gazing across the river at the twilight shore and the clear skies. Presently he turned, and his eyes were wet. He drew his hand across them; then looked curiously at the dew upon it. "I have not done this," he said simply, "since a night at Preston when I wept with rage. In my country we love as we hate, with all the strength that God has given us. The brother of my spirit is to me even as the brother of my flesh. . . . I used to dream that my hand was at your throat or my sword through your heart, and wake in anger that it was not so . . . and now I could love you well."

Haward stood up, and the two men

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clasped hands. "It is a pact, then," said the Englishman. "By my faith, the world looks not so melancholy gray as it did awhile ago. And here is Juba to say that supper waits. Lay the table for two, Juba. Mr. MacLean will bear me company."

The storekeeper stayed late, the master of Fair View being an accomplished gentleman, a very good talker, and an adept at turning his house for the nonce into the house of his guest. Supper over they went into the library, where their wine was set, and where the Scot, who was no great reader, gazed respectfully at the wit and wisdom arow about him. "Colonel Byrd hath more volumes at Westover," quoth Haward, "but mine are of the choicer quality." Juba brought a card table, and lit more candles, while his master, unlocking a desk, took from it a number of gold pieces. These he divided into two equal portions: kept one beside him upon the polished table, and, with a fine smile, half humorous, half deprecating, pushed the other across to his guest. With an imperturbable face MacLean stacked the gold before him, and they fell to piquet, playing briskly, and with occasional application to the Madeira upon the larger table, until ten of the clock. The Highlander, then declaring that he must be no longer away from his post, swept his heap of coins across to swell his opponent's store, and said good-night. Haward went with him to the great door, and watched him stride off through the darkness whistling The Battle of Harlaw.

That night Haward slept, and the next morning four negroes rowed him up the river to Jamestown. Mr. Jaquelin was gone to Norfolk upon business, but his beautiful wife and sprightly daughters found Mr. Marmaduke Haward altogether charming. "'T was as good as going to court," they said to one another, when the gentleman, after a two hours' visit, bowed himself out of their drawing-room. The object of their encomiums, going down river in his barge, felt his spirits lighter than they had been for some days. He spoke cheerfully to his negroes, and when the barge passed a couple of fishing boats he called to the slim brown lads that caught for the plantation to know their luck. At the landing he found the overseer, who walked to the great house with him. The night before Tyburn Will had stolen from the white quarters, and had met a couple of seamen from the Temperance at the crossroads tavern, which tavern was going to get into trouble for breaking the law which forbade the harboring of sailors ashore. The three had taken in full lading of kill-devil rum, and Tyburn Will, too drunk to run any farther, had been caught by Hide near Princess Creek, three hours agone. What were the master's orders? Should the rogue go to the court-house whipping post, or should Hide save the trouble of taking him there? In either case, thirty-nine lashes well laid on —

The master pursed his lips, dug into the ground with the ferrule of his cane, and finally proposed to the astonished overseer that the rascal be let off with a warning. "'T is too fair a day to poison with ugly sights and sounds," he said, whimsically apologetic for his own weakness. "'T will do no great harm to be lenient, for once, Saunderson, and I am in the mood to-day to be friends with all men, including myself."

The overseer went away grumbling, and Haward entered the house. The room where dwelt his books looked cool and inviting. He walked the length of the shelves, took out a volume here and there for his evening reading, and upon the binding of others laid an affectionate, lingering touch. "I have had a fever, my friends," he announced to the books, "but I am about to find myself happily restored to reason and serenity; in short, to health."

Some hours later he raised his eyes

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from the floor which he had been studying for a great while, covered them for a moment with his hand, then rose, and, with the air of a sleepwalker, went out of the lit room into a calm and fragrant night. There was no moon, but the stars were many, and it did not seem dark. When he came to the verge of the landing, and the river, sighing in its sleep, lay clear below him, mirroring the stars, it was as though he stood between two firmaments. He descended the steps, and drew toward him a small rowboat that was softly rubbing against the wet and glistening piles. The tide was out, and the night was very quiet.

Haward troubled not the midstream, but rowing in the shadow of the bank to the mouth of the creek that slept beside his garden, turned and went up this narrow water. Until he was free of the wall the odor of honeysuckle and box clung to the air, freighting it heavily; when it was left behind the reeds began to murmur and sigh, though not loudly, for there was no wind. When he came to a point opposite the minister's house, rising fifty yards away from amidst low orchard trees, he rested upon his oars. There was a light in an upper room, and as he looked Audrey passed between the candle and the open window. A moment later and the light was out, but he knew that she was sitting at the window. Though it was dark, he found that he could call back with precision the slender throat, the lifted face, and the enshadowing hair. For a while he stayed, motionless in his boat, hidden by the reeds that whispered and sighed; but at last he rowed away softly through the darkness, back to the dim, slow-moving river and the Fair View landing.

This was of a Friday. All the next day he spent in the garden, but on Sunday morning he sent word to the stables to have Mirza saddled. He was going to church, he told Juba over his chocolate, and he would wear the gray and silver.

Mary Johnston.

(*To be continued.*)

HEPHÆSTUS.

Hephæstus, finding that his wife Aphrodite is loved by his brother Ares, voluntarily surrenders the goddess to this younger brother, whom, it is said, Aphrodite herself preferred. — A. S.

TAKE her, O Ares! As Demeter mourned
Through many-fountained Enna, I shall grieve
Forlorn a time, and then, it may be, learn,
Some still autumnal twilight by the sea
Golden with sunlight, to remember not!
As the dark pine foregoes the pilgrim thrush,
I, sad of heart, yet unimpassioned, yield
To you this surging bosom soft with dreams,
This body fashioned of Ægean foam
And languorous moonlight. But I give you not
The eluding soul that in her broods and sleeps,
And ne'er was mine of old, nor can be yours.
It was not born of sea and moon with her,
And though it nests within her, no weak hand

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Of hers shall cage it as it comes and goes,
Sorrows and wakens, sleeps, and sings again.
And so I give you but the hollow lute,
The lute alone, and not the voices low
That sang of old to some forgotten touch.
The lamp I give, but not the glimmering flame
Some alien fire must light, some alien dusk
Enisle, ere it illume your land and sea.
The shell I give you, Ares, not the song
Of murmuring winds and waves once haunting it;
The cage, but not love's wings that come and go.
I give you them, light brother, as the earth
Gives up the dew, the mountain side the mist.

Farewell, sad face, that gleamed so like a flower
Through Paphian groves to me of old, — farewell!
Some Fate beyond our dark-robed Three ordained
This love should wear the mortal rose, and not
Our timeless amaranth. 'T was writ of old, and lay
Not once with us. As we ourselves have known,
And well your sad Dodonian mother found,
From deep to deep the sails of destined love
Are blown and tossed by tides no god controls;
And at the bud of our too golden life
Eats some small canker of mortality.

I loved her once, O Ares, —
I loved her once as waters love the wind,
I sought her once as rivers seek the sea;
And her deep eyes, so dream-besieged, made dawn
And midnight one. Flesh of my flesh she was,
And we together knew dark days and glad.
Then fell the change. Some hand unknown to us
Shook one white petal from the perfect flower,
And all the world grew old. Ah, who shall say
When Summer dies, or when is blown the rose?
Who, who shall know just when the quiet star
Out of the golden west is born again,
Or when the Gloaming saddens into Night?
'T was writ, in truth, of old; the tide of love
Has met its turn, the long horizon lures
The homing bird, the harbor calls the sail.
Home, home to your glad heart she goes, while I
Fare on alone. And yet, when you shall tread
Lightly the sunlit hills with her, and breathe
Life's keener air, all but too exquisite,
Or look through purpling twilight on the world,
Think not my heart has followed nevermore
Those glimmering feet that walked once thus with me,
Nor dream my passion by your passion paled.

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But lower than the god the temple stands ;
As deeper is the sea than any wave,
Sweeter the Summer than its asphodel,
So love far stronger than this woman is.
She from the untiring ocean took her birth,
And from torn wave and foam her first faint breath ;
Child of unrest and change, still through her sweeps
Her natal sea's tumultuous waywardness.
And losing her, lo, one thin drifting cloud
Curls idly from the altar in that grove
Where burn the fires that know not change or death.
Yet she shall move the strange desires of men,
For in her lie dim glories that she dreams
Not of, and on her ever broods a light
Her Cyprian eyes ne'er saw. And evermore
Round her pale face shall pleading faces press;
Round her shall mortal passion beat and ebb.
Years hence, as waves on islands burst in foam,
Madly shall lives on her strange beauty break.
When she is yours, and in ambrosial glooms
You secretly would chain her kiss by kiss,
Though close you hold her in your hungering arms,
Yet will your groping soul but lean to her
Across the dusk, as hill to lonely hill ;
And in your warmest raptures you shall learn
There is a citadel surrenders not
To any captor of the outer walls ;
In sorrow you shall learn there is a light
Illumines not, a chamber it were best
To leave untrod !
O Ares, dread the word
That silences this timorous nightingale,
The touch that wakens strings too frail for hands !
For, giving her, I gain what you shall lose ;
Forsaking her, I hold her closer still.
The sea shall take a deeper sound ; the stars
Stranger and more mysterious henceforth
Shall seem ; the darkening sky line of the west
For me, the solitary dreamer, now shall hold
Voices and faces that I knew not of.
More, henceforth, shall all music mean to me,
And she, through lonely musings, ever seem
As beautiful as are the dead. But you, —
You in your hand shall guard the gathered rose,
Shall hold the riven veil, the loosened chord.
So love your hour, bright god, ere it is lost,
A swan that sings its broken life away.
In that brief hour, 't is writ, you shall hear breathe
Songs blown from some enchanted island home,
Then mourn for evermore life's silent throats, —

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Ay, seek and find the altar when its fires
Are ashes, and the worship vain regret.
A mystic law more strong than all delight
Or pain shall each delicious rapture chill,
Exacting sternly for each ecstasy;
And when her voice enwraps you, and in arms
Luxurious your softest languor comes,
Faintly torn wings shall flutter for the sun,
Madly old dreams shall struggle toward the light,
And, drugged with opiate passion, you shall know
Dark days and shadowy moods when she may seem
To some dusk underworld enchaining you.
Yet I shall know her as she was of old,
Fashioned of moonlight and Ægean foam;
Some visionary gleam, some glory strange,
Shall day by day engolden her lost face;
The slow attrition of the years shall wear
No tenderest charm away, and she shall live
A lonely star, a gust of music sweet,
A voice upon the Deep, a mystery!

But in the night, I know, the lonely wind
Shall sigh of her, the restless ocean moan
Her name with immemorial murmurings,
And the sad golden summer moon shall mourn
With me, and through the gloom of rustling leaves
The shaken throats of nightingales shall bring
Her low voice back, the incense of the fields
Recall too well the odor of her hair.
But lo, the heart doth bury all her dead,
As Mother Earth her unremembered leaves.
So the sad hour shall pass, and with the dawn
Serene I shall look down, where hills and seas
Throb through their dome of brooding hyaline,
And see from Athens gold to Indus gray
New worlds awaiting me, and gladly go, —
Go down among the toilers of the earth
And seek the rest, the deeper peace that comes
Of vast endeavor and the dust of strife.
There my calm soul shall know itself, and watch
The golden-sandaled Seasons come and go,
Still godlike in its tasks of little things;
And, woven not with grandeurs and red wars,
Wanting somewhat in gold and vermeil, shall
The Fates work out my life's thin tapestry,
As sorrow brings me wisdom, and the pang
Of solitude, O Ares, keeps me strong.

Arthur Stringer.

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A POINT OF HONOR.

I.

THE room was full of the scent of wood and field, that fine, warm breath of midsummer, and a white rose climbing round the east window made still more exquisite the fragrance. And as pleasantly suggestive as the outdoor odors was the room itself, — old as we Americans count time, — with its ample space, its pieces of fine mahogany, its family portraits, relieved by engravings and water colors, and its abundant glass and silver, which had a look of tranquil, ready hospitality.

In Maryland a summer evening is meant to be spent out of doors, and at My Lord's Rest the family usually assembled on the airy front portico. But Miss Miriam Hatley, new sole owner of the old Hatley place, was as insensible to heat as a salamander, and she preferred the dining room, a bright lamp, and a mellow book to the desultory talk and music of the young people. Then, too, it chanced just now that Miss Miriam's guests were reduced to three, — her niece Adela Hatley, Ethel Marsh, and a distant cousin, Stanley Hewes; and these three could very well dispense with their hostess's company.

On this special evening, however, Miss Hatley was by no means intent upon her book, which was obviously new. Every now and then she cut a leaf or two, turned it, sipping, skipping, taking the cream off in a finely superior fashion. She was a born reader, yet loved books none the less that she loved life more, and held herself largely independent of the printed word. And now and then Miss Miriam lifted her head, removed her glasses, and unconsciously listened to the sounds that came in from the portico. These sounds were chiefly musical notes, blent occasionally with voices. After a time Miss Hatley pushed away her books, leaned back in her chair, and fell into thought. Her face had that fine poise of expression which means a ready and sympathetic interest in every form of life; and it was full, too, of the echoes of beauty, — echoes all the more delightful in that they were so hauntingly suggestive.

Presently her leisure was interrupted by the three young people, who came strolling in, the gentleman last, and most deliberate in movement.

"We 've come to take you out," said Ethel Marsh's light, meagre young voice. "I insisted it was a shame that we should be enjoying the night and the cool" — The speaker paused.

"And I the lamp and the heat?" asked Miss Hatley.

"But aunt Miriam looks very comfortable," remarked Adela.

"And I said that you were like all other women, — only more so, — and liked your own way better than anything else," observed the gentleman.

They stood about the table, their eyelids drooping and quivering in the strong light, while Miss Miriam sat and looked at them with good-humored, imperturbable comprehension. They all interested her. Stanley and Ethel she liked; her niece Adela she loved; and with Miss Hatley love was a plant of rare and slow growth.

"When I want aunt Miriam, I join her; when you think of her, Ethel, you invite her to join you," said Adela. Her tone was rallying, but there was a slight constraint in it, a slight edge. Miss Miriam sent her niece a glance surprised and monitory, and Adela colored.

"On this occasion we all seem to have joined Miss Hatley," said Stanley Hewes easily.

Hewes was one of the men whom wo-

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men call "interesting," and interest, like beauty, has never been defined. He was well made, of middle height, and gave a general impression of grace and versatility rather than of force and substance. He had a long, oval face, long, harmonious features, and a beautifully shaped head. His long features might have seemed melancholy but for his dancing, bright hazel eyes, and these, together with the red-brown hair, and close-cut beard and mustache of the same hue, gave color and warmth to his face. In manner Hewes was happily careless, inadvertently polite as it were, as if he might have missed the goal of courtesy, but never did; and he had the pleasant reputation of being ready for all emergencies. Though not exactly a ladies' man in the ordinary sense, Hewes was assuredly loved of the ladies, who showed him no little attention. He had "a way with him," they said, which has been from time immemorial woman's general explanation of what pleases her in man. Hewes had, certainly, little traits of expression and manner which proved very effective, — a long, slow side glance, for instance, which seemed to set the girl it was bestowed on apart to be the recipient of special favor; and a way of saying commonplace things in a lightly romantic, wooingly confidential fashion that seemed to surround the confidante with a soft atmosphere of vague possibility. Then he had, too, an unusually fine voice, whose outward sound was a caress, and whose inward truth was a command. Some women — Ethel Marsh, for instance — went so far as to call him "magnetic."

Ethel Marsh herself was a tall, slim girl, with no particular grace of figure, but her face was exquisite. It was a trifle overrefined, a thought too delicate, perhaps; but the perfect lines, the pellucid eyes, the fair abundant hair and flawless skin, were all of that rare quality of beauty which suggests fragrance.

Between Adela and her aunt there was a strong family likeness: the same dark hair and vivid eyes, and in the younger woman a sun-brewed look which emphasized her rich coloring. The Hatley ladies were fine and handsome rather than pretty, and Adela's face had a leashed intensity of expression which made it memorable.

"I see you have all of Meredith," said Hewes, looking at the new books which Miss Hatley had scattered over the table.

"Yes, though I don't know what sort of housemate he 'll prove," answered the lady.

"And do you like him?" asked Ethel, with a pretty, obvious air of making polite conversation.

Miss Miriam looked at her humorously. "Well, in the flood of printed matter in which we are drowning, I can at least hold on to Meredith and keep my head above water," returned she.

"Oh, do give him credit for being more than a mere mental support!" cried Hewes gayly. "I myself am quite a Meredithian, and am always on the *qui vive* for converts."

"I don't care for his somersault English," said Miss Hatley lightly; "but then, as our old mammy used to say, he has 'heaps o' book-learnin' layin' roun' loose,' to say nothing of that far finer learning, a knowledge of the human heart. But what chiefly interests and amuses me is his attitude toward women; for while he may strive to say a new thing, he unconsciously sets forth the immemorially old."

"And what is that?" asked Hewes eagerly.

"'That the beauty of woman delighteth the countenance, and there is nothing the heart of man loveth better.'"

"Oh, Miss Hatley, surely he says much more than that. Wait till you read all the books!" cried Hewes deprecatingly.

"Aunt won't, unless they are amusing and not too spun out," said Adela, laugh-

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ing. "For she thinks the reader has no responsibility toward the author, but that the author has every responsibility toward the reader."

Ethel looked at Hewes, as if to say: "Are you interested in all this? Suppose we go out again?" But Hewes did not move.

"When we have passed our sixtieth birthday," said Miss Hatley, smiling, "the general story of Life ought to have been fairly well learned. But the particular stories are well-nigh infinite, ever varied, and never wholly compassed. The pieces, the moves, and the motives are the same, but the game is forever different." She looked steadily at Adela. "Knowing the rules of the game and observing them, we may play with impunity ourselves, and watch others play with ever increasing comprehension, sympathy, and love." She paused for a moment, and then added: "A man of Mr. Meredith's wit, humor, and sagacity, however, cannot fail to be interesting; and his special theory — the need of courage in women — is, at all events, suggestive. But it requires courage to have courage; to him that hath shall be given, you know. The woman who has the courage of her affections ought, in poetic justice, I suppose, to marry the man who has the courage of his convictions. Both are rarer, perhaps, than we believe. Yet it is pleasant to see Mr. Meredith work out his theories."

"Oh," said Hewes, with a touch of authority, "no writer, perhaps, when it comes to individual men and women, can give more than an outline, which the imagination of the reader fills in. But every one concedes that Meredith's women are his strong point!"

"Well, I think his men are far in advance of his women," returned the lady. "As a rule, the men whom men draw, and the women whom women depict, are nearer the truth; for it is a blessed law of nature that men and women shall view one another through the eyes of the imagination. 'He 's all my fancy painted him,' 'She 's all my fancy painted her,' is the universal" — Miss Hatley paused.

"Folly?" asked Hewes deprecatingly.

"Oh dear, no; wisdom," answered Miss Miriam, laughing.

"For most men," she continued, "the world of women is divided into two classes, those who prey on men, and those who pray to men, — Becky Sharps and Amelia Sedleys. Mr. Meredith's ladies appear to be the usual adjuncts to the masculine side of life. The much-vaunted courage is, as I said, the courage of the affections, and is to redound to the advantage of man. But life requires many kinds of courage, and has many more outlooks than the emotional one. Where is the civic and social conscience of these fair ladies? But we won't press the point. (Were you playing, Stanley, or was Ethel?) One thing I will admit, however: that, as a rule, women are apt to have more principle than honor, and men more honor than principle."

They all exclaimed, Adela with heightened color, and Hewes adding, "I think that that idea is equally uncomplimentary to both."

"It follows upon the assumption that all is fair in love and war. But wait till you reach my age, and you will see, perhaps, what I mean."

"Aunt Miriam, won't you come out presently and join us?" asked Adela wistfully.

"Perhaps," said the elder lady, smiling. "But remember, I have had my moonlight and guitar-playing. I have listened to the wash of the water on our shore; to the murmur of the light wind in the mimosa; to the talk, the laughter, the gentle sighs. I know something of the unspoken wishes, the disembodied dreams. It is your turn now. What counts are the memories you weave for yourselves by means of all these things."

She looked steadily at Adela, who returned the look with one of disquietude.

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"Wait till you read all of Meredith," said Hewes, giving Ethel that long, particular side glance. She showed a consciousness of it by coloring and dropping her eyes. In going out, Hewes and Ethel walked together, and Adela slowly followed them, her head bent, and her under lip held close by the small white teeth.

II.

The night deepened. After a time the young people came reluctantly in, said good-night, and went their ways. Then old Uncle Zeke appeared to close and bar the shutters, and hint cautiously to his Miss Miriam that "'t was nigh on to twelve." But Miss Hatley, without lifting her head, said that she would attend to things, and, sending the man away, still sat on. Every now and then she listened as if with assured expectancy, and then bowed her face over her book again. Lured by the lamp, a moon moth floated in, dyed for a moment its rare pale translucence in the glowing light, and then, after a few agonized flutterings, sank to a disfigured death. Miss Hatley frowned. She loved summer; but the creatures that found death by her lamp troubled her. She picked the dead moth up, and put it gently out of the window. "You should have stayed with your sister spirit, the microphylla rose," she said.

Presently a light step was heard in the hall, and Adela, fully dressed, came in. She was pale now, and her face had that determinedly stilled look which means strong emotion strongly repressed.

"You were waiting for me?" she said briefly.

"Yes," replied Miss Miriam gently.

There was a long silence, during which Adela paced restlessly up and down the room.

"You thought I was n't nice to-night to Ethel Marsh?" she said at last, turning abruptly to her aunt.

"The satirical rogue says here," answered Miss Miriam, laying her hand on the book she had been gleaning from, "that all women are trained to cowardice. Perhaps they are. Yet it surely requires courage to be chivalrous, to forego our own strength of perception, never to put the deliberate finger on another's weakness. You called attention, as it were, to your own disinterestedness where I am concerned, and to her self-seeking."

"I lose patience," said Adela, speaking in low, vibrating tones, "with her continual selfishness, and her adroit way of making it appear that it is *she* who thinks of and for others."

Miss Hatley did not immediately reply.

"There is no atom of affinity between us," continued Adela sternly.

Miss Miriam lifted her brows. "Your friend," she returned warningly.

"My acquaintance, not my friend," replied Adela coldly. "She never thought of coming in for you until Stanley began talking, for the moment, exclusively to me. Then she immediately insisted that we should 'all go in and see what dear Miss Miriam was doing.'"

"Even toward our acquaintance I think we might exercise the grace of reticence."

"Why, aunt Miriam, don't you want me to tell you frankly how matters are between us?"

"I want you to see the truth, and to do simply the right thing," returned her aunt. "I have little faith in confessions, and still less in most confidences: they loosen the bands of self-respect, they dull the fine edge of sensibility. It is a great thing to know, and to know instantly, what are the expedient or lawful or necessary silences of life; and one learns by practicing on one's self. Do *you* really know what is between you and Ethel?"

The color flooded Adela's face, and her features quivered.

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"Not even a woman should look upon another woman's heart," said Miss Hatley, with exquisite tenderness.

There fell a long silence, but at last, with a visible effort, Adela said: "Surely I 'm not such a weakling that I can't bear to hear you voice the truth! Say it."

"Suppose I speak it, then, somewhat impersonally," returned Miss Hatley.

Adela sat down, but averted her head, and partly concealed her face with one hand. Her aunt thoughtfully regarded her.

"The primary emotions, like the primary colors, are always the same," said Miss Hatley presently, "and when Solomon said that there is nothing new under the sun, if he was speaking of the human heart with all its many issues, he spoke but a common truth. There were two young girls, then, friends, — or comrades, if you had rather, — who were made such by the easy bond of young girls' ordinary social interests. Intercourse between these two was pleasant enough until they paid a visit together to an old country house. Here Ethel, an exquisitely pretty girl, met for the first time Stanley Hewes. Hewes had known the other girl, Adela, all her life, and a few years previous, when, on his return from Europe, he had found her a woman, handsome, clever, intelligently sympathetic, the two had become good friends. There was nothing between them, however, — nothing but that indefinable warmth and confidence which seems, nevertheless, to the one who is really interested, prophetic of something more." Miss Miriam paused, and looked expectantly at her niece; but Adela did not turn her head. The silence of the night seemed to listen.

"Sometimes," continued Miss Hatley, "a man's liking for one woman sensitizes him just enough to make him fall in love with another. At all events, Hewes, artistic and impressionable, fell deeply in love with Ethel."

Adela involuntarily caught her breath. "You too, then, saw?" she said.

"My child, no one could have helped seeing," was the reply. "I know how prone we all are to think that love in itself constitutes some sort of claim; but it does not. It simply gives the right to stand aside or to serve, as the case may be. Looking the truth bravely in the face, what claim had Adela on Hewes?"

"None whatever," answered Adela quickly. Then, after a long pause, she added, "And yet I cannot help feeling that it might have been different if — if — if she had n't crossed our path just here and now."

"I am sorry for the woman who will take a man's liking in default of his possible loving," said Miss Miriam quietly.

Adela turned pale again. "Then you think his — his" — She stopped short.

"His feeling for Ethel is genuine and well founded?" finished Miss Hatley. "I cannot tell; it would be considering too curiously to consider that. The truth we are facing now is his love for her, not the quality of that love; that depends on the sort of man he is. Don't let us confound values. I have noticed that Ethel has been trying to placate you, as it were, and that you have been unconsciously feeding a smouldering resentment, as if to find justification for some sort of action."

As Adela turned her face it looked as if beaten by an inward storm. "I don't know which is worse, the pain or the shame of it," she gasped.

"The pain I know full well, but I see no reason for the shame. Our feelings — especially this feeling — come to us we know not how. What we are responsible for is the action to which we let the feeling give rise." The winged light as of the stars seemed to shine on Miss Hatley's face as she spoke.

"Don't pity me," said Adela brokenly, "don't excuse me."

"I 'm not pitying you, — there 's no need," — returned Miss Miriam, "and

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I expect to have no cause for excusing. Pain is the great educator," she continued feelingly, "and in order to learn we must suffer. Shall I grudge you wisdom and future joy because they now cost you a heart pang? Of all the stories of Demeter, that is the subtlest and finest which represents her as the nurse of Demophon, whom, in order to fit for immortality, she was obliged to place upon live coals. Life, our nurse, does the same for all of us, — we must all undergo the fiery ordeal. I only want you to see the truth, and to act accordingly."

Adela crushed her hands together, and for a few moments made no reply.

"Do you think such a nature as Ethel's can satisfy Stanley?" she asked presently, in a smothered voice.

"I think you are not warranted in asking yourself that question," returned Miss Hatley quickly. "He must be sole judge of what suits him best."

"She has no literary, no artistic taste worth speaking of," said Adela bitterly, "and he has so much of both."

"Oh, my dear, that 's the mistake so many women make. Men find uncomprehending devotion quite as helpful and soothing as intelligent sympathy. Ethel is the sort of woman who will idolize her husband, — especially a man she can be very proud of, such as Stanley."

Adela made no answer, and after a time Miss Miriam said, "She is very imitative, very adaptive, and her ready desire to please makes her seem sympathetic."

Still Adela kept silence.

"There have been many women who have had to stand by and see a man's fancy pass from them," said Miss Hatley gently.

"Does that make it easier?" rejoined Adela scornfully, and in the lamplight her eyes gleamed with fire. Presently she somewhat impatiently threw up her head. "Stanley is an honorable man," she said half hesitatingly. "If he knew the truth, perhaps he would not care so much for Ethel."

Miss Hatley's face grew stern. "And Adela is an honorable woman," she said dryly. "Is it, then, because of Ethel's limited nature and supposed unsuitability for Stanley that you are trying to find justification for letting him know this derogatory truth?"

"The truth is the truth," returned Adela moodily. "Aunt Miriam, you don't know what it is to — to — to love and be a woman; never to lift your finger, never to look a look, even, and yet" — She broke off passionately.

Miss Hatley keenly regarded her. "What did I say? — that women have more principle than honor. Can you justify yourself to yourself? What is this antidotal truth which, like a love potion, you dare hope may turn Stanley's heart to you?"

At her aunt's tone and manner Adela changed countenance, yet said determinedly: "Ethel is already engaged to be married, — engaged to her cousin, Henry Carden. It is an indefinite, unacknowledged engagement, because he has nothing as yet to marry on."

"Did Ethel tell you this?" demanded Miss Miriam.

"Thrown together as we have been, I could not help knowing it."

"Then you, who learned this truth through the privacy and intimacy of ordinary friendship, are now willing to turn the knowledge to your own advantage as against her? This seems to me a point of honor." Miss Hatley's voice was like sunlight on ice, coldness and warmth commingled.

"It is Ethel who is dishonorable!" cried Adela hotly. "Fancy being engaged to one man, and encouraging another!"

Miss Hatley took up her paper cutter, and tapped impatiently for a few seconds on the table. Then she laughed suddenly, a little low, scornful laugh that had the effect of making Adela feel

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as if she were being unexpectedly pelted with fine, cold rain.

"So, because your friend is dishonorable in a superlative degree, you are going to make it justify you in being dishonorable in a comparative?"

"I — Aunt Miriam, what do you mean?"

"That because she is dishonorable as regards her indefinite engagement, therefore you are justified in telling on her?"

"I am under no promise of secrecy," returned Adela quickly.

"Precisely; but the unspoken, understood confidence is all the more to be respected."

Miss Hatley's beautiful voice was like a soft bell buoy sounding a note of danger. There was another long silence, during which they looked steadily at each other, — two fine spirits struggling for the mastery.

"The conditions on which we are willing to accept life make life," said Miss Miriam. "I don't wish to *persuade* you, Adela; I wish simply that you should see the truth so clearly as to be able rightly to guide yourself. Are you willing to win Stanley Hewes on such terms as these, that, in order to detach him from Ethel, you shall tell him the truth? Suppose it had the effect of turning his heart to you: would you not wince always at the thought of the means you had used? Can you do it? Can you forfeit your own self-respect?"

The silence of the night seemed to vibrate like held harp strings. "And yet I 'm half furious with myself that I cannot!" burst out Adela, her face glowing above her white dress in a flame of color. "It seems so easy, and yet it 's impossible. The temptation has been so strong, and yet so despicable! I know it, but I wanted to come and hear you say it. I 've had it all out with myself, but I thought you might as well spike the guns."

Her voice broke on the last word, and she hid her face. Miss Hatley quietly waited. The Hatleys were not demonstrative people; with them comprehension was demonstration enough.

In an altered voice, however, Miss Miriam presently said, "Will it be of any help, Adela, to know that in my youth I had a like experience?"

Adela started, and lifted her bowed head.

"I need n't tell you the particulars," continued Miss Hatley, — "they were more marked than yours; for I was actually engaged to the man whose affection I saw pass from me." She drew a long, deep breath. "I had my dark hour. I made my choice. And I learned that a clean-cut sorrow is far better than a mangled joy. I let life go, as I thought, and yet it all came back to me a thousandfold in other ways. What have you thought of doing, my Adela?" she asked tenderly.

The young girl rose and stood close to her aunt, and looked down on her with a face pale as it was resolute. "I can catch the early morning express at the Water Station," she said briefly. "I think I had better put myself beyond the reach of temptation. *They* won't miss me, or know or care why I 've gone; and you can explain my absence, and apologize for it, just as you see fit, — will you, aunt Miriam?"

Miss Hatley took both the young hands in hers. "I respect you, Adela. I 'll see that everything is ready, and will drive you over to the station myself." She drew her niece down, and for a moment held her close. Then Adela, without a word, went away. But Miss Miriam sat on, until a thrill of coolness stole into the room, a gray light shone through the east window, and the birds began to pipe up into song. Then she rose suddenly, swept off her books, put out the lamp, noiselessly closed the shutters, and went softly upstairs.

Ellen Duvall.

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THE NEW PROVINCIALISM.

A CERTAIN provincialism has always been recognized as attaching to American history and life. It is a provincialism, as Lowell put it, more than thirty years ago, in A Great Public Character, due to the lack of "any great and acknowledged centre of national life," and hence to the lack of "the varied stimulus, the inexorable criticism, the many-sided opportunity, of a great metropolis, the inspiring reinforcement of an undivided national consciousness." Noting the persistence of American traditions and habits, the small and slow impressions of foreign contacts, Lowell surmises that "we shall have to be content for a good while yet with our provincialism;" querying, still farther on, Is it "in some great measure due to our absorption in the practical, as we politely call it, meaning the material"?

Thus far Lowell is discussing the long familiar notion of provincialism, — the notion associated with a rural habitat, as when Shakespeare describes "home-keeping youth" as having "homely wits," or as when Professor Barrett Wendell detects a note of provincialism in Emerson, paradoxical as that may seem in a Transcendentalist. The notion is that of the "narrowness or localism of thought or interest," as the Century Dictionary defines it for us, "characteristic of the inhabitants of a province as distinguished from the metropolis, or of the smaller cities and towns as distinguished from the larger." So geographical is still this notion as to lend subtle point to-day to the excuse for failing to visit his mother given by the man of fashion in The Wanderer, — Madame d'Arblay's forgotten story of perhaps a hundred years ago, — that it is "so rustic to have a mother." It remains true that demonstrative or conspicuous display of homely "old-fashioned" virtues, however spontaneous or natural, suggests provincialism and provokes a smile, even when one at heart shares the sympathetic popular approval, — this, whether it be the case of President Garfield, who, in the presence of the immense throng at his inauguration, kissed his mother before he took the oath of office, or of President Loubet, who, on the day he first entered his native town as chief magistrate of the republic, stopped the procession on chancing to see his mother, descended from the carriage of state, and tenderly saluted her. This still persisting tradition of provincialism, which associates it with the "bringing up" of the "country boy" who became the American President, or of the "peasant boy" who became the French President, may soon be forced to give place to a new conception, that of the provincialism distinguishing the life of the metropolis and city even more than of the country. This new provincialism is hinted at by Lowell, in the essay already quoted, when he notes that "the stricter definition and consequent seclusion from each other of the different callings in modern times" obviously tend toward narrowing "the chance of developing and giving variety to character," and toward lessening "the interest in biography," on another side, — the interest which the people of any one calling feel in those of other callings. The trend of modern life, by the pressure of competition demanding expert skill as the price of great success, is clearly away from mutuality of contact and interest. The pressure being strongest in the largest centre, it is in the metropolis or city that one is most struck by those conditions which constitute "the social menace of specialism."

Perhaps the first conspicuous reference in current comment to the new provincialism is to be found in the lament of a

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leading Boston paper over the decline in the art of club dining as practiced in that city, — an editorial jeremiad published some years ago. The critic describes these club dinners as functions "highly formal in character," given up to "speeches and oratorical efforts," and lacking all "originality and spontaneity." On account of their "sameness and tameness," their survival can only be attributed to those "gregarious feelings which so many men entertain, and which induce them to put themselves out, as cattle will, for the pleasure merely of rubbing their noses against each other." The attraction secured for these dinners is almost exclusively "exotic talent," for "few, if any, of the members have anything to impart; or if they have, their associates have no desire to hear it." While most careful observers of urban social life would hardly risk going the length of this Boston editor in severe and sweeping arraignment, all would doubtless testify to a like general indifference to what concerns a calling not one's own. Even eminence in one calling may fail of recognition among educated men of other callings. And this is one of the more hopeless aspects of the situation. The broadening influence of a higher education seems so often lost after but a few years of absorption in some special career, more particularly in a large city; the once intelligent interest in other kinds of careers having suffered apparent atrophy. The average college man of business or the money-getting profession — some professions are still left to us where money-getting is counted as secondary — is so close a copy of any other business or professional man that, in talk and point of view, a stranger would never guess his "superior education" but for a chance allusion. Take, for illustration, a university club in a large city, — perhaps it would not be unfair to take the largest city, New York, from its size and opportunity drawing to it men of brains and ambition from every section and of every calling, thus "setting the pace" for, and in a growing sense representative of, American metropolitan and city life, — and do we find there evidence of that acquaintance with the best thinking of the day which, by Matthew Arnold's standard, should mark a club of cultured men? Is it not often true that the one obvious distinguishing mark is the comparative emptiness of the really attractive club library? Is it not also often true that one may there encounter the most surprising ignorance of names which the magazine editor would call "household words"? It was at a dinner party at the University Club of New York, to cite a personal experience, that some one passed on a good story ("good" because of the person whom it concerned) of a well-known man of letters, a constant contributor to the magazines, one who has been talked of for the presidency of more than one leading university in the East, only to have the question asked, after the acquiescently polite laugh had subsided, "And who is Mr. Blank?" The man who had passed on the story had himself to give the answer, after a short but hopeless pause, — a case of humiliation in a way like explaining the point of one's joke. It was on a "Story-Tellers' Night" at the same club, when one of the best known writers in New York itself arose to speak, — a man known also for his practical services in reforming tenement house life, — that a little group of two lawyers, a doctor, and a business man leaned forward to whisper, in uncertainty: "He 's written some book, has n't he? What is it?"

So far as these incidents are typical, — and they are easy to be matched by any critical observer of life in New York or our other largest cities, — they illustrate the absence of just what one would with reason expect to find in a club whose members are university men, that wideness of interest which a liberal education is supposed to give. That the same

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spirit of absorption in one's own calling should invade and obsess such a club, no less than the ordinary club, reveals the extent of "that narrowness or localism of thought or interest" which was once the mark of rural provincialism, but is now even more the mark of metropolitan provincialism. The evidence, on entering the club, to one who knows the members, is a visual demonstration. It is like a scene on the stock exchange. As brokers gather about the posts of the various stocks, so here are groups of lawyers, doctors, business men, and perhaps, in a smaller corner, men of art and letters; those of each group talking "the shop" of their own calling. It is the law of natural selection, applied where the fittest feel most strenuously the struggle for survival, so that even in moments of relaxation they miss the contacts which it should be the peculiar mission of the place to give. If too much emphasis seems to have been placed on the club as a type, it is simply that the club images, as does no other institution, the social side of the city man's life. The place in it filled by the man of letters or art as such (that is, the man without special social connections or advantages) is brought home by the inconspicuous notice of his existence in the occasional newspaper item, — at a time when personalities of various sorts press for prominence in journalism, — or by the list of his associates, should he venture out of obscurity. Once, and not very long ago, it was different. In Trollope's day there was a London, of which, as Professor Peck notes, he was a part, including "all that was best of English intellect and English *bonhomie*." There he numbered among his friends the Earl of Derby, Lord Ripon, Lord Kimberley, Sir William Vernon-Harcourt, Lord Beaconsfield, and George Bentinck, no less than his fellow craftsmen, Thackeray, Dickens, Charles Reade, Lewes, and Wilkie Collins. Is there such a New York today? At a recent large dinner given there to an eminent man of letters, in recognition of an honor conferred upon him by a university, the list of some twenty of the more noteworthy names of those present, printed in the only paper that mentioned the dinner at all, included those of one doctor, one lawyer, and one bank president. The rest, as mentioned, were simply "distinguished writers." Yet that man is counted exceptional among his fellows for the closeness of his association with men of affairs.

It is, of course, true that incidents, illustrations, and the peculiar features of certain clubs cannot of themselves settle a question of status. The relation of the representatives of art and letters to the social life of our largest cities, under modern conditions, is obviously so much a matter of individual aptitude, disposition, and income that generalization is dangerous. With the fullest recognition of this, and making all possible allowance for it, these incidents, illustrations, and club peculiarities do, nevertheless, have great significance, because they are being constantly repeated here, and, as those who are most in touch with foreign life assure us, abroad as well. They point to a certain well-defined drift away from interest of contact so long as others are not "playing the same game" as ourselves. That is a happy phrase — was it not Mark Twain who first used it? — to describe the kind of absorbing activity characteristic of modern individualized life. It is a phrase in a certain sense absolving the individual's absorption from the charge of social obliquity, and saving this little study from being a preachment. What true golfer is expected to take great interest in a chess contest, if by chance he encounters a chess devotee? That is not the human nature of it. The fascination of the much-reprobated "game of money-making" as a game is something that even so acute an observer as Lord Rosebery seems to have missed. He charged that American millionaires go on accumulating when accumulation

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means added burdens, as if this were something both ignoble and foolish. If one is playing the "game" of finance, having, like Mr. Morgan, all that money by the millions can buy, is there not something new in the game, quite as a matter of sport, if one chooses to put it that way, in changing the cards from railroads to steel, and in seeing what can be done by so manœuvring them as to create and set going a colossal trust? The extra money thus made, almost regardless of the amount, may be simply an incident. The unfortunate thing, of course, is that one form or another of the money-getting game claims so overwhelming a majority of the players that fewer are left all the time to appreciate the kind of prizes for which the other games are played; literature and art, for example. Mention is perhaps made to a Crœsus of a certain successful young author or painter, whose books or pictures find a modest market and appreciative criticism. "And what does the young man make?" Crœsus is most likely to ask. "Three thousand a year," is a probable reply. "Why, I pay my confidential shorthand man as much as that," has been the comment of Crœsus on more than one such occasion. Crœsus does not mean this for contempt, however contemptuous the sound. It is really a case of surprise. How can there be "success" in a game where the winnings are so insignificant? From the point of view of Crœsus no game of that sort can be "worth while." The fun the author or artist gets out of playing it passes the comprehension of Crœsus. He is too provincial to understand it, or to try to. So with the game of pretentious society, as it is played by the richest people in our largest cities. Such society is not of deliberate knowledge and malice aforethought contemptuous of literature, art, and music. Representatives of the arts are not purposely excluded. They do not know how to play the game; or, if they do, do not care for it.

The attitude of pretentious society, as a whole, toward the higher things, though one more of indifferent ignorance than of studied contempt, is by no means without its importance. The constant pose of this class before the public eye, through the exaggerated photography of the press, popularizes its Philistinism. This may be as grievous in London as in New York, — the late Dr. Creighton, the accomplished Bishop of London, held that the English have a positive contempt for knowledge of itself without practical results, — but in London Philistinism is restrained by institutions and conventions. There is in New York, for example, no club corresponding to the Athenæum Club of London; one that can confer the same prestige on a member, that can so determine his status. In New York, one of the great private balls of last winter was given on a "first night" at the Academy, — illustrating how little of an event a representative "picture show" was counted. In London, the convention of seeming to care for pictures is not to be disregarded, and the ball would have been given on some other night. In music, New York "society" can plead an apparent exception to this social indifference. But it is open to question whether, if music did not include grand opera, with its spectacular effects and its chances for display, it would not be in the same category with literature and art.

As one reckons up these and numerous other characteristics of modern life in our largest cities, one is impressed by the wide departure from its traditional meaning of the word "urbanity." It has come to denote something wholly different from what it once did. "Urbanity" was the distinguishing mark of Cardinal Newman in the view of Matthew Arnold, who explains: "In the bulk of the intellectual work of a nation which has no centre, no intellectual metropolis like an academy, . . . there is a note of provinciality," — something one never detects in Newman. The phrase fits the

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reverse perversity of our growth. Our cities grow huger and huger, but the "intellectual metropolis" is still at a diminishing distance. Energized with an unequaled and astonishing activity of brain, the life of the modern non-intellectual metropolis divides itself more and more into separate callings and careers, each in turn narrowing still further as it is further defined and specialized. The result of this new provincialism is summed up in a pregnant phrase of Matthew Arnold's, his final word on America: "What really dissatisfies in American civilization is the want of the interesting," — a charm that no individual or civilization can have without a widening appreciation of all that is interesting.

Arthur Reed Kimball.

THE JUDGMENT OF VENUS.

THERE were people who wondered what Barton Foxcroft ever saw in Mary Tracy to inspire him with the love of his life, — a love that proved itself by an act of devotion so spectacular that lions and gloves and the holding of highways against all comers dwindle into a minuteness quite proportionate to the demands of perspective.

Possibly if, after this prelude, I announce that *I* was not surprised in the least, I may lay myself open to the charge of conceit. The fact is that most people viewed the whole affair as complex, and hunted for complex explanations; whereas, really, it was, as Mrs. Van Santvoord said, the very simplest and most natural thing in the world.

Society knew Foxcroft as a man of forty, of comfortable means and of well-employed leisure. That is, he had traveled pretty nearly everywhere, including a few places that men don't go to without the purpose of adding to the fund of human knowledge, and the courage to bear hardships and danger. He had volunteered on a North Pole expedition, and had been the leading factor in pulling it through without disaster; he had spent ten months among the hairy Ainos, on the island of Yezo, and had written a monograph which was the acknowledged authority on their curious tombs and ruins; he had climbed Mount Aconcagua, and brought back a lot of meteorological data held by scientists to be of incalculable value. To all this may be added that he was handsome, well bred, and well mannered, and had safely weathered half a dozen flirtations, one of which, with the reigning belle of a New York season, and the heiress to untold millions, had been viewed by society as the certain shipwreck of his bachelorhood. There is little doubt that the heiress had viewed it in the same light, and a good many people criticised Foxcroft rather severely in the affair. I will only say in his defense that I knew the facts of the case, and that his conduct was unexceptionable. If she had really wanted *him*, she'd have won out, for I am sure Foxcroft cared for *her*. He deliberately put her out of his life; and it needed all his strength of character to do it, when he came to realize that what *she* cared for was his prominence and achievements. The truth was that she looked upon them pretty much as a good investment for her money, which, by the bye, she invested a year later in a titled attaché of one of the legations in Washington. All that society saw was that he was attentive, could have married her, and did n't, — which seemed shabby. What I saw was that he could have married her, wanted to, and did n't, — which may be quite a different thing.

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Now, as to Mary Tracy, she came of good New England stock; and about the time she graduated from Jones College her father died, practically bankrupt. Then, being alone in the world, she got a position as teacher in Miss Francis' school at Winfield. She was a pretty girl, in a quiet, refined way, but under her gentle and very feminine look and manners there lurked a decided character and will. Heredity had produced an old-type woman in appearance and bearing; training and modern ideas had underlaid the good old mahogany veneer (I use the term advisedly) with the cheaper wood demanded by new fashions, — a wood well seasoned with independence of prejudice masquerading as thought, loyalty to her sex for a creed, and just the least little trace of priggishness resultant upon — well, several things.

Of course, a man, meeting her as a man meets a woman, would not be apt to note such details, — especially a man like Foxcroft, who had seen the world with its clothes off, and dealt with big thoughts and big passions and crude nature, human and otherwise. Something of the little he might see would only amuse him, and all the rest would be transformed by his sense of chivalry into positive virtues. The main points were that she was pretty, delicate, feminine, appealing; that she was plucky and poor, and had to drudge her life out with those callow, catty girls; and, above all, that Foxcroft had gone to spend two weeks, and had spent the whole summer, with an aunt who lived at North Merton, within a stone's throw of Mary Tracy's home. If any one who thinks he knows the kind of man Foxcroft was feels the least halt of surprise at his falling in love with her, why, he simply does n't know that kind of man, — that 's all.

Just here is where the seemingly complex side of the affair begins. As I have said, any reasonably rational man ought to be able to understand Barton Foxcroft falling in love with Mary Tracy, but only a clever woman could understand Mary Tracy not falling in love with Barton Foxcroft.

She certainly admired his person, his character, and his exploits; she enjoyed his society, and found it altogether congenial and entertaining; while as for his evident devotion, the blind could see that it was far from distasteful to her, — that she realized and liked and sought it, if one can use the word "sought" with reference to a well-bred woman's rather receptive attitude in such affairs.

The upshot was that he offered himself, and she refused him in a very kindly, gentle way. That did not turn him in the least. She wished to be his "friend." Very well, she should be; but *he* would be *her* lover, because that was *his* business. This, you will understand, is quite different from the position of the fellow who proposes and is rejected, and holds on, and proposes again and again, and wins in the end by sheer persistence. There was something undignified, servile, quite foreign to Foxcroft's nature, in such a course, and he wanted Mary Tracy so much that he did *not* want her unless she wanted him in equal measure. Therefore he ceased to be her suitor without ceasing to be her lover: and I think she rather appreciated his attitude, and took a certain satisfaction in it. This was the only return he asked. If at any time she should come to care for him, that also must be a free gift.

It was early in the spring following this understanding between the two. Foxcroft had been spending the Easter holidays at North Merton, and on that particular day he was walking along an old wood road with Mary Tracy. Several of her letters, of late, had seemed big with some exciting disclosure that she had in store for him, but Foxcroft had asked no questions beyond what seemed called for by the possibility of her wishing him to. He never asked questions. He appreciated confidences

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more than any one I ever knew, but he never tried to force them.

Well, they were walking along the old wood road together. Suddenly she turned to him. "What do you think I 'm going to do this summer?" she said.

Foxcroft smiled. "Something you want to, I hope."

"More than anything in the world!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands.

Foxcroft laughed a pleased laugh, glad in her gladness. "Well?" he said.

"I 'm going abroad."

Now it always seemed to me that there was something almost brutal in this announcement. If you don't happen to see it so, I could never explain it satisfactorily; but I 'm sure it hit Foxcroft pretty hard, despite the fact that he and I almost quarreled, afterward, because I intimated that, knowing his feelings as she did, her abruptness was selfish and self-centred and feminine.

When he got his breath, he expressed a sympathy with her pleasant anticipations, and asked about the details of her projected trip.

Then she showed him a sort of ticket and itinerary book, and for a moment he needed all his self-control. Probably she did not notice his effort. At any rate, she rattled on: —

"You see I could n't go alone, and I did n't know any one to go with who would just fit my ideas and means, and who was going and wanted me; and the circular said that Gazook's parties were all very select, —references required, and all that sort of thing; and they go to just the places I want to see, and everything is managed for you, so that you don't have a thing to worry about, and some one goes with each party to explain everything they see, and it 's not very expensive, and, really, it seemed like just what I 'd been waiting for; so I sent and got the ticket at once, for fear I might change my mind."

Then she paused, with bright eyes and flushed cheeks.

Meanwhile Foxcroft had gotten himself in hand, thanking his stars that no word had slipped from him to mar her satisfaction. The things he said voiced good wishes for her journey; and if they rang a bit hollow, her attitude was far too satisfied to detect the false note.

When they parted he began to think, — all the way to his room, all the evening, and far into the night.

Poor little girl! what did she know of the horrors of such parties, — their wild prance through time and space, their hopeless Philistinism, their inherent vulgarity? Brought up in a quiet New England town, with four years at a quiet New England female college as the only departure from a rigid application of the sheltered-life system; then a year's teaching at a quiet New England seminary; and, added to all this, a nature at once retiring and self-sufficient, — in the face of such an apology, even the half-formed attitude of critical astonishment faded from Foxcroft's mind, and the wave of sympathy gathered volume.

"To think of that crowd!" he pondered. "All sorts of odds that there won't be a congenial soul in the party. If there was only a reasonable chance of her meeting one person in the least satisfactory, either for companionship or information!" Suddenly his face lighted at the advent of a new idea.

What prevented his joining the party himself?

Then he lay back in his chair and laughed out at the absurdity of the combination. That he, who had been approximately everywhere, both within and without the boundaries of civilization; who had led others through difficult and often perilous shifts of travel; who was posted and equipped beyond nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand on art and history and points of local interest, — that *he* should be "personally conducted"! His laugh softened into a smile that meant even more; and yet the idea held its ground.

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Why should he care for the personal end of the thing? It would be three months, — that was all; and meanwhile he would have Mary Tracy's presence, and the certainty that he was giving her something she could get in no other way.

That settled it. The next day he told her he had decided to join the party, and had written to that effect. It was some years, he said, since he had visited most of the points on the route, and he felt sure he would enjoy a renewal of old associations, especially in such charming company.

"How perfectly lovely!" she exclaimed. "Now I 'm sure I shall not be absolutely friendless; and that risk is the only drawback to such trips. Of course there 'll be lots of nice people, but there might not happen to be any that you or I could just chum with."

"Of course there might not," said Foxcroft.

"And, really," she went on, "you can't imagine how set up I feel, that an old traveler like you should have thought one of my ideas worth adopting. It *will* be nice, won't it?"

"Great," said he; and they talked travel from that on.

There were only a few of the people who knew Foxcroft who ever heard of his Gazook's tour. It was natural enough that he should keep quiet about it. Independent as he was, he shuddered at thought of the howl of mad mirth with which his friends and acquaintances would greet such an announcement, and worse than all he dreaded their inevitable inferences and innuendoes. His love for Mary Tracy seemed altogether discordant with the semi-humorous attitude which society assumes toward the courtships of its members. As it was quite within his habits to disappear for somewhere at no notice whatever, his disappearances had ceased to excite wonder; and so it was that only Mrs. Van Santvoord and I happened to know just what he was doing. I 'm not so sure that Mrs. Van Santvoord knew as much as I did; but she inferred pretty shrewdly, and talked just as if her inferences were knowledge. That was how she entrapped me into talking, especially as I knew that she and Foxcroft were intimate enough and friendly enough for him not to care. If he had n't told her everything himself, it was just because he had n't happened to feel like it, and not because he did not wish her to know.

Well, we talked, and we agreed and disagreed. I said that it was the most tremendous proof of devotion I had ever heard or read of, and that any woman with a chemical trace of womanliness in her nature must of necessity yield to it. She said that it was the most tremendous proof of devotion she had ever read or heard of — and then she stopped, and smiled, and thought a minute, with an almost sad expression on her face, and then she smiled again, and remarked that the modern woman was a curious creature, passing through a transition stage of development, and that she did n't believe even she, Theodosia Van Santvoord, understood herself half so well as she imagined she did. After that we drifted off into a sociological discussion.

Mrs. Van Santvoord never uses big words, or bothers about professorial abstractions or egotistical theories; but she 's just about the brightest and most sensible woman I know, and her ideas never get tangled.

As for the tour, there is no necessity to go into painful details. The personal conductor, Mr. Albert George Billings, was a very capable, gentlemanly man of about thirty, a graduate of one of the Western universities, — I forget which, — and with Western "go," a glib tongue, and a fund of superficial, guidebook information admirably suited to the needs of "doing" big sights in little time.

I remember hearing of his entry into the Salon Carré of the Louvre, with an announcement approximately as follows: "This is the Salon Carré. Every pic-

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ture here is a masterpiece. We have just twenty minutes to reach the tomb of Napoleon." And every one within an hundred yards heard him shout to his three stageloads in front of the Madeleine: "We will now go to the Palais Royal for luncheon. The price of luncheon will be three francs, including wine. Those who do not want wine can have coffee. It is to be hoped that you will all be in your places in the stages within three quarters of an hour, as any delay will curtail our time at the next point of interest. The price of luncheon will be three francs, including wine. Those who do not want wine can have coffee."

Naturally, much of this hen-and-chickens method of travel, useful enough in its way, proved both a revelation and a shock to Mary Tracy. The hurry, the loss of individuality, the conspicuousness of it all, were elements she had never happened to think of before she bought her ticket, and which erudite friends had kindly refrained from emphasizing after that irrevocable step had been taken.

It was Foxcroft, however, whose constant attendance and thoughtful devotion softened the humiliating features, and supplied material for rational guidance and true appreciation. His mind, stored with a wealth of traveler's experience and a fund of historical, legendary, personal, and artistic information, was always at her command; and when they two were able to drift out of the range of Mr. Billings' very capable voice, she saw and learned what Mr. Billings could never have taught, — won an insight which that gentleman could never have given. These, also, were the times when Foxcroft and Miss Tracy fell outside of the amused smile with which detached travelers followed Mr. Billings and his brood in their flutter through art, architecture, and antiquity.

Perhaps one of the hardest parts of the task Foxcroft had set himself was keeping Mary Tracy from suspecting his motive for joining the party, and from appreciating the silent agony of such a martyrdom for such a man. I suppose his motive was partly consideration and partly pride. To his mind, half the value of his sacrifice consisted of his never allowing word or act to hint at it as such, or to place upon her shoulders the lightest straw of obligation. This was where Mrs. Van Santvoord lost all patience with him; but the attitude was Foxcroft, and it could never have been otherwise, and women always claim that their highest appreciation and love are to be won by just such delicate devotion.

That was what I told her when she talked; but she only looked at me with a sort of pity in her eyes, and sniffed scornfully.

Of course it was quite impossible that Mary Tracy should not occasionally question just how enjoyable to Foxcroft such a tour could be, but, with all her intelligence, she could never put herself within a league of his place. You see, she had never been abroad before, and she was bound to enjoy what she saw, even under the worst of conditions; while, thanks to her lover, the existing conditions were very far from the worst. Gazookery became less than half of Gazookery to her. Then, too, she was too busy and occupied to bother much about such questions, and it was easy for Foxcroft to laugh away her suspicions whenever they found voice.

I have spoken above of my friend's "sacrifice," and yet I am not quite sure that I should so term it. In a way it was certainly his highest pleasure, and the companionship of Mary Tracy was always a joy to him, save for the constant self-restraint which he felt called upon to exercise. That was undeniably a strain; but then, realizing that she knew he loved her, there seemed no need for him to embarrass her by emphasizing the fact. Perhaps it would all come out right in the end; and if it did not — well, surely he was a man big enough to give without return.

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Here, again, Mrs. Van Santvoord held up her pretty hands in hopeless despair.

The end of the tour came at last. They boarded the home steamer, and they left it; and after Foxcroft had seen Miss Tracy and her steamer trunk to the Grand Central Station, and received her prettiest thanks for all his kindness, and watched the train for North Merton pull out, he took a cab to his apartment, and spent the night in silent communion with Scotch high-balls and tobacco.

A week later he went to North Merton, to spend a couple of days prior to the beginning of the Winfield term.

It was the last afternoon. They were walking along the same wood road where Foxcroft had first heard of "the tour." All through these two days even his masculine intuition had been alive to a certain change in Mary Tracy. She seemed like a delicate instrument tuned half a note above concert pitch. Still, he had attributed it to just "nerves."

And now, as they strolled along together, he was wondering whether she ever thought of what it all meant to him; and she was silent and —

Suddenly she turned, with a small red spot on each cheek.

"Mr. Foxcroft," she said; and her voice halted, with a queer, embarrassed little hitch. "There is something I must tell you before you go back to New York. I am going to be married in the spring."

By a tremendous effort Foxcroft kept his face in its lines. As for speech, even he dared not trust that. He was strong, one of the strongest men I ever knew; but for the brutal heedlessness of such a blow he could find no guard, and he stood like a boxer whose vulnerable point has been reached by a chance swing, — on his feet, smiling, his hands up, but needing only a push to send him a crumpled heap upon the boards.

There was no science or intent, though, behind his assailant's attack. She never noted the condition of the man standing before her. Only she paused, waiting for him to say something. Every moment helped him to rally his self-control, and at last he heard himself speaking, in a voice that sounded weirdly strange in his ears: —

"You have certainly surprised me, Miss Tracy. Might an old friend ask whom he shall congratulate?"

He knew what he said was absurdly formal and stilted, but it was his very best, then; and the girl did not seem to remark either the voice or the words.

"It is Mr. Billings," she said, smiling; and then, as if the flood gates of speech had been opened, she burst out: "I was never much with him on the trip, — he was so busy about our comfort, you know; and I never dreamed he cared for me until he came here straight from the steamer, — *in* the next train after mine; and then, when he told me all about himself, and how he felt, and why he 'd done as he had, I began to realize just how good he 'd been to us all through those three months, and how he 'd looked out for everything, and saved us from all the worries and trials of travel. Men can never understand, Mr. Foxcroft, how much such care and devotion mean to a woman; and such a position for such a man must be terribly trying. Think of all he has to know about everything! And, between you and me, most of the people in the party were pretty hopeless; and yet he never lost his temper, or even his patience, once. That 's what shows character, does n't it? And then, with all his kindness, he was so masterful."

Duffield Osborne.

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AD ASTRA.

Love, you are late.
  Yea, while the roseleaves fall
  In showers against the moonlit garden wall,
My firm hand shuts the gate.
The nightingale
  Has worn himself with pleading;
  The fountains' silvered tears are interceding,
But what is their avail?

Love, you are late.
  Long stood the postern wide
  With all my morning-glories twined; inside
Bird called to bird for mate.
Noon and the sun, —
  The loves of bees and flowers;
  With folded hands unclaimed I marked the hours
That saw my youth undone.

Then evening star
  And coming of the moon!
  Ah, not too soon, my soul, ah, not too soon
Broke their soft grace afar!
All consecrate,
  I chose my white path there,
  And took the withered roses from my hair.
Love, you are late, — too late!

Thomas Walsh.

THE SPIRAL STONE.

The graveyard on the brow of the hill was white with snow. The marbles were white, the evergreens black. One tall spiral stone stood painfully, near the centre. The little brown church outside the gates turned its face in the more comfortable direction of the village.

Only three were out among the graves: "Ambrose Chillingworth, ætat 30, 1675;" "Margaret Vane, ætat 19, 1839;" and "Thy Little One, O God, ætat 2," from the Mercer Lot. It is called the "Mercer Lot," but the Mercers are all dead or gone from the village.

The Little One trotted around busily, putting his tiny finger in the letterings and patting the faces of the cherubs. The other two sat on the base of the spiral, which twisted in the moonlight over them.

"I wonder why it is?" Margaret said. "Most of them never come out at all. We and the Little One come out so often. You were wise and learned. I knew so little. Will you tell me?"

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"Learning is not wisdom," Ambrose answered. "But of this matter it was said that our containment in the grave depended on the spirit in which we departed. I made certain researches. It appeared by common report that only those came out whom desperate sin tormented, or labors incomplete and great desire at the point of death made restless. I had doubts the matter were more subtle, the reasons of it reaching out distantly." He sighed faintly, following with his eyes, tomb by tomb, the broad white path that dropped down the hillside to the church. "I desired greatly to live."

"And I. Is it because we desired it so much, then? But the Little One" —

"I do not know," he said.

The Little One trotted gravely here and there, seeming to know very well what he was about, and presently came to the spiral stone. The lettering on it was new, and there was no cherub. He dropped down suddenly on the snow, with a faint whimper. His small feet came out from under his gown, as he sat upright, gazing at the letters with round troubled eyes, and up to the top of the monument for the solution of some unstated problem.

"The stone is but newly placed," said Ambrose, "and the newcomer would seem to be of those who rest in peace."

They went and sat down on either side of him, on the snow. The peculiar cutting of the stone, with spirally ascending lines, together with the moon's illusion, gave it a semblance of motion. Something twisted and climbed continually, and vanished continually from the point. But the base was broad, square, and heavily lettered: "John Mareschelli Vane."

"Vane? That was thy name," said Ambrose.

1890. ÆTAT 72.
AN EMINENT CITIZEN, A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR, AND WIDELY ESTEEMED.
FOR THE LOVE OF HIS NATIVE PLACE RETURNED TO LAY HIS DUST THEREIN.
THE JUST MADE PERFECT.

"It would seem he did well, and rounded his labors to a goodly end, lying down among his kindred as a sheaf that is garnered in the autumn. He was fortunate."

And Margaret spoke, in the thin, emotionless voice which those who are long in the graveyard use: "He was my brother."

"Thy brother?" said Ambrose.

The Little One looked up and down the spiral with wide eyes. The other two looked past it into the deep white valley, where the river, covered with ice and snow, was marked only by the lines of skeleton willows and poplars. A night wind, listless but continual, stirred the evergreens. The moon swung low over the opposite hills, and for a moment slipped behind a cloud.

"Says it not so, 'For the Love of his Native Place'?" murmured Ambrose.

And as the moon came out, there leaned against the pedestal, pointing with a finger at the epitaph, one that seemed an old man, with bowed shoulders and keen, restless face, but in his manner cowed and weary.

"It is a lie," he said slowly. "I hated it, Margaret. I came because Ellen Mercer called me."

"Ellen is n't buried here."

"Not here!"

"Not here."

"Was it you, then, Margaret? Why?"

"I did n't call you."

"Who then?" he shrieked. "Who called me?"

The night wind moved on monotonously, and the moonlight was undisturbed, like glassy water.

"When I came away," she said, "I thought you would marry her. You did n't, then? But why should she call you?"

"I left the village suddenly!" he cried. "I grew to dread, and then to hate it. I buried myself from the knowledge of it, and the memory of it was my enemy. I wished for a distant death, and these

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fifty years have heard the summons to come and lay my bones in this graveyard. I thought it was Ellen. You, sir, wear an antique dress; you have been long in this strange existence. Can you tell who called me? If not Ellen, where is Ellen?" He wrung his hands, and rocked to and fro.

"The mystery is with the dead as with the living," said Ambrose. "The shadows of the future and the past come among us. We look in their eyes, and understand them not. Now and again there is a call even here, and the grave is henceforth untenanted of its spirit. Here, too, we know a necessity which binds us, which speaks not with audible voice and will not be questioned."

"But tell me," moaned the other, "does the weight of sin depend upon its consequences? Then what weight do I bear? I do not know whether it was ruin or death, or a thing gone by and forgotten. Is there no answer here to this?"

"Death is but a step in the process of life," answered Ambrose. "I know not if any are ruined or anything forgotten. Look up to the order of the stars, an handwriting on the wall of the firmament. But who hath read it? Mark this night wind, a still small voice. But what speaketh it? The earth is clothed in white garments as a bride. What mean the ceremonials of the seasons? The will from without is only known as it is manifested. Nor does it manifest where the consequences of the deed end or its causes began. Have they any end or a beginning? I cannot answer you."

"Who called me, Margaret?"

And she said again monotonously, "I did n't call you."

The Little One sat between Ambrose and Margaret, chuckling to himself and gazing up at the newcomer, who suddenly bent forward and looked into his eyes, with a gasp.

"What is this?" he whispered.

"'Thy Little One, O God, ætat 2,' from the Mercer Lot," returned Ambrose gently. "He is very quiet. Art not neglecting thy business, Little One? The lower walks are unvisited to-night."

"They are Ellen's eyes!" cried the other, moaning and rocking. "Did you call me? Were you mine?"

"It is written, 'Thy Little One, O God,'" murmured Ambrose. "That is a prayer."

But the Little One only curled his feet up under his gown, and chuckled contentedly.

Arthur Colton.

THE AMATEUR SPIRIT.

One interesting result of the British struggle in South Africa has been a revival among Englishmen of the spirit of self-examination. The unexpected duration and the staggering cost of the war have brought sharply home to them a realization of national shortcomings. When every allowance has been made for the natural difficulties against which the British troops have so gallantly contended, there remains a good deal of incontrovertible and unwelcome evidence of defective preparation, of inadequate training. The War Office maps were incomplete; the Boer positions were ill reconnoitred; British officers of long experience were again and again outgeneraled by farmers. Of the many frank and manly endeavors to analyze the causes of such a surprising weakness, one of the most suggestive has been made by the Hon. George C. Brodrick, Warden of Merton College. In an article published not long ago, he inquires

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whether his countrymen may well be called, not, as formerly, "a nation of shopkeepers," but, with more justice, a nation of amateurs. "Conspicuous as are the virtues of British soldiers and British officers," he remarks, "these virtues are essentially the virtues of the amateur, and not of the professional, arising from the native vigor of our national temperament, and not from intelligent education or training." [1]

The distinction here made between the amateur and the professional is one that, for ordinary purposes, is obvious enough. The amateur, we are accustomed to say, works for love, and not for money. He cultivates an art or a sport, a study or an employment, because of his taste for it: he is attached to it, not because it gives him a living, but because it ministers to his life. Mr. Joseph Jefferson, for instance, is classed as a professional actor and an amateur painter. Charles Dickens was an amateur actor and a professional novelist. Your intermittent political reformer is an amateur. His opponent, the "ward man," is a professional; politics being both his life and his living, his art and his constant industry.

In any particular art or sport, it is often difficult to draw a hard-and-fast line between amateur and professional activity. The amateur athlete may be so wholly in earnest as to take risks and to endure hardships which no amount of money would tempt him to undergo. Amateur philanthropy is of great and increasing service in the social organism of the modern community. Many an American carries into his amusement, his avocation, — such as yachting, fancy farming, tarpon fishing, — the same thoroughness, energy, and practical skill that win him success in his vocation.

And yet, as a general rule, the amateur betrays amateurish qualities. He is unskillful because untrained; desultory because incessant devotion to his hobby is both unnecessary and wearisome; ineffective because, after all, it is not a vital matter whether he succeed or fail. The amateur actor is usually interesting, at times delightful, and even, as in the case of Dickens, powerful; his performance gives pleasure to his friends; but, nevertheless, the professional, who must act well or starve, acts very much better. In a country where there is a great leisure class, as the Warden of Merton points out, amateurism is sure to flourish. "The young Englishman of this great leisure class," he says, "is no dandy and no coward, but he is an amateur born and bred, with an amateur's lack of training, an amateur's contempt of method, and an amateur's ideal of life." The English boy attends school, he adds, with other boys who are amateurs in their studies, and almost professionals in their games; he passes through the university with the minimum of industry; he finds professional and public life in Great Britain crippled by the amateur spirit; in the army, the bar, the church, in agriculture, manufacturing, and commerce, there is a contempt for knowledge, an inveterate faith in the superiority of the rule of thumb, a tendency to hold one's self a little above one's work.

Similar testimony has recently been given by Mandell Creighton, the late Bishop of London, in a posthumously published address entitled A Plea for Knowledge. "The great defect of England at present," confesses the bishop, "is an inadequate conception of the value of knowledge in itself, and of its importance for the national life. We have a tendency to repose on our laurels; to adopt the attitude that we are no longer professionals, but high-minded and eclectic amateurs. . . . We do not care to sacrifice our dignity by taking undue care about trifles." [2]

With the validity of such indictments against a whole nation we have no direct concern. But they suggest the im-

[1] The Nineteenth Century, October, 1900.

[2] Contemporary Review, April, 1901.

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portance of the distinction between the amateur and the professional spirit; they show that a realization of this distinction may affect many phases of activity, personal and national, and how far reaching may be its significance for us as we face those new conditions under which the problems of both personal and national life must be worked out.

Amateurs, then, to borrow Mr. Brodrick's definition, "are men who are not braced up to a high standard of effort and proficiency by a knowledge that failure may involve ruin, who seldom fully realize the difficulties of success against trained competitors, and who therefore rebel against the drudgery of professional drill and methodical instruction." One may accept this definition, in all its implications, without ceasing to be aware of the charm of the amateur. For the amateur surely has his charm, and he has his virtues, — virtues that have nowhere wrought more happily for him than here upon American soil. Versatility, enthusiasm, freshness of spirit, initiative, a fine recklessness of tradition and precedent, a faculty for cutting across lots, — these are the qualities of the American pioneer. Not in the Italians of the Renaissance nor in the Elizabethan Englishmen will one find more plasticity of mind and hand than among the plain New Englanders of 1840. Take those men of the Transcendentalist epoch, whose individuality has been fortunately transmitted to us through our literature. They were in love with life, enraptured of its opportunities and possibilities. No matter to what task a man set his hand, he could gain a livelihood without loss of self-respect or the respect of the community. Let him try teaching school, Emerson would advise; let him farm it awhile, drive a tin peddler's cart for a season or two, keep store, go to Congress, live "the experimental life." Emerson himself could muse upon the oversoul, but he also raised the best Baldwin apples and Bartlett pears in Concord, and got the highest current prices for them in the Boston market. His friend Thoreau supported himself by making sandpaper or lead pencils, by surveying farms, or by hoeing that immortal patch of beans; his true vocation being steadily that of the philosopher, the seeker. The type has been preserved, by the translucent art of Hawthorne, in the person of Holgrave, the daguerreotypist of The House of the Seven Gables. Holgrave was twenty-two, but he had already been a schoolmaster, storekeeper, editor, peddler, dentist. He had traveled in Europe, joined a company of Fourierists, and lectured on mesmerism. Yet "amid all these personal vicissitudes," Hawthorne tells us, "he had never lost his identity. He had never violated the innermost man, but had carried his conscience along with him."

No doubt there is something humorous, to our generation, in this glorification of the Yankee tin peddler. Yet how much there is to admire in the vivacity, the resourcefulness, the very mobility, of that type of man, who was always in light marching order, and who, by flank attack and feigned retreat and in every disguise of uniform, stormed his way to some sort of moral victory at last! And the moral victory was often accompanied by material victory as well. These men got on, by hook or by crook; they asked no favors; they paid off their mortgages, and invented machines, and wrote books, and founded new commonwealths. In war and peace they had a knack for getting things done, and learning the rules afterward.

Nor has this restless, inventive, querying, accomplishing type of American manhood lost its prominence in our political and social structure. The self-made man is still, perhaps, our most representative man. Native shrewdness and energy and practical capacity — qualities such as the amateur may possess in a high degree — continue to carry a man very far. They have frequently

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been attended by such good fortune as to make it easy for us to think that they are the only qualities needed for success. Some of the most substantial gains of American diplomacy, for instance, have been made by men without diplomatic training. We have seen within a very few years an almost unknown lawyer, from an insignificant city, called to be the head of the Department of State, where his achievements, indeed, promptly justified his appointment. The conduct of the War Department and the Navy has frequently been intrusted to civilians whose frank ignorance of their new duties has been equaled only by their skill in performing them. The history of American cabinets is, in spite of many exceptions, on the whole, an apotheosis of the amateur. It is the readiest justification of the tin peddler theory, — the theory, namely, that you should first get your man, and then let him learn his new trade by practicing it. "By dint of hammering one gets to be a blacksmith," say the French; and if a blacksmith, why not a postmaster, or a postmaster general, or an ambassador?

The difficulty with this theory lies in the temptation to exaggerate it. Because we have been lucky thus far, we are tempted to proceed upon the comfortable conviction that if we once find our man, the question of his previous apprenticeship to his calling, or even that of his training in some related field of activity, may safely be ignored. The gambler is in our blood. We like to watch the performance of an untried man in a responsible position, much as we do the trotting of a green horse. The admitted uncertainty of the result enhances our pleasure in the experiment. In literature, just now, we are witnessing the exploitation of the "young writer." Lack of experience, of craftsmanship, is actually counted among a fledgeling author's assets. The curiosity of the public regarding this new, unknown power is counted upon to offset, and more, the recognition of the known power of the veteran writer. Power is indeed recognized as the ultimate test of merit; but there is a widespread tendency to overlook the fact that power is largely conditioned upon skill, and that skill depends not merely upon natural faculty, but upon knowledge and discipline. The popularity of the "young writer" is, in short, an illustration of the easy glorification of amateur qualities to the neglect of professional qualities.

This tendency is the more curious because of our pronounced national distaste for ineffectiveness. The undisguisedly amateurish traits of unskillfulness and desultoriness have not been popular here. If we have been rather complaisant toward the jack-of-all-trades, we have never wholly forgotten that he is "master of none." In the older New England vernacular, the village ne'er-do-well was commonly spoken of as a "clever" fellow; the adjective was distinctly opprobrious. And indeed, if the connoisseur is the one who knows, and the dilettante the one who only thinks he knows, the amateur is often the one who would like to know, but is too lazy to learn. Accordingly, he keeps guessing, in an easy, careless, "clever" fashion, which is agreeable enough when no serious interests are at stake. He has transient affections for this and that department of thought or activity; like Mr. Brooke in Middlemarch, he has "gone into that a good deal at one time." Mr. Brooke is a delightful person in fiction, but in actual life a great many Mr. Brookes end their career at the town farm. Even this would not in itself be so lamentable a matter, if it were not in the power of a community of Mr. Brookes to create conditions capable of driving the rest of us to the town farm. "Dilettanteism, hypothesis, speculation, a kind of amateur search for truth, — this," says Carlyle, "is the sorest sin."

The amateur search for truth has al-

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ways flourished, and is likely to flourish always, in the United States. That the quest is inspiriting, amusing, sometimes highly rewarded, one may readily admit. But if it promotes individualism, it also produces the crank. If it brevets us all as philosophers, it likewise brands many of us as fools. Who does not know the amateur economist, with his "sacred ratios," or his amiable willingness to "do something for silver"? The amateur sociologist, who grows strangely confused if you ask him to define Sociology? Popular preachers, who can refute Darwin and elucidate Jefferson "while you wait," — if you do wait? Amateur critics of art and literature, who have plenty of zeal, but no knowledge of standards, no anchorage in principles? The lady amateur, who writes verses without knowing prosody, and paints pictures without learning to draw, and performs what she calls "social service" without training her own children either in manners or religion? Nay, are there not amateur college professors, who walk gracefully through the part, but add neither to the domain of human knowledge nor to the practical efficiency of any pupil?

But the roll call of these dependents and defectives is long enough. The failures of the amateur search for truth are often brilliant failures. Its occasional successes have often been brilliant, too. Yet the real workaday progress, the solid irretraceable advance in any art or profession, has commonly been made by the professional. He sums up in himself both connoisseurship and craftsmanship. He not only knows, but does. Pasteur was a professional, and Helmholtz, and Huxley. John Marshall was a professional. Mr. John Sargent is a professional, and so is Mr. Secretary Hay.

If the gifted amateur desires to learn his relative rank when compared with a professional, the way is easy. Let him challenge the professional! Play a match at golf against the dour Scotchman who gives lessons for his daily bread. He will beat you, because he cannot afford not to beat you. Shoot against your guide in the North Woods. You will possibly beat him at a target, but he will hit the deer that you have just missed; you can cast a fly on the lawn much farther than he, but he will take more fish out of the pool. It is his business, your recreation. Some one dear to you is critically ill. It seems cruel to surrender the care of the sick person to a hireling, when you are conscious of boundless love and devotion. But your physician will prefer the trained nurse, because the trained nurse will do what she is told, will keep cool, keep quiet, count the drops accurately, read the thermometer right; because, in short, he can depend upon a professional, and cannot depend upon an amateur.

What is true of the sport, of the art, is even more invariably true in the field of scientific effort. How secure is the course of the *Fachmann*, who by limiting his territory has become lord of it, who has a fund of positive knowledge upon all the knowable portions of it, and has charted, at least, the deepening water where knowledge sheers off into ignorance! It is late in the day to confess the indebtedness of our generation to the scientific method. How tonic and heartening, in days of dull routine, has been the example of those brave German masters to whom our American scholarship owes so much! What industry has been theirs, what confidence in method, what serene indifference to the rivalry of the gifted amateur! I recall the fine scorn with which Bernhard ten Brink, at Strassburg, used to wave aside the suggestions of his pupils that this or that new and widely advertised book might contain some valuable contribution to his department. "Nay," he would retort, "*wissenschaftliche Bedeutung hat's doch nicht.*" Many a pretentious book, a popular book, even a very useful book,

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was pilloried by that quiet sentence, "*It has no scientific significance.*" To get the import of that sentence thoroughly into one's head is worth all it costs to sit at the feet of German scholars. There speaks the true, patient, scientific spirit, whose service to the modern man was perhaps the most highly appraised factor when we of the western world tried to take an inventory of ourselves and our indebtedness, at the dawn of the new century.

For to be able to assess the scientific bearing of the new book, the new fact, upon your own profession proves you a master of your profession. Modern competitive conditions are making this kind of expert knowledge more and more essential. The success of German manufacturing chemists, for example, is universally acknowledged to be due to the scientific attainments of the thousands of young men who enter the manufactories from the great technical schools. The alarm of Englishmen over the recent strides of Germany in commercial rivalry is due to a dawning recognition of the efficacy of knowledge, and of the training which knowledge recommends. It is the well-grounded alarm of the gifted amateur when compelled to compete with the professional. The professional may not be a wholly agreeable antagonist; he may not happen to be a "clubable" person; but that fact does not vitiate his record. His record stands.

Is it possible to explain this patent or latent antagonism of the amateur toward the professional? It is explicable, in part at least, through a comparison not so much of their methods of work — where the praise must be awarded to the professional — as of their characteristic spirit. And here there is much more to be said for the amateur. The difference will naturally be more striking if we compare the most admirable trait of the amateur spirit with the least admirable trait of the professional spirit.

The cultivated amateur, who touches life on many sides, perceives that the professional is apt to approach life from one side only. It is a commonplace to say that without specialized training and accomplishment the road to most kinds of professional success is closed. Yet, through bending one's energies unremittingly upon a particular task, it often happens that creation narrows "in man's view," instead of widening. Your famous expert, as you suddenly discover, is but a segment of a man, — overdeveloped in one direction, atrophied in all others. His expertness, his professional functioning, so to speak, is of indisputable value to society, but he himself remains an unsocial member of the body politic. He has become a machine, — as Emerson declared so long ago, "a thinker, not a man thinking." He is uninterested, and consequently uninteresting. Very possibly it may not be the chief end of man to afford an interesting spectacle to the observer. And yet so closely are we bound together that a loss of sympathy, of imagination, of free and varied activity, soon insulates the individual, and lessens his usefulness as a member of society. Surely we are playing an interesting comedy, here between heaven and the mire, and we ought to play it in an interested way. We can afford to be human. Scientific Method is a handmaiden whose services have proved indispensable. No one can fill her place. We should raise her wages. But, after all, Personality is the mistress of the house. Method must be taught to know her station, and

"She is the second, not the first."

No doubt there is a temptation, in such a comparison of qualities and gifts, to dally with mere abstractions. None of us have known a wholly methodized, mechanicalized man. But none the less we may properly endeavor to measure a tendency, and to guard against its excess. There are few observers of American life who believe that specialization

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has as yet been carried too far. Yet one may insist that the theory of specialized functions, necessitated as it is by modern conditions, and increasingly demanded as it must be as our civilization grows in complexity, needs examination and correction in the interests of true human progress. It is not that we actually meet on the sidewalk some scientific Frankenstein, some marvelously developed special faculty for research or invention or money-making, which dominates and dwarfs all other faculties, — though we often see something that looks very much like it. It is rather that thoughtful people are compelled to ask themselves, How far can this special development — this purely professional habit of mind — proceed without injury to the symmetry of character, without impairing the varied and spontaneous and abundant play of human powers which gives joy to life? And the prejudice which the amateur feels toward the professional, the more or less veiled hostility between the man who does something for love which another man does for money, is one of those instinctive reactions — like the vague alarm of some wild creature in the woods — which give a hint of danger.

Let us make the very fullest acknowledgment of our debt to the professional spirit. Many of our best inheritances, such as our body of law, represent the steady achievements of professional skill, professional self-sacrifice. The mechanical conveniences and equipments in which the age abounds, all this apparatus for communication and transportation, have been wrought out for us by the most patient, the most concentrated activity of professionals. The young man who is entering medicine, the law, business, the army, the church, finds himself ranked at once by his power to assimilate the professional experience of older men. Some day, let us trust, the young man who desires to serve his country in her civil service, her consular and diplomatic service, will find himself, not, as now, blocked by an amateurish system of rewards for partisan fealty, but upon the road to a genuine professional career. The hope of society, no doubt, depends largely upon those men who are seriously devoting their energies to some form of expert activity. They are the torch-bearers, the trained runners who bear the light from stage to stage of the heaven-beholden course. And at least in the immediate future the necessity for unwearying professional endeavor will be more pressing than ever before in the history of the world.

> "*Cities will crowd to its edge*
> *In a blacker incessanter line;*
> *. . . The din will be more on its banks*
> *Denser the trade on its stream.*"

Ours must be, not "a nation of amateurs," but a nation of professionals, if it is to hold its own in the coming struggles, — struggles not merely for commercial dominance, but for the supremacy of political and moral ideals. Our period of national isolation, with all it brought of good or evil, has been outlived. The new epoch will place a heavy handicap upon ignorance of the actual world, upon indifference to international usages and undertakings, upon contempt for the foreigner. What is needed is, indeed, knowledge, and the skill that knowledge makes possible. The spirit with which we confront the national tasks of the future should have the sobriety, the firmness, the steady effectiveness, which we associate with the professional.

Yet is it not possible, while thus acknowledging and cultivating the professional virtues, to free ourselves from some of the grosser faults of the mere professional? The mere professional's cupidity, for instance, his low aim, his time-serving, his narrowness, his clannish loyalty to his own department only, his lack of imagination, his indifference to the religious and moral passions, to the dreams, hopes, futilities, regrets, of the

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breathing, bleeding, struggling men and women by his side? It is not the prize-fighter only who brings professionalism into disrepute, nor the jockey that "pulls" a horse, the oarsman that "sells" a race, the bicyclist that fouls a rival. The taint of professionalism clings to the business man that can think only of his shop, the scholar that talks merely of letters, the politician that asks of the proposed measure, "What is there in this for *me*?" To counteract all such provinciality and selfishness, such loss of the love of honor in the love of gain, one may rightly plead for some breath of the spirit of the amateur, the *amator*, the "man who loves;" the man who works for the sheer love of working, plays the great complicated absorbing game of life for the sake of the game, and not for his share of the gate money; the man who is ashamed to win if he cannot win fairly, — nay, who is chivalric enough to grant breathing space to a rival, whether he win or lose!

Is it an impossible ideal, this combination of qualities, this union of the generous spirit of the amateur with the method of the professional? In the new world of disciplined national endeavor upon which we are entering, why may not the old American characteristics of versatility, spontaneity, adventurousness, still persist? These are the traits that fit one to adjust himself readily to unforeseen conditions, to meet new emergencies. They will be even more valuable in the future than in the past, if they are employed to supplement, rather than to be substituted for, the solid achievements of professional industry. If we are really to lead the world's commerce, — though that is far from being the only kind of leadership to which American history should teach us to aspire, — it will be the Yankee characteristics, plus the scientific training of the modern man, that will enable us to do it. The personal enthusiasm, the individual initiative, the boundless zest, of the American amateur must penetrate, illuminate, idealize, the brute force, the irresistibly on-sweeping mass, of our vast industrial democracy.

The best evidence that this will happen is the fact that it is already happening. There are amateurs without amateurishness, professionals untainted by professionalism. Many of us are fortunate enough to recognize in some friend this combination of qualities, this union of strict professional training with that free outlook upon life, that human curiosity and eagerness, which are the best endowment of the amateur. Such men are indeed rare, but they are prized accordingly. And one need hardly say where they are most likely to be found. It is among the ranks of those who have received a liberal education. Every higher institution of learning in this country now offers some sort of specialized training. To win distinction in academic work is to come under the dominion of exact knowledge, of approved methods. It means that one is disciplined in the mechanical processes and guided by the spirit of modern science, no matter what his particular studies may have been. The graduates whose acquisitions can most readily be assessed are probably the ones who have specialized most closely, who have already as undergraduates begun to fit themselves for some form of professional career. They have already gained something of the expert's solid basis of accurate information, the expert's sureness of hand and eye, the expert's instinct for the right method.

But this professional discipline needs tempering by another spirit. The highest service of the educated man to our democratic society demands of him breadth of interest as well as depth of technical research. It requires unquenched ardor for the best things, spontaneous delight in the play of mind and character, a many-sided responsiveness that shall keep a man from hardening

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into a mere high-geared machine. It is these qualities that perfect a liberal education and complete a man's usefulness to his generation. Taken by themselves, they fit him primarily for living, rather than for getting a living. But they are not to be divorced from other qualities; and even if they were, the educated American can get a living more easily than he can learn how to live. The moral lessons are harder than the intellectual, and faith and enthusiasm, sympathy and imagination, are moral qualities.

Here is some young scholar who has been taught the facts of history, trained to sift historical evidence, to compare historical periods, to trace historical causes; but has he imagination enough to see into the mind and heart of the historical man? He has been taught to analyze the various theories of society and government; he has learned to sneer at what he calls "glittering generalities;" yet has he sympathy enough, moral passion enough, to understand what those glittering generalities have done for the men and the generations that have been willing to die for them? Such secrets forever elude the cold heart and the calculating brain. But they are understood by the generous youth, by the man who is brave enough to take chances, to risk all for the sake of gaining all. It is for this reason that the amateur football game, for all its brutalities, has taught many a young scholar a finer lesson than the classroom has taught him, namely, to risk his neck for his college; yet no finer one than the classroom might afford him if his teacher were always an *amator*, — a lover of virility as well as of accuracy; a follower not of the letter only, but of the spirit which makes alive. "Our business in this world," said Robert Louis Stevenson, — a craftsman who through all his heart-breaking professional toil preserved the invincible gayety of the lover, — "is not to succeed, but to continue to fail in good spirits." In this characteristically Stevensonian paradox there is a perfect and a very noble expression of the amateur spirit. He does not mean, we may be sure, that failure is preferable to success, but that more significant than either success or failure is the courage with which one rides into the lists. It is his moral attitude toward his work which lifts the workman above the fatalities of time and chance, so that, whatever fortune befall the labor of his hands, the travail of his soul remains undefeated and secure.

OUR BROTHER, THE MOUNTAIN.

I KNEW a hermit once. He lived in a little red hut among the mountains, but he said he liked the sea better. Perhaps he did. He insisted that those particular mountains were monotonous and uninteresting in summer, untidy and even ugly in winter; and yet he lived in the little red hut for as much as two years and a half, all alone, because he wanted to. And when the world called him, and he had to stop being a hermit, he was very glum. In his last summer at the hermitage he said little, as always, but I saw that he knew his mountains better than he knew himself. And meanwhile he never ceased to assert his preference for the sea.

Some day, when I have as much as two years and a half at my disposal, I am going to be a hermit, too, and among those same monotonous New England mountains. But not at the edge of the

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highroad, in a red hut, with an air-tight stove. No; we found my cell last August, a friend and I, — she is going to be another hermit. We came out under the ledges of a great ungainly mountain, — halfway up its side, — and straight before us rose a sheer precipice. For a little way we walked delicately, close between the high gray wall and the stems of the higher birch trees that stretched their flickering boughs to overtop the ledge. Below us, the shattered mountain side fell away to the ravine; beyond, the broken rocks offered a wider footing. We crept through a dim cavern, came out upon splinters set edgewise upon cracks and holes, tottered to an intermittent equilibrium, and lifted up our heads. There was a rustle, a quick scramble, and ten feet away a young deer leaped up and looked at us. We caught our breath and turned shamefaced before him; and he, snuffing the air, swept us with his wide, proud, anxious gaze, turned, and bounded down the ravine. As he went he waved his tail excitedly, and it was white and broad, fluffy like a feather, and astonishingly long. We found his little lair, all carpeted with twigs, under a shelving rock; and I am going to make my cell in the narrow cavern at the foot of the precipice. I shall not miss the air-tight stove; the dry crackle of burning branches in the open has a warmer, friendlier sound. There is no brook in that ravine; but, after all, what is a walk of a mile or two for a drink of water, when one is thirsty? And in the spring, when the snows melt, there is water everywhere. I could drink a great deal of water in the spring, and emulate the camel the rest of the year.

In the old time men had a good, grateful custom of blessing the brooks and fountains that met them and refreshed them on pilgrimage, and of late my friend — who hopes to be the other hermit — and I, pressed upon by the thought of all the little unblessed trickles of water in Puritan New Hampshire, have revived this custom; it induces in us a recollected spirit, and the water is always sweet afterwards.

There are many of these little wells and water courses in our mountains, and the brooks we use as Theseus used Ariadne's ball of twine in the labyrinth, — to find our way out. The people who live in the valley shake their heads, and tell us these gently rising, broad-topped, wooded hills are dangerous; we hear of thirty miles of unbroken forest stretching back to Canada, — of the inevitable man who went forth and never returned. And we sling a blue canvas bag over our shoulders, and smile up at the rock-crowned summit that shall be ours at high noon. We are never lost; the trees and rocks are too friendly. Sometimes we lose the mountain and do not know where we are, but that is a different matter. We lost one last summer; it hid its head, and we wandered disconsolate all day, up, up, through unremembered forests, seeing close at hand, in broken glimpses, huge unfamiliar heights which we never attained. In the afternoon we dropped into a brook, and ran down with it to the valley; now beating through the underbrush along its banks, now treading its stepping-stones, now swishing ankle-deep through the soaked moss in its rocky bed. Yet we were not lost; for, after a bewildering mile, the brook, on a sudden, laughed down a waterfall, and we knew it for a friend.

But the days when we do not lose the mountain are the best days: when we follow the blazed trail through the woods, our eyes set on the green, tree-barred distance with a listening look, the smile of the explorer on our lips; when we grip the hardy twigs that grow out of the cracks of the ledges, and pull ourselves up, hand over hand, to the next little tree, and hug it, breathless. Such climbing Dante did when

"E piedi e man voleva'l suol di sotto."

And we, like him, grow rested as we

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mount. So the boy Wordsworth climbed: —

> "Oh! when I have hung
> Above the raven's nest, by knots of grass
> And half inch fissures in the slippery rock
> Suspended by the blast that blew amain,
> Shouldering the naked crag, oh! at that time
> While on the perilous ridge I hung alone,
> With what strange utterance did the loud, dry wind
> Blow through my ear! the sky seemed not a sky
> Of earth, and with what motion moved the clouds!"

And his were little hills like ours, — his friends and brothers. These are the things we think of as we lie against the tree trunk, leaning out with it over the precipice up which we have crawled.

On the bare gray summit we build a fire, perhaps, and toast our sandwiches, and lie under the sky, looking up and out, till the earth turns, and we are helplessly lying on the underside, looking down into blue depths, instead of up, and wondering, drowsily, why we do not drop off. We sit up, after that, and read Dante out of a little battered Florentine volume that has climbed up hither in the blue canvas bag. As we read we face the greater mountains which we do not climb. They rise on the other side of the valley. They seem all built of horizontal lines, and yet — they rise. One of them has a little peak, but the others are rounded on top. We tell each other that they are not sharp and rugged because they are so old, and their edges are worn off. "Older than the Alps!" — we say that with a little smile of satisfaction, and a little unsatisfied sigh. "They are very noble," we say, "these elder brothers," and we fall to gazing at them without more speech; till one of us — usually the other one — rises, scatters the ashes of the fire, stamps out the embers, and drops Dante into the blue canvas bag.

Going down, perhaps we miss the trail, and swim through half an acre of scrub (the progress cannot be dignified by the term "walking"); we are scratched, our clothes are torn, our feet cannot find the ground, and our eyes are on a level with the top of the thicket; we are all but submerged in the pungent, prickly sea of green; we swallow spruce twigs, and plunge onward doggedly till the scrub breaks, and an old unused logging road, coming up to the surface of the earth for a few rods, affords us temporary relief. Out of the distance grows the sound of water dashing down the rocks. If the day is long enough, we go out to the waterfall and climb down the edge of it, and taste the foam; marveling that the poets spoke truth when they told us it was bitter.

The little lake that feeds this waterfall is on the broad, flat top of the mountain; its shores are made of bog and laurel bushes; in the soft mud by the water's edge are the prints of the feet of the creatures that have come down to drink. The hoofs of the deer have sunk in sharply, the little foxes must have pranced on the shore last night, and here is the mark of a great fat paw. We glance over our shoulders involuntarily, then back at the interesting discovery in the mud; there has been a little paw beside it, — a bear and her cub! One day, something like a big, clumsy black dog moved away from us, far off through the trees; we could only infer that it was not a dog, but we hardly like to say that we have seen a bear. Porcupines we have seen, fat and black and shaggy, sitting in the top of a tree, watching us with a baleful eye. And in the dusk, as we swing along the highroad, glad of a level three-mile stretch after a day of ups and downs, we hear the wild fox bark, and we clutch each other by the hand and stop still, and the bark comes again, — a yelp, a screech, and a long, thin sob.

We do not always read Dante on our mountains, although he always climbs with us. Sometimes we read The High History of the Holy Grail; sometimes

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The Little Flowers of St. Francis, a bird book by John Burroughs, Travels with a Donkey, Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdess, or Shakespeare's Sonnets. Sometimes we do not read at all; we work. We have two or three little workaday hills near at hand, with convenient shade trees just under their summits. The birds fly up above, and peer at us through the leaves, we sit so still; but they do not ask questions.

We are very confidential with our mountains, our brothers; we tell them things; we are used to them. They are monotonous, maybe. We do not know this, but we are told that they are. It is true that they seldom startle us; but so much else in civilization is melodramatic that it is good to feel that our mountains are only dignified, and serene, and very noble, and very, very old. The ones that Francis knew in Italy were more romantic, gray in the skirts with olive, looking out east and west to the bright sea, — robber-haunted, with soft, mellifluous names. There are no banditti on our hills, and the democracy has named them after Jones and Brown and Robinson, and a few other men; but they belong to us; we know them and love them. Sometimes we go on pilgrimage among them, as Francis went among his. In their solitudes it may be that one day we too shall see visions. Meanwhile we wait, and trust them. When we make a pilgrimage on the feast of the Transfiguration, or some other day, we like to think of how those earlier pilgrims read the Hours as they climbed: Prime beside a river in a valley, perhaps, under a bridge, where the chipmunks and the birds came to prayers. Tierce beneath a pine tree, facing the morning light on the hills, and praying open-eyed before the glories of God. We think they must have read Sext on the summit, and Nones by the brookside, after they had put their shoes from off their feet; and Compline a trifle early, on a great stone by the road, with the moon rising in the summer twilight, and the mist drifting up from the river.

Yes, it will be very worth while being a hermit.

Florence Converse.

QUESTS.

When the sunshine filled the sky,
And the days were long,
Then we went, my heart and I,
Hunting, with a song,
For a Sigh.

Now, when all the nights are long,
And the winds are high,
Go we, though with faith less strong,
Hunting, with a sigh,
For a Song.

Margaret Vandegrift.

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JOHN FISKE.

In the death of John Fiske the Atlantic loses one of the most brilliant and honored names in the long roll of its contributors. His first contribution to the magazine, an unsigned review of Edward L. Youmans's Class-Book of Chemistry, appeared in August, 1864. Mr. Fiske was then twenty-two, and a member of the Harvard Law School, having received his A. B. degree from Harvard College the year before. Almost every quality that was to confer distinction upon his lifelong service to the magazine is apparent in this first article. It begins with a graphic illustration of the truth that Science is only a highly developed form of ordinary knowledge. It discusses the technical questions then under dispute among chemists with full comprehension of their relation to the general progress of scientific research. Generous in praise, courteous in criticism, simply phrased, yet never lacking in precision, giving evidence of wide reading in many fields, this review is in nothing more characteristic of its author than in the reverent enthusiasm with which it quotes that wonderful description of the world process in the song of the Earth Spirit in Faust. This large way of looking at things was what every one came later to expect from John Fiske, and it is as evident in the brief book review of 1864 as in his final contribution to the Atlantic, the Reminiscences of Huxley, which appeared in February last.

Among the more striking of these early papers, all of them unsigned, as was then the custom of the magazine, was his Considerations on University Reform, published in April, 1867, two years after Mr. Fiske's appointment as university lecturer on philosophy at Harvard. It contains an admirable plea for the preservation of humanistic and classical studies. His papers on Origins of Folk-Lore and The Descent of Fire — the latter being the first Atlantic article to bear his signature — appeared in 1871. For two years thereafter he had charge of the monthly review of scientific progress, which was then one of the departments of the magazine. He was already at work upon his Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy, which, when published in 1874, commanded marked attention both in Europe and in America. During his service as assistant librarian at Harvard, from 1872 to 1879, he continued to contribute to the Atlantic; his best remembered articles of this period being on Athenian and American Life, The Unseen World, and A Librarian's Work.

The writing of American history, to which Mr. Fiske began to devote himself early in the eighties, made it natural for him to alter somewhat the general character of his Atlantic papers, and more frequently to choose historical subjects. But essays like his estimate of Charles Darwin, at the time of the latter's death, in 1882, and his Idea of God, printed in 1885, are evidence of his constant interest in science and philosophy, and of his endeavor to state, in terms comprehensible by the layman, the bearing of the doctrine of evolution upon the faith and practice of the modern man. Among his later contributions, the readers of the magazine will recall his essays upon The Elizabethan Sea-Kings, The Arbitration Treaty, Forty Years of Bacon-Shakespeare Folly, The Mystery of Evil, and the charming Story of a New England Town, which appeared in December, 1900. His final paper, as we have said, was the Reminiscences of Huxley, in February, 1901, although he had promised the Atlantic the pleasure of printing the address on King Alfred which he was about to prepare for the

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millennial celebration at Winchester this summer.

Such a rapid summary of John Fiske's activity in a single direction conveys, of course, but a scanty impression of his extraordinary gifts. The tale of his boyish precocity rivals that of Macaulay or of John Stuart Mill: at seven he was reading Cæsar and Josephus; at nine he had read the greater English authors, at thirteen all the greater Latin ones; then he proceeded to master Greek, German, and the Romance languages; at seventeen and eighteen he began Hebrew and Sanskrit, and in college he added a half dozen other languages to his list. In science, philosophy, and history he made astonishing acquisitions during youth and early manhood. He was a very glutton for facts, and managed somehow to turn most of his information to account. His stores were not only immense, but well ordered. There was nothing pedantic or mechanical about the operations of his mind; a glow of enthusiasm rested upon everything that he touched. In writing American history, for example, he often seemed to choose his immediate topic because of a sudden interest which he had conceived for that particular epoch or phase of development, but he never wholly lost sight of the larger outlines of his general plan for treating the evolution of our institutions and government. To this faculty for seeing a subject in the light of all its relations is due much of his unfailing suggestiveness as an author.

Mr. Fiske once remarked, with the absolute modesty that characterized his comments upon his own work: "I don't see how some men imagine things. All I can do is to state things." In saying this, he underrated, no doubt, that power of seeing things "steadily" and "whole" which is one of the truest functions of the imagination, and which he himself possessed to a singular degree. But there was never any question of his ability to state things. "I never in my life read so lucid an expositor (and therefore thinker) as you are," wrote Darwin, upon finishing the Cosmic Philosophy. A luminous mind, expressing itself through perfectly transparent language, — that was the gift which made John Fiske such a rare magazinist and lecturer, which equipped him for the congenial task of transmitting to the great public the facts and theories that had hitherto been the property of the specialists.

For it was as an "expositor," to use Darwin's word, that Mr. Fiske served his generation most truly. He loved to communicate; and he gave the people of his best. In his historical writings he went back, indeed, to original sources, just as in his scientific books he was constantly dealing with first-hand knowledge; but, after all, what remains with his reader is rather a sense of what Fiske has taught him than a feeling that Fiske was himself a discoverer and pioneer. His usefulness as an historian lay largely in his ability to bring home to the average American a conviction of the continuity of the national life, and the significance of the crises that attended the various stages of its development. It was a triumph of teaching, of undogmatic and very brilliant pedagogy. In science and philosophy, in spite of some genuine contributions to theory, such as his detection of the part played by the lengthening of infancy in the genesis of the human race, he is best known as a mediator of those far-reaching ideas associated with the names of Darwin, Huxley, and Mr. Herbert Spencer. He had, it is true, his own interpretation of the "cosmic process," and no deeper debt of gratitude could be paid to him than came from the multitude of readers of his Destiny of Man, Idea of God, and Through Nature to God. In these great little books he defended theistic evolution in chapters so winning, so reasonable and reverent, that few writers of our day have performed a higher service in persuading

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men of the reality of the spiritual life. But this is not the place to attempt an estimate of John Fiske's claim to "that lasting fame and perpetuity of praise which God and good men have consented shall be the reward of those whose published labors advance the good of mankind." We are expressing merely the loss sustained by the magazine which he did so much to adorn. He can ill be spared. A friendly, very human man, fond of his home, his books, and his music, his life was that of the true scholar, and it must be measured by his high aims and tireless industry. Endowed with greater powers than most of his contemporaries, he toiled but the more diligently to accomplish the gigantic tasks which he had set for himself. To those who knew how precarious was his health, there was a pathos in that Latin motto carved above the fireplace in his library, which exhorted him to live as if he were to die to-morrow, and to learn as if he were to live for evermore. Life and learning have now been cut short all too soon, both for his friends and for the world of letters.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

"And Others."

In one of the newspaper advertisements of the July Atlantic, I noticed that the fiction in that number was provided by several well-known writers "and others." Is there no way of persuading magazines not to use that odious phrase? It has done wearisome duty for many a year, and if no one else is courageous enough to protest against it, here is one of the "others" who will.

Let me begin with the free acknowledgment that the composer of magazine advertisements has a difficult task. Even Virgil, that unrivaled master of the decorative epithet, found it impossible to vary his phrases when he called the roll of his heroes. He fell back upon safe commonplaces, and made them all "brave," —

"fortemque Gyan fortemque Cloanthum."

And Virgil's task was comparatively simple. He was only constructing an imaginary catalogue of shadowy swordsmen of the Trojan War; he had no living contributors to vex or please, no ticklish public to allure or repel, by his choice of adjectives. Where Virgil failed, your modern "advertising man" may well be pardoned for not succeeding; and yet, what distinction might the Atlantic not confer upon its contributors, if it could manage to diffuse the impression that none of them belong in the "and others" class!

None of us like to be grouped as mere Citizens upon the playbill; it is infinitely more flattering to be a "Star," or what our friends of the vaudeville more picturesquely denote as a "Head-Liner." What long ambitions and hopes deferred, what intrigues and triumphs and "brief authorities," are represented by that petty difference in printer's type! Nor is the vaudeville artist your only headliner. Was your name, my dear madam, "among those present" last evening? Mr. Howells, the founder of the Contributors' Club, has sternly rebuked this frivolous desire to be "among those present;" but it is at least more agreeable to be in that category than to be relegated to the ranks of "among *others* present," at the very bottom of the society reporter's list. Let us be either "head-lined" or ignored! There is something so rueful in those two words

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that follow the names of the winners in a horse race: "Also ran, Castor, Pollux, Mercury, Sixteen-to-One," etc. Is this the best that Fate can do for us, horses and men alike, to post us up among the "also rans"? "So run that ye may obtain," was the apostolic injunction; but St. Paul was in this instance a trifle vague in his specific directions. If we knew precisely how to "obtain," trust us Americans for doing the running! We should appropriate all the head-lines for ourselves, and leave the "and others" class to — the others.

After all, I suspect that my own dislike for this phrase is partly personal. I have a boy, known to his family and to the university which he very recently adorned as "Bill." I have succeeded in carrying him through school and college by pretty steady literary industry. Indeed, for thirty years I suppose I have been what is known as a literary hack, — well bred, well broken to harness, sound and kind (and driven by a lady!), yet frankly a hack, and not a racer. My books have earned for me a fair income, and I have long contributed to the best magazines; though whenever their features of the month were announced, my contributions have been in the "and others" repository. I have grown quite used to it, for I should not have been so reliable a hack if I had not been by nature something of a philosopher. I have comforted myself by watching the rise and fall of many magazine meteors, whose names have been printed in varicolored ink on the outside covers, where my own has never stood. But mine keeps its unobtrusive place in the table of contents year after year, while the "day's distinguished names" appear and disappear. I have endeavored to be not only philosophical, but even poetical about it. In the days when we all turned Browningites I used to read Pictor Ignotus, and murmur softly — so softly, indeed, as to be quite inaudible — to the literary hero of the month: —

> "Blown harshly, keeps the trump its golden cry?
> Tastes sweet the water with such specks of earth?"

I tried to persuade myself that I was really a happier man, thus undistinguished and unadvertised.

This brings me back to Bill. A few months ago he published an historical novel. He began it, I believe, as a required college exercise, and finished it on a bet. It has already sold — I will not say how many thousand copies, for these paragraphs are not written to exploit the boy, but more copies than were ever sold of all his father's books put together. He has "become a name." And, to come at last to my personal grievance, he had a short story (and oh, Billy, but what a poor one!) in a recent magazine, which happened also to contain a contribution by his father. The issue was advertised to contain stories by Rudyard Kipling, F. Hopkinson Smith, Bill Blank, "and others," — and I was one of the others. The boy seemed to think that this was rather a joke on him. At any rate, he sent me a box of cigars, — paid for, I trust, out of his publishers' advances against the copyrights of his second (and unwritten) historical romance. But the incident has not lessened my animosity toward that offending phrase, and I wish the Atlantic might dispense with it.

On Brief Biographies.

One need not invoke the experience of a diner-out to learn that of all old stories those about famous men best bear repetition, and it is common experience that the lives of our national heroes seldom pall upon us, no matter how often they are retold. Even the changes of form they undergo are but slight. Each generation, to be sure, has its variations of style and fashion in the matter of history and biography, but they are seldom important. If our own time were conscious of having a biographical mode, it is likely that the concise and terse lives of the Beacon and

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Riverside series of biographies would be in the height of fashion. In their brevity and directness they give the very accent of the time, — its impatience of preface, prologue, and all the cumbrous circumstance of three-volume leisure. Yet, by what seems at first too fortunate a chance to be anything but the luckiest coincidence, they have fallen into the same form as Plutarch's incomparable Lives.

At a further glance, however, one sees that this compact, convenient form is not less eminently apt and appropriate for American than it was for Roman biography. The records out of which the lives of our men of mark must be made are for the most part few, and often ill authenticated. The civilization in which many of them grew up was an austere one. Many of them came to maturity in that poverty of which annals are proverbially few. Of Daniel Boone and Stonewall Jackson there are few records, few letters, few mementos. These were men of action, taken up with strenuous toil; but even of a man quite of another stripe, and living in another environment, Francis Parkman, a similar thing is true. Apart from his labors which are in his books, there is little to say of him. For these men the natural, fit, and proper biography is a brief one, such as would fall well within the limits of these little series.

The obvious excellence of our brief biographies is the Plutarchan one of portability; something, to be sure, they leave to be desired of Plutarch's rare sense of proportion and gift of wise reticence. Sometimes, too, they obviously gain their portability with no gain of grace, as if their authors had forgotten that the precious may be as tempting as the convenient. At their best, however, they are not unworthy their high model. The life of Phillips Brooks in the Beacon series, by the editor of the series, and that of Andrew Jackson in the Riverside group, are notable successes. The former is an admirable example of sound proportion and careful workmanship; the latter is as spirited and lifelike a portrait as we have of the grim Southern leader on any scale. These two successes are intimations that we may find in these brief biographies not only welcome reappearances of old favorites, but the permanent and final "lives" of some of our most famous men.

That Jack Rabbit Sonnet.

THE editor of the Contributors' Club has disappeared from view, carrying with him into retirement a green bag, full of Jack Rabbit sestets, a Rhyming Dictionary, and a masterly German treatise upon the Petrarchan sonnet. When he emerges, the friendly poets who have made haste to complete the sheep herder's sonnet, printed in the July Atlantic, may be confident that he will have canvassed their merits with a judicious eye. While no one has a right to anticipate his decision, we fail to see how he can refuse to award the palm for speed in composition to that Omaha rhymer whose sestet reached the Atlantic in less than three days after the publication of the magazine. And there is much to be said for the effort of a Pennsylvania Quaker, aged sixty-eight, whose sestet begins with the sprightly though most un-Quakerlike ejaculation,

"Damn that jack rabbit!"

But the editor of the Club may be trusted to make his own report in a future number.

The Nude in Museums.

FROM time to time the question arises whether certain nude statues shall be exhibited in museums of art where they are to be seen by the general public, — by children from the schools as well as by scholars from the universities. And from time to time the answer to the question is hotly debated, usually without agreement. Those who are concerned about the morals of the public maintain that grave harm is done by such exhibitions. Those who believe that beauty is its own excuse

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for being have scornful words for spectators who find evil where, most certainly, no evil was intended. Such controversies usually start from *a priori* assumptions, and seldom lead to any useful end.

The question is capable of a practical solution that will be accepted by every one. It is universally admitted that public libraries must reserve certain books from general circulation. In the same way, it is reasonable to affirm that a public museum of art may be justified in excluding certain statues. There need be no discussion of the first principles of morals or of beauty. The solution reached must rest on practical grounds. Moralists will justify it for one set of reasons; artists will accede to it for another.

Every librarian knows what books to reserve for the exclusive use of persons of mature age; and every curator of a museum is likewise bound to admit that his public must be considered. The general principle is entirely clear. There is no great difficulty in carrying it out in its details. The analogy between public libraries and public museums helps us to decide as to special points.

If a certain book offends any considerable number of persons, it should be placed on the reserved list, even though a considerable number of other persons may find no harm in it. No librarian would seek to enforce his private judgment in such a matter against the protests of a large group of respectable persons of a different opinion. The same procedure should be followed in arranging the statues in a museum open to the general public.

I, personally, find no harm in the statue of ——— from Pompeii. It interests me in itself, as a thing of beauty, and as an index of the feeling of the people who produced it. It was, in Pompeii, so placed that only adults saw it, probably. If the citizen of a modern American town, two thousand years later, finds offense in it, for himself or for his children, I will not blame him. His point of view is essentially different from that of the Roman of that earlier day. His child's point of view is utterly different. He, as a citizen, pays the taxes that support his museum.

His opinion, therefore, deserves respect, even though he may be, from my point of view, uncultivated, intolerant, and unreasonable. If any considerable number of such citizens are offended, for themselves or for their children, I, for one, will not object if their opinions are respected by the public officer who is their servant as well as mine. Let the offending statue go to a reserved room, just as an offending book in the public library goes to a reserved shelf. Any one who has a right to use the book is permitted to do so by the librarian. Any one who has a right to see the statue will be admitted to do so by the curator. The general public is, on the whole, better off without access to the book, and, on the whole, the general public will be better off without access to the statue.

I can remember when Balzac's novels were kept on the top shelf, though now they are freely given out in many public libraries. It was, in my opinion, a loss that they were so long reserved. I acquiesced in the reservation, however, since it was demanded by a considerable number of intelligent people. I do not think they are good food for children, even now. The same principle can be, and should be, applied in public museums of art. If the public demands that the Discobolus should be relegated to an attic because it is unclothed, very well, let it go there. Let me have the key to the attic when I wish it. If the statue is really good and pure, as thousands of good people believe, it will, by and by, be brought down to the main hall.

In the meantime, let us wait. There is no hurry. Do not let us oppose our canon of taste, however cultivated, to a

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canon of morals held by a considerable number of sincere persons, however mistaken.

Literature and Patronage.

It is the modern habit to sneer at the relations that used to exist between the literary man and his patron. We are told of the "servility" of writers like Horace and Erasmus in addressing natural compliments to Mæcenas and Henry VIII. Yet the situation pleased both parties as long as it lasted, and it had certain merits to which we seem rather blind. It is a pregnant saying of Dr. Johnson, a supreme critic of life, if not of letters, "He who pleases to write must write to please." Were it not better, then, to seek to please a wealthy gentleman of taste and culture than a vast rabble who demand so many million pages of writing per annum, to supply a mental opiate in the intervals of toiling, eating, and sleeping? A group of scholars like Colet, More, and Erasmus knew that the young King Henry VIII. took a personal interest in their work, and could also give excellent criticism. But the modern man of letters is a mere name to his readers, who are so far from being critics that the quality of his work comes to vary inversely with the extent of its circulation. The works of great masters like Scott are indeed read by the mob; but that very rarely happens while the master is alive, and so long as he lives he is discouraged by financial and all other considerations from doing his best work.

The results reach farther than may at first appear. The public are too busy to hire their own entertainers, and so we have a special class of men called publishers and editors, who are indeed in some instances endowed with literary judgment, but far oftener exercise the functions of the popular showman in an itinerant exhibition. They will of course provide the ordinary programme, — the theological novel, the problem play, and the humanitarian poem; and they will probably also have a few freaks to amuse more volatile minds, — short-haired women who write of other worlds than ours, long-haired men of eccentric morals, and sexless beings whose thoughts run on nothing but sex.

This arrangement leaves the writer no means of subsistence, unless he contributes to some "series" emanating from the taste and fancy of the publisher, such as The World's Greatest Boozefighters; and in any case he is usually thrown back upon journalism, — a process which only a few men like John Morley have survived.

The best work of the rising generation bears indelible marks of the editorial pencil, which is mainly responsible for its glaring defects. Mr. Dooley's inimitable remarks on Rudyard Kipling might be applied to a whole school of popular novelists and poets. Many a modern novel reads, and is perhaps meant to read, as if it had been cabled across the Atlantic by an incompetent operator. The tendency is invading other departments of literature. There are ominous indications that the philosopher and the historian may also become little better than literary acrobats performing a regular round of circus tricks.

Something might be expected of men who wish to write, and have independent means. But how are they to be read except through the medium of publishers and editors? The competition of the bread-winners is too strong, and the writers become merely a drug in the market. The republic of letters may share the experience of some other republics, and lose the services of her best citizens.

This is of course only one side of the situation, but it is sufficiently grave because it seems to be enlarging. The remedy might well be to do something toward the restoration of the old system of enlightened patronage; and here is a chance for the cultured millionaire to subsidize a group of publishers and editors, who may be able to look to other matters besides circulation.

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